The New York Times Book Review

Section 3

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1923 THIRTY-TWO PAGES

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NEW ENGLAND'S HALO BECLOUDED

How Eastern Smugglers and Western Radicals Hastened the Revolution

A Review by
NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

REVOLUTIONARY NEW ENGLAND, 1691-1776. By James Truslow Adams. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 451 pp.

MR. HIRSHFIELD would not approve of this latest volume of Mr. Adams. Various halos are removed in it, the British are favorably mentioned in several paragraphs, and the Americans in a number of instances are shown not only to have formed into mobs but to have acted in the traditional manner of such bodies. Some of the specific charges which so outraged the Great Censor in other histories are unblushingly confirmed by Mr. Adams—that not a few of the Fathers had been smugglers; that the bulk of the men of property and culture were on the side of the loyalists; that the Revolution was in fact a civil war between the English-speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Adams even has the effrontery to characterize as "radicals" many of the Colonists favoring independence, and to assert that one of the chief causes of the Revolution was a difference of opinion as to the nature of the British Empire. Worst of all, he terms the redoubtable Sam Adams a clever "politician."

The difficulty with this "historian of the new school" is that he makes a good case for his statements. As a matter of fact, he presents in "Revolutionary New England" a carefully balanced analysis of the origins of the revolutionary movement, showing how the influence of Colonial conditions, and more especially of the frontier and free land, made of the Englishman in America a different product from the Englishman who stayed at home. Paraphrasing the words of Frederick Jackson Turner, he describes the frontier as "a state of mind," and traces its reaction upon the more conservative seaboard communities and ultimately upon England. How frontier conditions fostered liberty and self-reliance and impatience of restraint; how they produced a class strongly opposed to all conservatives—whether in the shape of the Puritan theocracy, or of capitalists, or of any other form of special privilege; how they strengthened the spirit of democracy; all these and much more the author skillfully depicts.

The relations between established settlements and their outlying frontiers [writes Mr. Adams] seem everywhere and in all periods to follow certain simple and well-defined lines. In the first place, the older settlement has accumulated capital seeking investment, whereas the frontier, in spite of its natural resources, needs for their exploitation capital in the form of money or credit. The frontier, therefore, is always and everywhere in debt to the old settlement, and this relation breeds all those feelings a debtor seems by nature to entertain toward his creditor. As contrasted with one another, the older settlement is always conservative, the frontier always radical. This involves distrust on the part of the former and irritation of various sorts upon that of the latter. The East has therefore always feared and sought to check the political growth of the West (as the terms may be used in this country), whether, depending on the period, the West lay a few miles or a thousand miles from the coast. It has trembled for its investments in the too rapid expansion that the frontier always breeds. It has distrusted radical thought and has feared above all else that economic expansion might increase political power and transfer control to a section whose philosophy and outlook have seemed revolutionary. The main feeling of the frontier for the settlement may thus be denominated as resentment, whereas that of the settlement for the frontier is fear, the two human emotions that perhaps most militate against cool reasoning and mutual understanding.

There is a third element in this relationship. In the older settlements economic inequality results in dividing society into upper and lower classes. The lower class has more in common in many ways with the frontiersman than it has with the upper class of the settlement. Its lack of capital and culture, a certain recklessness derived from its hard struggle for an uncertain living, its resentment against the class above it upon which it is dependent for wages as the frontiersman is for capital, all tend to unite it with the frontier and to align the two against the conservatives of the settlement capitalist class.

Mr. Adams summarizes the story he has to tell in an introductory paragraph:

We shall watch that duel for empire between England and France, and trace its profound effects in many ways upon the relations between England and her colonies. We shall see how those relations were also deeply influenced and embittered by the conflict of interests between New England and the West Indies—a conflict in which those of the mother country were but indirectly involved. We shall find entangled in both of these struggles, and the later one of the Revolution, certain economic ideas still to survive by another half century the ruin that in part they caused. We shall be present at the opening of new regions to settlement and watch their influence exerted upon the political thought of the older sections and the transfer of political power from a higher to a socially lower class. We shall see how little by little the whole outlook upon life, and the political philosophy of the colonies and the mother country diverged, while one incident after another created friction and engendered passions not easily allayed when once aroused. We shall see how these tendencies and events fatally and inevitably moved toward and ended in revolution. That revolution, however, was not a mere episode in American history or a mere mercenary quarrel between those of the same household. It was a movement wrought by the whole thought and condition of one period of the world's advance. It should be studied, therefore, not from the narrow eighteenth century standpoint of either Englishman or colonist, but from that of the citizen of a newer and wider world, who seeks to learn the truth from the past in order that he may live wisely in the present and build enduringly for the future.

In his previous volume, "The Foundations of New England," Mr. Adams described the growth of the New England theocracy. In this volume he shows their decline in temporal power, under the combined influence of frontier democracy and the growth of a merchant class on the coast. There was, to be sure, a religious revival in the middle of the eighteenth century, led by Jonathan Edwards, who "in part swung New England back to the horrors of its Calvinism and preached a gorilla God of such fiendish deviltry as surpassed the bloodiest heathen Moloch," and "who had the blasphemous audacity to describe himself as sitting with that same Christ in final judgment on the members of his congregation, condemning those whose lives and thoughts did not agree with his to that hell which he pictured to their tortured imaginations as they writhed below his pulpit on Sabbath mornings."

But the real power passed permanently from the clergy to the merchants, and the resentment of this new class against the restrictions placed upon their trade and upon their smuggling activities by the representatives of the Crown furnished much fuel for the elements of discontent throughout the century. How the merchants finally joined hands with the radicals in opposing British "oppression" is clearly brought out, as is also the panic of the former when, during the decade preceding the outbreak of hostilities, the mob spirit frequently got out of hand, and "men of property," even though they might be hostile to England, were at its mercies.

Although Mr. Adams shows the line between the radicals and conservatives, the debtors of the West and the creditors on the seaboard, the common people demanding ever more money, and the moneyed aristocracy convinced that government should be by the educated and the privileged few rather than by the unlettered mob, he fails to make altogether clear the relation both to the radicals and to the conservatives of those substantial men of wealth and intelligence who favored the cause of independence and were prominent in bringing about its success.

Of the repeated blunders of the British and the quarrelsome determination of the Colonists to be rid of as many restrictions as possible there is no space here to tell. This part of the Revolutionary story has been often explained. Mr. Adams, of course, points out that opinion in the Colonies was by no means unanimous, and accepts the estimate that about one-third of the Colonists were actively for independence, one-third against it and the remaining third indifferent.

The real question at issue is perhaps best condensed in his statement that it was

> the fundamental one of the moral validity of imperialism, of whether a group of men in one part of the world has the right to rule others in another part against their will, however wisely and however well.

And again:

> In England it had long been the theory that those best qualified should rule, qualified by property, education, "a stake in the country," or a great position. In New England in the seventeenth century it had been that the "Saints" should do so. Both these theories had lingered on in America, but democracy and the frontier had been gradually undermining each of them. By 1770 the question had become less one of Parliamentary taxation than of the ultimate source of political power. The stupidity of the English Government hastened the crisis. The obstinacy of the King and his Ministers had proved the fulcrum against which the Colonial radicals pressed in heaving over not only Parliamentary supremacy but privilege as the basis of political rights.

As the actual break approached, both the Colonists and the British, so Mr. Adams contends, misjudged their relative strength. The Colonists believed that they were strong enough to win. Mr. Adams's opinion is that without the aid of the French and the genius of Washington they would surely have been defeated. The conservatives, who at the time could not foresee French action and did not know Washington, were therefore not to be blamed for thinking that the Colonies could not succeed. But Sam Adams, who more than any other leader figures in "Revolutionary New England" as the presiding genius of revolution, gave little heed to the possibility of defeat, and worked and talked and wrote and intrigued to arouse the spirit of independence and to stimulate hatred of the British. It remained for Washington to put this spirit to the test, and he found as early as 1776 that his troops were only too ready to desert. "Such a dearth of public spirit, and want of virtue," said Washington, "such stock-jobbing and fertility in all the low arts to obtain advantages of one kind and another . . . I never saw before, and pray God I may never be witness to again."

Mr. Adams leans toward the economic interpretation of history; and his book challenges a number of popular illusions.

The Puritan Governor Interrupting the Christmas Sports.

From Howard Pyle's "Book of the American Spirit," New York: Harper & Brothers.

Robert Frost.

Robert Frost Relieves His Mind

"Inspiration Doesn't Lie in the Mud; It Lies in the Clean and Wholesome Life of the Ordinary Man"

By ROSE C. FELD

HAVE you ever seen a sensitive child enter a dark room, fearful of the enveloping blackness, yet more than half ashamed of the fear? That is the way Robert Frost, poet, approached the interview arranged for him with the writer. He didn't want to come, he was half afraid of coming, and he was ashamed of the fear of meeting questions. He was met at his publisher's office at the request of his friends there.

"Come and get him, please," they said. "He is a shy person, a gentle and sensitive person, and the idea of knocking at your doors, saying, 'Here I am, come to be interviewed,' will make him run and hide." The writer came and got him. All the way down Fifth Avenue for ten or fifteen blocks he smiled often and talked rapidly to show that he was at ease and confident. But he was not. One could see the child telling itself not to be afraid. Arrived at the house, he took the chair offered him and sat down rigidly. Still he smiled.

"Go ahead," he said. "Ask me the questions. Let's get at it."

"There are no questions. No specific questions. Suppose you just ramble on about American poetry, about poets, about men of the past and men of the present, about where we are drifting or where we are marching. Just talk."

He looked nonplused. The rigid smile gave way to one of relief and relaxation.

"You mean to say that you're not going to fire machine-gun questions at me and expect me to answer with skyrocketing repartee. Well, I wish I'd known. Well."

The brown hand opened up on the arms of the chair and the graying head leaned back. Robert Frost began to talk. He talked of some of the poets of the past, and in his quiet, gentle manner exploded the first bombshell. He exploded many others.

"One of the real American poets of yesterday," he said, "was Longfellow. No, I am not being sarcastic. I mean it. It is the fashion nowadays to make fun of him. I come across this pose and attitude with people I meet socially, with men and women I meet in the classrooms of colleges where I teach. They laugh at his gentleness, at his lack of worldliness, at his detachment from the world and the meaning thereof. When and where has it been written that a poet must be a club-swinging warrior, a teller of barroom tales, a participant of unspeakable experiences. That, today, apparently is the stamp of poetic integrity. I hear people speak of men who are writing today, and their eyes light up with a deep glow of satisfaction when they can mention some putrid bit of gossip about them. 'He writes such lovely things,' they say, and in the next breath add, half worshipfully, 'He lived such a terrible life.' I can't see it. I can't see that a man must needs have his feet plowing through unhealthy mud in order to appreciate more fully the glowing splendor of the clouds. I can't see that a man must fill his soul with sick and miserable experiences, self-imposed and self-inflicted, and greatly enjoyed, before he can sit down and write a lyric of strange and compelling beauty. Inspiration doesn't lie in the mud; it lies in the clean and wholesome life of the ordinary man. Mabye I am wrong. Maybe there is something wrong with me. Maybe I haven't the power to feel, to appreciate and live the extremes of dank living and beautiful inspiration.

"Men have told me, and perhaps they are right, that I have no 'straddle.' That is the term they use. I have no straddle. That means that I cannot spread out far enough to live in filth and write in the treetops. I can't. Perhaps it is because I am so ordinary. I like the middle way, as I like to talk to the man who walks the middle way with me. I have given thought to this business of straddling, and there's always seemed to me to be something wrong with it, something tricky. I see a man riding two horses, one foot on the back of one horse, one foot on the other. One horse pulls one way, the other a second. His straddle is wide, Heaven help him, but it seems to me that before long it's going to hurt him. It isn't the natural way, the normal way, the powerful way to ride. It's a trick.

"What is it you teach at Amherst and how?" the writer asked while Mr. Frost was speaking about his students.

"Well, I can't say that you can call it teaching. I don't teach. I don't know how. I talk and I have the boys talk. This year I'm going to have two courses, one in literature and one in philosophy. That's funny. I don't know that I know much about either. That's the reason perhaps that we get along so well. In the course in literature we're going to read a book a week. They're not going to be the major authors, the classics of literature, either. They're going to be the minor writers—people that aren't so well known. Why do I that? For a reason that I think rather good. Those boys will, in the course of their education, get the first-rank people whether I give it to them or not. That's what education very largely means today—knowing the names that sound the loudest. That's what business means, that's what success means. Well, I'd like to get out of that rut for a while. I'd like to get the boys acquainted with some of the fellows who didn't blow their trumpets so loudly but who nevertheless sounded a beautiful note. We're not going to read the works in class; we couldn't do all of that. The boys will do their reading at home. They'll read in class the things that appeal to them most. An incident. A bit of dramatic action. I'll let them choose what they wish; I'll let them read what they wish. And then we'll have some fun in their telling me why they made their choice, why a thing called to them.

"I don't want to analyze authors. I want to enjoy them, to know them. I want the boys in the classes to enjoy their books because of what's in them. Here again, perhaps, I am old-fashioned. Youth, I believe, should not analyze its enjoyments. It should live. It doesn't matter what they think Hazlitt thought or tried to do in his works; what matters is the work, the story, the series of incidents. Criticism is the province of age, not of youth. They'll get to that soon enough. Let them build up a friendship with the writing world first. One can't compare until one knows.

"I hope it will work out all right. I don't know. I haven't done just this thing before. I don't like teaching the same thing year after year. You get stale doing that.

"Philosophy—that's another subject that I'm going to teach. Philosophy of what? Of life. Of people about you. Of course. What's my philosophy? That's hard to say. I was brought up a Swedenborgian. I am not a Swedenborgian now. But there's a good deal of it that's left with me. I am a mystic. I believe in symbols. I believe in change and in changing symbols. Yet that doesn't take me away from the kindly contact of human beings. No. It brings me closer to them. It's hard to explain this thing; it's hard to talk about it. I don't expect to talk much about it to the boys at college. But I want them to feel that a philosophy of life is something that is not formal, that means delving in books and superimposing on themselves. No. A philosophy of life is an attitude to life. Plato doubtless thought that he was discovering something new when he wrote his treatise. He didn't. He gave written expression to an attitude toward life that he had probably found in some of his friends. It wasn't worked out like a problem in mathematics. It grew in men. Men are the important factors to remember. They are the soil which brings forth the fruit.

"One cannot say that the real American poetry is the poetry of the soil. One cannot say it is the poetry of the city. One cannot say it is the poetry of the native as one cannot say it is the poetry of the alien. Tell me what America is and I'll tell you what its poetry is. It seems to me we worry too much about this business. Where there is life there is poetry, and just as much as our life is different from English life so is our poetry different. The alien who comes here for something different, something ideal, something that is not England and not France and not Germany and finds it, knows this to be America. When he becomes articulate and raises his voice in an outburst of song, he is singing an American lyric. He is an American. His poetry is American. He could not have sung that same song in the place from where he hails; he could not have sung it in any other country to which he might have emigrated. Be grateful for the individual note he contributes and adopt it for your own as he has adopted the country.

"America means certain things to the people who come here. It means the Declaration of Independence, it means Washington, it means Lincoln, it means Emerson—never forget Emerson—it means the English language, which is not the language that is spoken in England or her provinces. Just as soon as the alien gets all that—and it may take two or three generations—he is as much an American as is the man who can boast of nine generations of American forebears. He gets the tone of America and as soon as there is tone there is poetry.

"People do me the honor to say that I am truly a poet of America. They point to my New England background, to the fact that my paternal ancestor came here some time in the sixteen hundreds. So much is true, but what they either do not know or do not say is that my mother was an immigrant. She came to these shores from Edinburgh in an old vessel that docked at Philadelphia. But she felt the spirit of America and became part of it before she even set her foot off the boat. She used to tell about it when I was a child. She was sitting on the deck of the boat waiting for orders to come ashore. Near her some workmen were loading Delaware peaches on to the ship. One of them picked out one of them and dropped it into her lap.

"'Here, take that,' he said. The way he said it and the spirit in which he gave it left an indelible impression on her mind. 'It was a bonny peach,' she used to say, 'and I didn't eat it. I kept it to show my friends.' Looking back would I say that she was less the American than my father? No. America meant something live and real and virile to her. He took it for granted. He was a Fourth of July American, by which I mean that he rarely failed to celebrate in the way considered proper and appropriate. She, however, was a year-around American.

"I had an aunt in New England who used to talk long and loud about the foreigners who were taking over this country. Across the way from her house stood a French Catholic church which the new people of the village had put up. Every Sunday my aunt would stand at her window, behind the curtain, and watch the steady stream of men and women pouring into church. Her mouth would twist in the way that seems peculiar to dried up New Englanders and she would say, 'My soul!' Just that. 'My soul!' All the disapproval and indignation and disgust were concentrated in those two words. She never could see why I laughed at her, but it did strike me very funny for her to be calling upon her soul for help when this mass of industrious people were going to church to save theirs.

"New England is constantly going

(Continued on Page 23)

Robert Frost's Country Home, Near South Shaftsbury, Vt.

Preliminaries to the Autumn Battle of the Books

Forthcoming Volumes in All Branches of Literature

THE Fall publishing season is already well under way. The task of providing reading matter for the long Winter evenings is a big one and must be finished in time to meet the demands of the Christmas trade. As the more important of the books already issued have been reviewed in these columns, this article will pay particular attention to those which are still to come.

Among works of fiction there are some which call for special mention for the reason that their authors are men and women of established reputations who may reasonably be expected to continue writing well. A few such may be enumerated here, leaving the rest of the fiction list for later consideration. A new Joseph Conrad novel, entitled "The Rover," is promised by Doubleday, Page in December. The same month will see the publication by Holt of Romain Rolland's "Annette and Sylvie." Macmillan announces "My Fair Lady," by Louis Hemon, author of "Maria Chapdelaine." From Houghton Mifflin will come "The Banner of the Bull," by Rafael Sabatini, and "Silk," a romance of China, by Samuel Merwin. Many of the most notable works of fiction have already appeared—Edith Wharton's "A Son at the Front," Fannie Hurst's "Lummox," Willa Cather's "A Lost Lady" and W. H. Hudson's "Fan, The Story of a Young Girl's Life," previously published under an assumed name. Pio Baroja's "Weeds," announced by Knopf, is a sequel to "The Quest," published last year, and the second volume of the trilogy entitled "The Struggle for Life." The Atlantic Monthly Press will publish "The Dark Frigate," by the late Charles Boardman Hawes. Boni & Liveright will bring out Michael Artzybasheff's "The Savage," his first novel since "Sanine." Sir Hall Caine's "The Woman of Knockaloe" and Archibald Marshall's "Anthony Dare" bear the Dodd, Mead imprint. "Fenceless Meadows," a collection of sea tales by Bill Adams, is published by Stokes. P. D. Beresford's "Love's Pilgrim" by Bobbs-Merrill, Jeffery Farnol's "Sir John Dering" by Little, Brown, Arthur Schnitzler's "Dr. Graesler" by Seltzer, and James Branch Cabell's "The High Place" by McBride. A more extended list of Fall fiction will be found at the end of this article.

Of books on the drama and kindred subjects there will be: "Representative Continental Dramas: Revolutionary and Traditional," edited by Montrose J. Moses (Little, Brown); "The Best Plays of 1922-23: and the Yearbook of the Drama in America," by Burns Mantle, and "The Best Motion Pictures of 1922-23: and the Yearbook of the American Screen," by Robert E. Sherwood (Small, Maynard); "Our American Theatre," by Oliver M. Sayler, and "Max Reinhardt: His Art and Achievement," by Oliver M. Sayler and Kenneth MacGowan (Brentano); "Leonid Andreyev: A Critical Study," by Alexander Kaun (Huebsch); "Behind the Screen," by Samuel Goldwyn (Doran); "Pictorial Beauty on the Screen," by Victor O. Freeburg (Macmillan); "A Book of Entertainments and Theatricals," by Helena Smith Dayton and Louise Bascom Barrett (McBride); "Masks and Demons," by Kenneth MacGowan, and "The Heroes of the Puppet Stage," by Madge Anderson (Harcourt, Brace); "Drawing Room Entertainments," compiled by Catherine Evelyn, Claire Shirley, Robert Overton and others (Moffat, Yard); and "Playwrights on Playmaking," by Brander Matthews (Scribner).

Poetry is represented by Christopher Morley's "Parson's Pleasure" and J. C. Squire's "Anthology of American Verse" (Doran); Ben Ray Redman's "Masquerade" and Louise Bogan's "Body of This Death" (McBride); Robert Frost's "New Hampshire," "The Open Road," by E. V. Lucas, and "American Poetry Since 1900," by Louis Untermeyer (Holt); "Harmonium," by Wallace Stevens, "The Prophet," by Kahlil Gibran, and "The Temple and Other Poems," translated from the Chinese by Arthur Waley (Knopf); "Verses by the Way," by Bishop Darlington (Brentano); "The Best Verse of 1923," by L. A. G. Strong (Small, Maynard); "The Epic of Golf," by Clinton Scollard; "Japanese Poetry," by Curtis Hidden Page; "The Soul of the City: An Anthology of Urban Verse," compiled by Garland Greever and Joseph M. Bachelor, and a new and enlarged edition of "Amaranth and Asphodel"; "Poems from the Greek Anthology Done Into English Verse," by A. J. Butler (Houghton Mifflin); "Echoes From Theocritus," by Edward Cracroft Lefroy, and "The Book of the Beloved," by J. C. Johnston (Dutton); "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1923 and Yearbook of American Poetry," edited by William Stanley Braithwaite; "Backroads; Maine Narratives—With Lyrics," by Winifred Virginia Jackson; "The Carrying of the Ghost," by Nelson Antrim Crawford, and "Poems of Seumas O'Sullivan," with an introduction by Padraic Colum (Brimmer).

"Calidus Juventa," by Allen Tate, and "Our Dead Selves; or, Anthology of the Lowly," by Paul Eldredge (Lieber & Lewis); "Captive-Balloons," by George Ullman (Duffield); "In Exile," by John Cournos, "The Poems of Charles Cotton," edited by John Beresford, (Boni & Liveright); "Less Lonely," by Alfred Kreymborg, and "Famous Single Poems," selected by Burton Stevenson (Harcourt, Brace); "Ellen Prior," by Alice Brown, "The Ancient Beautiful Things," by Fannie Stearns Davis, "Poems," by Edwin Ford Piper, "Poems from Life," edited by Oliver Herford, and "Poems from Punch, 1919-1920" (Macmillan); "The Boy's Book of Verse," compiled by Helen Dean Fish (Stokes); "A Pipe of Tobacco," by Isaac Hawkins Browne, edited by H. F. B. Brett-Smith, and "Fifty Christmas Poems for Children," selected by F. B. Hyett (Appleton); "The Soul of the Anthology," by William Cranston Lawton, and "Poems of Arthur O'Shaughnessy, edited by William Alexander Percy (Yale University Press); "Birds, Beasts and Flowers," by D. H. Lawrence, "Tulips and Chimneys," by E. E. Cummings, "A Dinner of Herbs," by Nancy Barr Mavity, "Caesar Remembers, and Other Poems," by William Kean Seymour, and "Gypsy Gold," by Charles Divine (Seltzer); "Songs of Childhood," by Walter de la Mare, and "Dreamthorp: and Other Verses," by Dorothea Mackellar (Longmans, Green); "The Harp Weaver and Other Poems," by Edna St. Vincent Millay, and "Collected Poems," by W. H. Davies (Harper); and "Visions and Interpretations," by Bruce Moore (Putnam).

In essays, criticism and books on Literature, Bobbs-Merrill offers "Dramatis Personae," by Arthur Symons and "Fiction Writers on Fiction Writing," edited by Arthur Sullivant Hoffman; Putnam will bring out the second and third volumes of John Drinkwater's "The Outline of Literature"; The Century Company will publish "Essays and Addresses," by Alexander Meiklejohn; Dodd, Mead & Co. announce "The Latin Genius" and "On Life and Letters—Series IV," both by Anatole France; "Stephen Crane: A Study in American Letters," by Thomas Beer, "Yet Again," by Max Beerbohm, and "More Prejudice" by A. B. Walkley are on the Knopf list; "Contemporary Portraits, Vol. IV," by Frank Harris, and "The Frars in English Fiction" are Bretano books; "Adventures in Journalism," by Sir Philip Gibbs, bears the Harper imprint; "Short Story Writing: An Art or a Trade," by N. Bryllion Fagin, will be issued by Seltzer; from the Harvard University Press will come "Dr. Johnson: A Study in Eighteenth-Century Humanism," by Percy H. Houston, and "The Celtic Revival in English Literature, 1760-1800," by Arthur E. Monroe; Nicholas L. Brown will publish Georg Brandes's "Wolfgang Goethe"; Macmillan is bringing out a new edition of "An Illustrated History of English Literature," by Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse; "Midwest Portraits," by Harry Hansen, is a Harcourt, Brace publication; Boni & Liveright will publish John Macy's "The Story of the World's Literature" and Maxim Gorky's "My Intellectual Life"; Duffield announces "Anton Chekov: A Critical Study," by William Gerhardi; Herbert S. Gorman's "The Procession of Masks" will be issued by Brimmer; Patrick Braybrooke's "Gilbert Keith Chesterton" comes from Lippincott; "Greek Thinkers and Modern Thought," by Paul Shorey, is a Marshall Jones book.

The Dutton list includes "Collected Essays," by George Saintsbury; "Feminism in Greek Literature," by F. A. Wright; "The Melody of God, and Other Papers," by Desmond Mountjoy, besides "French Literature From the Earliest Times to the End of the Eighteenth Century" and "French Literature in the Nineteenth Century and After," both by Kathleen T. Butler; Houghton Mifflin will publish "The Praise of Folly," by Bliss Perry; "Groups and Couples," by Francis Lester Warner; "The Cheerful Giver," by Samuel McChord Crothers, and "Forty Years in My Bookshop," by Walter T. Spencer; Stephen McKenna's "By Intervention of Providence" will come from the Little, Brown press; Small, Maynard will bring out "Confessions of an Average Man," by Richard King, and "The Best Short Stories of 1923," edited by Edward J. O'Brien; Huebsch announces a book on modern writers and thinkers, title to be announced later, by Edwin Muir; Robert C. Benchley's "The Conquest of Cornwall" and Thomas Mann's "Bashan and I," translated by Herman George Scheffauer, are Holt publications; "A Publishers' Confession," by Walter H. Page, and "Through the Magic Door," by A. Conan Doyle, will have the Doubleday, Page imprint; "Fanfare," by Burton Rascoe, and "A Contrast," by Hilaire Belloc, will be issued by McBride; on the Doran list are "The Literary Spotlight," with an introduction by John Farrar; "The Bookman Anthology of Essays," edited by John Farrar; "What Books Can Do for Me," by Jesse Lee Bennett; "Men of Letters," by Dixon Scott; "The Sands of Time," by Walter Sichel; "Stevenson," by Frank Swinnerton, and "George Gissing," by the same author. A number of the books listed below under Biography and Memoirs also deal largely with literature.

The list of biographies, memoirs and reminiscences includes: "Lord Rosebery: A Critical and Biographical Study," by E. T. Raymond; "An Ambassador's Memoirs," by Maurice Paleologue; "The Life of W. S. Gilbert," by Sidney Dark; "C. K. S., an Autobiography," by Clement K. Shorter; "A Mid-Victorian Pepys, the Letters and Memoirs of Sir William Hardman," edited by S. M. Ellis; "The Life and Memoirs of Count Molé," edited by the Marquis de Noailles, and "Embassies I Have Known," by Walburga, Lady Paget (Doran); "An Outlaw's Dairy, II. The Commune," by Cécile Tormay (McBride); "Men and Animals; an Autobiography" by Carl E. Akely; "Robert Bacon: His Life and Some Letters," by James Brown Scott; "John H. Patterson, Pioneer in Industrial Welfare," by Samuel Crowther, and "Myself and a Few Moros," by Lieut. Col. Sydney A. Cloman, U. S. A. (Doubleday, Page); "Pink Tea and Politics," by Mrs. J. Borden Harriman; "Myself Not Least," being the personal reminiscences of "X," "Samuel Adams," by Ralph Volney Harlow, and "American Social History as Recorded by British Chroniclers," edited by Allan Nevins (Holt); "Calvin Coolidge: an Interpretation," by Robert M. Washburn (Small, Maynard); "Remembered Yesterdays," by Robert Underwood Johnson; "Three Generations," by Maude Howe Elliott, and "Lady Henry Somerset," by Kathleen Fitzpatrick (Little, Brown); "My Garden of Memory," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "My Rhineland Journal," by General Henry T. Allen; "Diplomatic Portraits: Europe and the Monroe Doctrine One Hundred Years Ago," by W. P. Cresson; "Autobiography of T. Jefferson Coolidge"; "Richard Olney and His Public Service," by Henry James, and "George Frederic Handel: His Personality and His Times," by Newman Flower (Houghton Mifflin);

"Princes of Wales," by F. Maynard Bridge; "The Emperor Nicholas II. as I Knew Him," by Major Gen. Sir John Hanbury Williams; "Saint Lydwine of Schiedam," by J. K. Huysmans; "H. G. Wells," by R. Thurston Hopkins; "Carlyle Till Marriage," by D. A. Wilson; "Master Diets: His Autobiography," translated by Bernard Miall; "Recollections of a Rolling Stone," by Basil Tozer; "The Memoirs of Cav. Enrico Cacchetti, the Master of the Russian Ballet," by Olga Racster, and "The Diary of a Journalist, Vol. III.," by Sir Henry Lucy (Dutton); "Boston Days of William Morris Hunt," by Martha A. Shannon (Marshall, Jones); "The Log of a Forty-niner," by Richard Lunt Hale, and "Edward Loomis Davenport: A Biography," by Edwin Francis Edgett (Brimmer); "The Life of Caleb Cushing," by Claude M. Fuess (Harcourt, Brace); "Memories of the Russian Court," by Anna Viroubova; "The Life of Willard Straight," by Herbert Croly; "My Forty Years in New York," by Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, and "The Life Story of Pierre and Marie Curie," by Marie Curie (Macmillan); "Robert Browning: Poet and Philosopher," by Frances M. Sim, and "The Life and Letters of Sir John Moore" by Beatrice Brownrigg (Appleton); "My Crystal Ball," by Elisabeth Marbury (Boni & Liveright); "Harvard Memories," by Charles W. Eliot (Harvard University Press); "Fifty Years on the Old Frontier," by James H. Cook, and "Unpublished Letters of Matthew Arnold," edited by Arnold Whitridge (Yale University Press); "The Life and Reign of Edward IV.," by Cora L. Scofield; "Wheel-Tracks," by E. O. Somerville and Martin Ross, and "Memoir of Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J.," by the Rev. C. C. Martindale (Longmans, Green); "Theodore Roosevelt," by Lord Charnwood (Atlantic Monthly Press).

"In the Footsteps of the Lincolns," by Ida M. Tarbell, and "Erasmus," by Preserved Smith (Harper); "Leopold I. of Belgium," by Dr. Egon Caesar Corti; "Madame Vestris and Her Times," by Charles E. Pearce, and "The Life of Fred Archer," by E. M. Humphris (Brentano); "My Memoirs," by the Marquis Boni de Castellane; "The Diaries and Letters of Otto Braun," edited by Julie Vogelstein; "My Musical Life," by Nikolay Rimsky-Korsakoff; "From an American Legation," by Ira Nelson Morris, and "The Mirrors of France," anonymous (Knopf); "The Life of Mrs. Humphry Ward," by Mrs. George Trevelyan; "Casanova in England," by Horace Bleackley; "My Diplomatic Education," by Norval Richardson, and "Boswell's Johnson," abridged and arranged by Archibald Marshall (Dodd, Mead); "From Immigrant to Inventor," by Michael Pupin; "My Musical Life," by Walter Damrosch, and a series of books entitled "Great Hollanders," edited by Edward W. Bok (Scribner); "William Jennings Bryan," by Wayne C. W. Williams (Revell); "Story of My Life," by Sir Harry Johnston (Bobbs-Merrill); "Journal Intime," by St. Loe Strachey; "Men, Money and Ships," by Charles R. Flint, and "Letters of Edward Fitzgerald to Bernard Barton," edited by Captain F. R. Barton (Putnam).

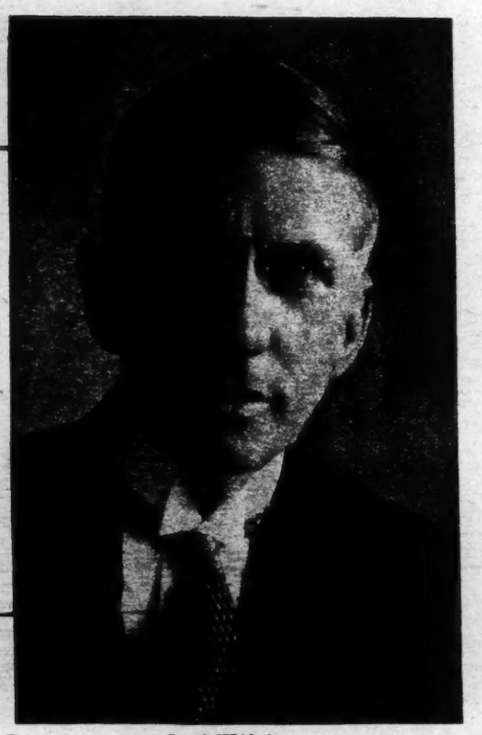
For convenience, since works on these subjects often overlap, it will be well to consider books on history, politics and world problems under one head. The list includes "The Menace of Moslem Asia," by E. Alexander Powell; "The Russian Soviet Republic, 1918-1922," by Edward Alsworth Ross (Century Company); "History of Assyria," by A. T. Olmstead; "Mankind at the Crossroads," by E. M. East, and "Race and National Solidarity," by Charles Conant Josey (Scribner); "Roman Historians," by Guglielmo Ferrero, and "Ancient and Modern Rome," by Rodolpho Lanciani (Marshall Jones); "A History of the Nations," edited by John Buchan, and "The Fall of the Dutch Republic," by Hendrik Willem Van Loon (Houghton Mifflin); "British-American Relations," by J. D. Whelpley, and "The Pioneer West," edited by Joseph Lewis French (Little, Brown); "Growth of the City

(Continued on Page 10)

Frontispiece to an Old Edition of Jonathan Swift's "Battle of the Books."

Again the Young Revolutionists

Brand Whitlock Considers Life in the American Small Town



Brand Whitlock.

A Review by
HENRY JAMES FORMAN

J. HARDIN & SON. A novel by Brand Whitlock. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

AN author must be assumed as knowing at least as much as his critics regarding the aim and intention of his work. And Mr. Whitlock is an unusually able and thoughtful author. He must have been aware, then, that his new novel is a challenge to all the Main Streets that have recently been written and published.

Mr. Whitlock is no Don Quixote. He can still tell a windmill when he sees one. Indeed, with much genial tolerance and courtesy he stands ready to point out to less keen-eyed paladins, "By the way, that yonder is not really a castle or an ogre. It is a plain windmill. I have seen many such in the Low Countries."

What, then, as Kingsley asked on a famous occasion, does Mr. Whitlock mean? Briefly, as it seems to the present reviewer, this:

There is doubtless, he seems to say, much crudity, intolerance, darkness, mob spirit, lack of culture lingering in the length and breadth, in the purlieus of our America. There is also intrigue, chicanery, money worship and hypocrisy. But with and in spite of all that there is much solid character, much of sterling worth that still endures.

The question is, has he proved his point? Mr. Whitlock is too good a novelist to go about proving points like a tent evangelist or a trial lawyer. He is first of all an engaging, a conscientious artist. As an artist he is well aware his first business is to set down as graphically as possible a certain vision, his peculiar vision, of life, or phases of life. And this he proceeds to do with a lingering fullness of detail, with a leisurely air of absorption, that is peculiarly satisfying in these strained days of somewhat overhectic composition.

His scene is Central Ohio. That scene should appeal to readers who admire the work of Arnold Bennett. Ohio seems to be the Five Towns of America. J. Hardin, the wainwright, who makes honest solid buggies for the farmers of Ohio, is a Five Towns character. His stern, unrelieved Methodism, his austere, silent religiosity, are more solid even than the buggies he turns out. They are solid to the point of painfulness. He reminds one of old Clayhanger. He also reminds one of a more recent, and this an American, creation, Adrian Plummer. J. Hardin is of pioneer stock. He is not a pioneer himself, but the son of pioneers. He is a significant figure because he and his like are what the present generation is revolting from. And the revolt seems justifiable. For all that he is a character that needs to be presented in fiction. He is a necessary link. Fiction writers of today appear to ignore the fact that he existed, and that creates a hiatus in the succession. Mr. Whitlock, however, makes him his central character. "You have omitted an important link in the chain," he seems to say, "and that link is J. Hardin."

So far as concerns the revolt, Paul Hardin himself, J. Hardin's only son, revolts against that dour austerity. Paul revolts at being treated like a child and becomes the "son" of J. Hardin & Son. He revolts a good deal more thoroughly than that, however. He revolts against that joyless conception of life that to his father spells virtue, and, though he hates this uncompromising virtue, his father's incessant battle for prohibition, he cannot but admire his grim courage, his ruthless fearlessness, his daring in facing a mob bent upon lynching a negro. Paul is still deeply swayed by his father's way of life.

But Paul is not his father. As a boy in Macochee he has faint yearnings to be an artist, like the famous painter West, the town's celebrity, who left Macochee years ago for his soul's good. Paul's longings come to nothing, however, for his father takes him first into the shop and then sends him to a farm. Upon that farm Paul has a certain affair with an attractive hired girl and back he is moved to the shop. His father's ineluctable will moved him about like a pawn on a board.

In time Paul displays marked capacity for money-getting, strikes oil in an oil rush, marries a certain Winona Dyer, and becomes the richest man in Macochee, aye, the richest in Gordon County. His life with Winona is not happy. A certain Evelyn Walling, daughter of actor folk, who had chanced to be born in Macochee, comes into his life, and her grace and softness carry him off his feet.

Scandal begins to stir in the air about him. Wagging tongues are so active that old Cowan, President of the Second National Bank, even suggests his resignation as Vice President—for the good of the bank. That strikes Paul hard. But still he clings to his heart's desire. What does it matter? What does he care for this town? He is its richest man and therefore already unpopular. He puts his affairs in such order as to enable him to go away indefinitely—with Evelyn—perhaps to California, to perpetual Summer. These yearnings of a Main Street rich man Mr. Whitlock does not overcolor, nor does he make them anything but commonplace. Still, such as they are they represent the stress and drive toward freedom, toward leisure and light.

The scandal, however, has blown over and Cowan now talks of retiring and of putting in Paul as his successor in the Presidency of the bank—just as Paul is on his way to meet Evelyn after a separation. Also, there is a letter from the chilly Winona saying she is ready to begin life with him afresh. Paul meets his Evelyn and—they part forever.

Mr. Whitlock declares that the stern character of J. Hardin, who lived for virtue and died because of his fight for prohibition, was asserting itself in Paul.

And out of the past, out of his own youth, out of the life of his father, out of the remoter past of unknown ancestors, stern pilgrims to whom life had been one long unending calvary, non-conformists, dissenters, chapel folk, who had crossed the seas and the mountains and the plains, fleeing from the vain pomp and glory of this world, the lust and temptation of the flesh, abjuring joy and beauty as evil, renouncing civilization and refinement as devices of the devil, the austere faith of the Puritans laid its hand upon him and reasserted its ineluctable claim. Endure, yes, that was the only way; that was the faith of his fathers, the one philosophy of life that he could understand.

That is Mr. Whitlock's explanation. And frankly we regret it as much as Paul must have regretted it over and over. Given Paul's character, that decision remains and will remain to the present reviewer unconvincing. Paul should have gone to California.

Granting this defect, however, the book is of genuine value. In a way it harks back to the more leisured days of William Dean Howells and the realism of that epoch. It is fine and workmanlike and possesses the most precious of all qualities—a certain nobility of conception. The writer's mind, as is clear on every page, has the quality of being noble. In some respects the writing reminds one of the work of Willa Cather. But it is individual for all that, and the author unfolds his story with the undoubted authenticity of a fine craftsman.

But if it is an apologia for Main Street it somehow strikes one as a regretful apologia. It is a masterly picture of a phase of American life recently prominent. And if it be indeed a challenge to the Main Streets of some of the younger writers, those writers can answer.

"Yes, it is quite true we don't know as much about the antecedents of Main Street as you seem to know. But however genial and graphic your apology, it fails wholly to extenuate the bitter ugliness and narrowness we see today, and, notwithstanding our relative ignorance of its past, we shall continue to decry it and to voice our scorn of it."

Possibly that is what they would say—with a high respect for their challenger. But who knows? It is not the business of the reviewer to take sides.

Margaret Widdemer on Frightfulness in the Home

GRAVEN IMAGE. By Margaret Widdemer. 319 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

SURELY there is rejoicing among the angels when a human being states a bit of eternal truth so brilliantly and appealingly in print that mankind will read it for pleasure. Conceivably, too, there is gnashing of teeth on the part of the management of the regions infernal when such an event occurs. One can imagine consternation down there this month over Margaret Widdemer's latest novel, "Graven Image," and can guess that the book page of the Hades Daily Asbestos (if there is such a journal) is spreading the news of the publication somewhat as follows:

"His Royal Highness returned yesterday from going to and fro in the earth, and from walking round in its literary circles. His Majesty feels more discouraged over the outlook on that planet than he has felt after any other inspection trip in years. He looks ill, indeed, and his hand shakes perceptibly as he lights his cigarette from his glowing finger tip.

"He brought with him from earth a copy of 'Graven Image,' a novel just off the press there, and it was to discuss the book that he sent for a representative of The Daily Asbestos. With the frankness that is one of his Majesty's most engaging qualities he began by confessing that his prestige on earth is slipping; and he ascribed his decline of influence there to the new psychology, whose dangerous features The Asbestos has repeatedly pointed out.

"When the Freud fad started on earth some years ago his Majesty counted on big returns from it. As we know, it was not long, indeed, before the novelists discovered the sex chapter lurking in the new psychology and began industriously to introduce it into their fiction. A great number of best sellers resulted, and this human race fell for the bait in crowds. Never before had writers served Satan so well. But as The Asbestos warned at the time, there was good in Freud's philosophy; there was wisdom in it that his Majesty failed to suspect. We refer particularly to that chapter which treats of parental influence upon growing children. Far be it from The Asbestos to cry, 'We told you so,' yet the fact remains that the expected has come to pass. Serious-minded people on earth have got hold of that chapter, to our undoing.

"As all thoughtful imps know, we depend heavily on the stupid self-righteous parents of earth to do our work for us: the brutally good parents; the sanctimonious, domineering, strap-wielding parents who fill their children's hearts with dread and warp their tender minds, forever leaving them unfit for happy life, and easy prey for his Majesty.

"The author of 'Graven Image' knows that. His Royal Highness sat up all night in his hotel reading it, fascinated and frightened. It tells the world what happened to a family of brothers and sisters, children of our favorite kind of parents; children whose godly and frightful father was Always Right, and beat and bullied them in the name of righteousness.

"It tells what they became as grown men and women; how sickeningly precious and futile; how everlastingly certain that they were Always Right themselves and other people always wrong; and how they came tragically near to imposing their family delusion upon two plucky girl cousins whose father was not so Right as theirs. It traces their careers through a complete generation to the logical conclusion that we down here in Hades know so well; and when it ends there is no argument left at all for Frightfulness in the Home, that human institution that has meant so much prosperity to our beloved Tophet.

"The deuce of it is that the book is written by a woman. A man might not have made it matter; he could not have understood and told what those girl cousins suffered. But done by a woman, it has such delicate subtlety and kindly humor that the readers of earth will never lay it down until they have absorbed its message. They will not even know that they are reading psychology, for there is none of the cant of the science in it—not a word about complexes or inhibitions or defense reactions to frighten them off. There is just the plain and simple truth dramatized in vivid action.

"His Majesty has an excellent cause to think that 'Graven Image' is dangerous to the powers of darkness. It will set him back centuries."

L. H. ROBBINS.

Margaret Widdemer.

Photo © by Underwood & Underwood.

"MEN WHO RIDE INTO BATTLE SINGING"

Drawn by Wallace Smith as Illustrations for His Stories of Mexico, "The Little Tigress." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Reviewed in the New York Times Book Review of Sept. 30.

Labor Puts On the Vestments of Capitalist

A Review by
JOHN CORBIN

LABOR'S MONEY. By Richard Boeckel. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

ECONOMICS OF THE HOUR. By J. St. Loe Strachey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

SEVERAL volumes have appeared of late expounding the new program of organized labor, adumbrated by the Plumb Plan—the movement that has repeatedly triumphed over Samuel Gompers at confederation conventions but has not yet employed its power to turn him out of his lifelong leadership. None of its predecessors has been as concise, as candid and as illuminating as "Labor's Money," by Richard Boeckel.

Restrictions upon productivity and general limitations upon efficiency in industry, which still form a part of the gospel of many old-line unions and are working widespread havoc with our building program, are condemned as roundly upon economic and social grounds as ever they were by the most reactionary employer. There is, of course, a vital difference in the fundamental idea. The new program demands "a share in control" by the workers "as the first step," with complete control as the ultimate objective. But "the demand for control • • • looks to greater things than a mere division of present profits among the workers. At bottom it is a demand for release of the full productive capacity of the industrial machine, with profits made a secondary consideration." Everywhere the truth is insisted on that there can be no widespread and permanent improvement in the social and economic status of labor that is not based on enhanced productivity.

A corollary of this truth is that the weapon of the strike, which Samuel Gompers and his dwindling band still cherish as the only protection against "wage slavery," shall be abandoned. Mr. Boeckel and his co-religionists admit, as do all liberal-minded observers, that in its time the strike did valiant service. But

> this policy has run its course. • • • Thinking members • • • realize the enormous waste of reserve funds and energy in handling strikes solely directed to securing a higher wage and then later, as in the present period, more strikes to resist a reduction in wages.

Under the new program, wage increases would be "taken out of the savings in production costs," whereas at present they are "being added to existing costs of production and passed on for payment to the general public"—including organized labor. In spite of redoubling wages, according to unimpeachable authorities,

> Before long, workmen generally were paying more in increased prices for things they had to buy than they received in wage advances. • • • Millions of dollars were collected from them in trade union dues, and expended in substantial part in activities that brought them no tangible benefits. They paid also, and their families paid, in suffering and hardship incident to strikes with which illusory wage increases were often bought.

These are home truths, welcome to all consumers and bitter diet for the old-line trade unionists.

The alternative plan of "industrial democracy" is necessarily problematical, dealing as it does with the future, but it has never before been so conservatively and so cogently stated. As to the program of the railway brotherhoods, looking toward "Government ownership and democratic operation," Mr. Boeckel is discreetly reticent. The novelty and distinction of his book lies in the fact that it chiefly advocates the purchase by workmen, organized in "industrial" unions, of a majority of the stock in their respective industries. His discussion is admirably precise and candid. Quoting a "radical" statement, made at the time of the great steel strike, that "in seven years' time, at the present rate of absorption, the employes of the United States Steel Corporation will own and control a majority of the outstanding common stock," Mr. Boeckel points out that the assertion does not hold water. Workers who buy stock also sell it. "However," he concludes, "the common stock at present held by the corporation's employes has a market value exceeding $40,000,000 and constitutes about 9 per cent. of all the common stock outstanding." If purchases of stock are made with a conscious and persistent purpose to gain control he does not think the feat impossible. What he proposes, in short, is that labor turn capitalist. For the policy behind the steel strike he has only contempt, saddened by a realization of how much the $113,505,000 that was wasted in strike funds and sacrificed wages would have meant in stock control.

Labor's chief hope of effectively turning capitalist lies in the growth of labor banks, which has been amazingly rapid in the last three years. With regard to this phenomenon, widely commented upon but little understood, Mr. Boeckel's book has a unique value. Already there are over a dozen labor banks, with resources exceeding $30,000,000, and they are fast increasing in number and in power. Mr. Boeckel contends that at present "labor's money" is largely used to finance capitalist opposition to labor; and, so far as it has been used to back the campaign for the open shop, he is undoubtedly justified. In a not distant future the boot may be on the other foot. It appears that none of the new banks has yet failed, and here Mr. Boeckel may be trusted, for he frankly records the failure of certain ironworkers to operate a shipbuilding company at Norfolk, which they bought up in 1920 as a means of resisting the open shop. Up to the present labor banks have been operated not only with financial soundness, but with an admirable sense of service to workmen individually and to their unions. Labor is rapidly learning to base its radical program on capitalist finance. And already leading banks in New York have fallen in line with them in this regard, welcoming labor as an associate and ally. Mr. Boeckel is not altogether Utopian in contending that a system of banks controlling all the resources of "labor's money" may sometime be strong enough to finance the purchase of entire industries, even the basic ones.

There is, of course, a Senegambian in the fuel of his hope. Of this he seems to be as well aware as any champion of the middle class. His statement of the workers' holdings of steel stock, he admits, includes the holdings of salaried employes, and thus "suggests organization of all workers in the industry, with hand and brain, not for striking or collective bargaining, but for investment and ultimate control." To that ultimate control the class of managers and technicians will be essential, even though labor wields the money control. That this is widely realized by the Plumb Planners is evident in the fact that from the start the management of labor banks has been entrusted to experienced financiers. Here as elsewhere the industrial future lies within the power of a third factor in the problem, which has been hitherto, and still mainly is, ignored by both labor and capitalist writers,

None the less, this little book is of profound significance. Time was when the radical programs were based on ideas clearly visionary and impracticable. Greenbackism, populism, the single tax, socialism, syndicalism, communism and guild socialism have apparently run their course. Like the medieval mystic, their exponents might have said: *Credo quia impossibile.* Here at last we have leaders seeing economic facts as they are and dealing with them as such. As to the future, much will depend upon the intelligence with which the class of skilled workers, managers and technicians assert their power against the dominance of shiftless numbers.

Mr. Strachey's "Economics of the Hour" is curiously not of the hour and is essentially reactionary—or at least it seems so in comparison with "Labor's Money." He looks far enough into the future, it is true, to invite labor to contemplate the importance of "The Third Partner in Industry," extensively quoting from an article in The Journal of the Society of Technical Engineers, which promises expected members "to look to the interests of your profession in an endeavor, among many others, to secure for engineers and their colleagues a place in the community more worthy of their immense importance to it." But there is no reference to the National Union of middle-class workers and professional men which took an active part in the transportation strike and the success of which, or failure (if it has since failed), is of intensely modern interest. Mr. Strachey's thinking, sound and luminous as far as it goes, is mainly dominated by nineteenth-century individualism, ignoring the recent tendency toward nation-wide organization by groups which, whether for good or evil, is so striking a product of "the hour."

His writing is not always as luminous as his thinking. "Labor-saving machinery," he says, and invokes the emphasis of italics, "*never injures the workman, but on the contrary improves his condition.*" With the underlying thought Mr. Boeckle, among multitudinous others, would heartily agree; but the fact remains that sudden changes of process have inflicted cruel want upon whole trades, and still do so. The correction of this bitter and persistent evil is possible only through group action of some sort, and is one of the problems which economists who are really of the hour are struggling to solve.

Again, in emphasizing the fundamental solvency of the industrial world, in spite of the gigantic cost of the war, Mr. Strachey says:

> All the shares in companies which yield a fixed rate of interest, like railway debentures and preference stock, are, as are also pre-war consols, only worth to sell half their price. On the other hand, there are some seven thousand millions of new national debt from which some twenty-five millions or so of people are drawing dividends great and small. Certainly there is no diminution of wealth here.

Thus a public debt is a public blessing that grows by what it feeds on. But later Mr. Strachey says that before we can renew prosperity "the reduction of taxation below the sterilizing and killing point is essential." And again: "We cannot begin exchanging till our crushing taxation and its inevitable accompaniment—the numbing and destructive interference of government—is lifted."

He is right, of course, in insisting that the present numbness of industrial Europe springs not so much from a lack of materials as from the lack of a stable and recognized medium of exchange. Wealth consists only of those things "that have the quality of exchangeability" and "economics is the science of exchange." Granted steady employment of our resources in raw materials and in man power, there would be a present competence for all workers and the war debt would eventually be lifted. But what other means have we but the "interference of government"? It is a problem beyond the reach of Tom, Dick and Harry, be they individuals ever so admirable in intention. It is, moreover, beyond the power of any nation that acts merely as an individual.

Strong Nerves and German Poets

BERLIN.

STRONG nerves are indispensable for the enjoyment of the recent creations of our German younger generation. Whether they offer us free verse or stories, drama or lyric poetry, always they work with horror-inspiring themes. We feel that we enter a shadowy hall where ghastly, distorted faces grin from all sides, where weird, heartrending moans rise from the ground, where cadaverous fingers reach out from graves, where the air is fusty, putrid. And everything whispers and shrieks of unprecedented crimes and sufferings that burden humanity.

Splendid with words as with purple velvet and golden ornaments is this hall of fancy, and illuminated with the lurid flames of turbulent emotions; with the expenditure of the highest creative art, phantoms and shadows are magically charmed to a semblance of life. After we pass some time here our senses become confused; doubts assail us, uneasily we ask ourselves: Can this be life in its true colors? Perhaps what we, in the bright upper regions, hitherto took for life is only a superficial dream, a delusion. Are there still sons who do not shoot their fathers or poison their mothers? Are there, besides the madmen who kill little children to the indistinct accompaniment of hymns, any sane people on this earthly sphere? Are there yet trees from whose verdant boughs no suicides hang suspended? Do streams yet flow in which there swim no maidens with water-rat nests in their hair?

One must be young, indeed, thus to wallow in the deepest misery of humanity—or else be one of those marked out by death, of those who in a rarely presentient way are intrigued by the decay that lies in wait for their young limbs.

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I AM going to speak here of three books whose strong poetic power is proof that the authors are not aiming at sensationalism. Their melancholy view of life rises from their innermost soul, is intimately bound up with their whole being.

Particularly true is this of Georg Heym, who, a youth of 24, lost his life in the waters of the Havel on Jan. 16, 1912. He drowned when the ice broke under him while he was skating; there is no evidence that he purposely sought death. Yet a study of his "Dichtungen," just published by Kurt Wolff, Munich, gives rise to profound emotion; this man was ripe for death, he had imagined its horror a hundred times before. Yes, it seems as though the boy had been tormented by a prophetic vision of all the immeasurable woe that the next few years were to visit on humanity. At the same time his ability is stupendous; severely chiseled to noble beauty are his verses, broad and daring his imagery, his candor so overwhelming that this tortured poetry may for days shut out the light from one's life. Baudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal," whose influence on Georg Heym can hardly be doubted, appear as a bright bouquet against the fancy of this poet who in every sense attained so early a consummation.

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FROM Alfred Brust's new book, "Spiele," there does not flow the same power as that with which Georg Heym calls forth living beauty from the grave. Still Alfred Brust is considered a promising dramatist. The short scenes of these plays move in the borderland between the dramatic and the lyric. They deal with tragedies of the soul, with men whose gloomy dreams carry them reeling toward their fate. Men? No, they are types, symbols, and only thus are they conceived by the poet. In a "Frühlingsspiel," spun of tenderly sad poetry, the characters are called Spring, Little Flower, Freckle. In another piece, which the poet calls the play of the "Beyond," he emphasizes from the beginning that it expresses neither time nor space, is utterly detached from the past, present or future. I think every one will admit that it would be difficult to produce such a play on a terrestrial stage.

To resolve the conflicts of human life to the simplest lines, to free them of all incidental elements, to exhaust their eternal content in childlike stammering—this I believe to be Alfred Brust's formula. And this is the goal toward which all young artists of today—be they poets, painters, sculptors or musicians—direct their striving. Hypercivilized man wants to leave the barren territory of reason for the revelations of the unknown. But here is an insuperable difficulty: no yearning of the overmature mind can ever produce the unpolluted innocence of a child—reason, no matter how refined, is incapable of receiving elemental revelations. And the plays of Alfred Brust suffer from this antagonism. They are written with delicate subtlety, frequently contain extremely clever observations and a certain light and gentle beauty. Yet the most sincere efforts to puzzle out the meaning are often unavailing. Probably the author intended this.

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BUT now we come to a poet who has succeeded in rising from chaotic to masterly writing. He is Franz Werfel, an Austrian; his latest volume of verse he entitles "Beschwörungen" (Kurt Wolff, München). Werfel is an ecstatic, like the late Richard Dehmel. But the latter was more versatile. He could compose charming poems for children and passionate love lyrics; but for Werfel the hymnic always

Franz Werfel.

remains the characteristic form. He, too, thirsts for divine revelation and at the same time shudders at the thought of the nearness of man to the beast. Exceedingly beautiful poems grow from this uncanny union with inarticulate nature: "Die Vogelballade," "Die Polarballade," "Vision von der Hirschkuh," "Der Vertierte." The last-named deals with a castaway who, on a deserted, rocky isle, has become beast again. As children we learned a poem of Chamisso's, "Salas y Gomes," where another castaway on a desolate rock-bound island through agonizing struggle attains sainthood and wisdom. That was in the idealistic period. Werfel's poem doubtless holds a deeper truth. But "Salas y Gomes" has been our companion through life, a reassuring example of the power of the human soul; and in spite of the greater artistic merit of Werfel's ballad we should like to forget it. Nevertheless, he is a pure idealist—but the aspect of idealism has changed since Chamisso's time. In the depths of his soul Werfel hears the fateful whispering of mysterious forces; with intense seriousness he recognizes in himself the herald and discoverer of demons and gods. May his great gifts develop to ever greater splendor—for he still has much to tell us of the unexplored domain that is familiar ground to his poetic soul.

GABRIELE REUTER.

Learning Imperiled in Paris

PARIS.

THE unfortunate experience of an American professor who, wishing to obtain a degree at the Sorbonne, was there the unhappy victim of the all too academic attitude of certain of his French confrères, has caused much irritation in Paris literary circles. Because of that irritation, which is almost universal, and not because of the incident itself, which is an isolated case, the story of Professor Eric Dawson, some time professor of French literature at the University of Mississippi, is worth telling. Professor Dawson came to Paris about two years ago because he sufficiently loved French culture to covet the degree of "docteur ès lettres" of the Paris Sorbonne. That his understanding of French culture and his knowledge of French literature must be very considerable is shown by the fact that he chose for his thesis the work of Henry Becque, author of "les Corbeaux," perhaps one of the most remarkable plays written in the French language during the nineteenth century.

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SPENDING much time on research work, interviewing contemporary writers and journalists in any way connected with the subject of Henry Becque or of his plays, Professor Dawson prepared a thesis in which he exposed the outstanding value and quality of the author he was discussing, and his very considerable influence on many of the younger French playwrights of today. Then, satisfied that he had fulfilled his task, he presented his thesis to the Professor with whom he had discussed the subject previously when choosing it two years ago. To his surprise the paper was returned to him with the remarks that Henry Becque was "of no importance to anybody," that he was "nothing but a third-class writer," a "mere journalist," and that, besides, it was absurd in a serious document like a thesis for the degree of doctor to quote such sources as, for instance, Antoine, a "mere theatrical manager." In a word, Professor Dawson's paper was in this Sorbonne professor's eyes entirely valueless and in no way fitted the author for the degree of "docteur ès lettres." Now, as already pointed out, Henry Becque is quite extraordinarily important to any student of the French play. Antoine is an authority on the subject. In France as elsewhere, many Journalists are also writers and authors of distinction and standing, and among those cited by Professor Dawson are some of the most notable names in contemporary French literature. The professor is returning home and a good deal of ink is flowing. One explanation given is that in agreeing on Becque as a good subject the Sorbonne professor thought Professor Dawson would write a thesis which contained purely destructive criticism, whereas he did the very opposite—a fact which the literary world here is agreed in finding all to his honor. Anyhow, a new war has been opened against the academic spirit.

Now, whatever the results of this war may be, the incident which constituted the "casus belli" between the rival schools has already rendered good service, inasmuch as it has led Professor Dawson to publish his "thèse de doctorat" in form of a very interesting volume: "Henry Becque: Sa vie et son théâtre" (246 pp. chez Payot, Paris). A short preface contains what, in view of the facts just related, may be taken as a piece of delicate irony.

There still exist in France today people who believe themselves to be lettered and who are ignorant of Henry Becque. Many know only his name or the titles of his works. To these we dedicate this volume, which will enable them better to know a great dramatist.

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THE unpublished correspondence of George Sand and Prince Jerome Napoleon, which contains documents of curiously human as well as of historic and literary interest, and which ends with the laconic message from Maurice Sand to the Prince on June 8, 1876, "My Mother is Dead," has taken one back to the days when the "Châtelaine of Nohant" was the strangest if the most prominent figure in Paris life. Today, some seventy-five years later, one is curiously moved when reading in a Paris newspaper the announcement that "the Châtelaine of Nohant is about to publish her first novel." The châtelaine today is George Sand's granddaughter. Like her illustrious grandparent her name is "Aurore." The name of the novel she is about to publish is "Encarnacion." Footprints in the sands of time!

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ACCUSED of many things during his picturesque and agitated lifetime, Paul Verlaine has now, twenty-seven years after his death, been charged with the heinous offense of bigamy. Nothing less, and entirely official. A—serious—Paris weekly review sprang the bombshell by announcing that there had been discovered in a little provincial French village an old lady of seventy-five years who claimed to have been "legitimately united with the poet," and to have been abandoned within two days. As Verlaine's only legitimate union was known, the statement caused some stir. Was it a case of mistaken identity? In any case the story was sufficiently important to call for closer investigation. Inquiry brought to light the facts. The old lady in question is a cousin of the poet's. Aged 93, her somewhat failing faculties misled a provincial newspaper man who interviewed her, and the canard started on its flight. "Poor Lelian" may sleep in peace. No posthumous scandal will disturb him. Heaven knows he created enough during his lifetime.

JAMES GRAHAM.

Lord Morley as a Penman

LONDON.

I AM afraid that to many of the younger generation the death of Lord Morley, which took place on Sept. 23 in his eighty-fifth year, will be regarded more as a political than as a literary event. To live to be 85 is to outlive, if not one's reputation, at any rate the familiar knowledge of the world about you; after 70 a man is almost a myth to all but his own generation, and the younger ones are surprised to hear that he is alive at all. Yet it is really as a man of letters that Lord Morley will achieve his part of immortality. As a politician he belonged to an old and fine tradition of which Mr. Gladstone was probably the greatest exemplar; a tradition that set character above all else, that regarded politics as a moral force and that believed in national as well as an individual righteousness. I am afraid that these sound views are a little out of date; at any rate, the Liberal party, that almost claimed a monopoly of them, is dead in England. John Morley was politically a survivor, and when he departed from Mr. Asquith's administration, when England declared war on Germany, there was nothing else for him to do but resign. War was the logical result and end of a political faith not based on actualities, and to Lord Morley it gave the death blow to politics as a means of serving the State.

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BUT in the world of letters, although his public is not a wide one, he stands high as a historian and biographer. Literature was really the life to which he dedicated himself when he left Oxford and nominally studied for the bar; but he read more literature than law and soon began to write it. He was one of the first of the brilliant men that Douglas Cook gathered about him on The Saturday Review in the early '60s, but he was not spiritually at home in conservative circles. He had come under the intellectual sway of John Stuart Mill at Oxford, and afterward enjoyed his close personal friendship; but the most important friendships at the time were those of G. H. Lewis, George Eliot and, later, George Meredith. His first success was as editor of the "Fortnightly Review" in 1867. In this post he for sixteen years achieved very considerable distinction and influence. The Fortnightly was the first serious rival to the Quarterly Reviews, and became the mouthpiece of the more progressive and advanced thought of the time. Mill, Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Frederic Harrison, Walter Pater, George Meredith, Rossetti, Anthony Trollope—these are the names that greet you in the old files of The Fortnightly. The fashion of signing articles with the name was new then, and the talent represented was imposing. Morley at the same time was busy as an author. His books on Burke, Voltaire, Rousseau and Diderot were all produced at this time. In 1880 he became editor of The Pall Mall Gazette and more closely associated with politics under the inspiration of Mr. Gladstone. His life of Cobden is a first indication of the real trend of his politics. But he resigned his editorships when, in 1883, he entered the House of Commons and took his place under Mr. Gladstone as a fighter for Irish Home Rule. During these and the following years he was living the book which he afterward wrote, his famous "Life of Gladstone."

And although that book, like his others, lacks the last touch of intimacy and personality that is necessary for the achievement of wide popularity, it is a great portrait, executed in a grand manner. There is throughout the whole of his literary work a kind of austerity that is repellent to the young generation, but which is a way of preserving the life of a literary work during the years of unpopularity against the day when it will appeal to a more cultured taste. Lord Morley, in so far as scholarship and literature are concerned, was a spiritual brother and contemporary of Lord Bryce; and his wide learning, his intellectual integrity, and his lofty moral idealism should ensure a permanent place for his works in American appreciation and esteem.

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ALTHOUGH the flood of the season's books is well on its way, there is nothing very notable that I have come across so far. There are a great many small good things; no large good thing has come to my notice as yet. Mr. Jonathan Cape assures me that he has found a very remarkable new writer in Mr. Liam O'Flaherty, whose first novel "Thy Neighbour's Wife" is appearing this week. Mr. O'Flaherty is something of a dark horse, as the only published work of his that I have ever seen is two short sketches which appeared in The New Statesman. But Mr. Cape is a clever and discriminating publisher, and when he expresses an opinion it is worth attending to.

FILSON YOUNG.

Scenes From the Life of a London Bohemia

Indiscreet Recollections of the Savage Club

A Review by
CHARLES J. ROSEBAULT

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SAVAGE. By Edwin A. Ward. 207 pp. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE Savage Club was started more than half a century ago to take care of men who had never quite grown up. A number of them had been meeting around in cafés and taverns and longed for a home of their own, from which they might shut out a world which understood them not and was disposed to frown upon their prankishness. It was from Richard Savage, care-free Bohemian of the seventeenth century, that the name was derived, though the founders were not oblivious of the misunderstandings which might arise, and their followers have done all they could to justify the suspicion that the club was cradled in the jungle. Along the stairway wall of the clubhouse in Adelphi Terrace, London, is a menacing array of tomahawks, spears, bows and arrows, assegais and similar weapons.

In the main this is a chronicle of certain happenings in Bohemia. Ralph and Phil May seem to have had much in common. Each was an artist in his metier and each had a great capacity both for work and play. Both suffered from being too popular. Every friend with an idle hour by day or night was on their trail, and they paid the penalty of being too sweet and kind and everlastingly entertaining. Real victims of Bohemia, which is not for all what the author describes it, "only dangerous to people who are able to afford to make an occupation of what is intended to be merely a relaxation."

One night May, somewhat the worse for indulgence, was taken home by E. J. Odell, a fellow Savage, and deposited quietly upon a couch in the hall, so as not to disturb Mrs. May. Odell, always impecunious, had to walk all the way from Maida Vale to Adelphi Terrace. Hours later he dragged his weary feet up the club stairs, his only consolation the feeling that he had played the Good Samaritan to a friend, to find May, glass in hand, at the bar, glorying in the defeat of the attempt to interfere with his pleasure. The apparent sleep which had deceived Odell was only a ruse, and a cab had conveyed May back to the club while Odell was footing it in the chill and misty night.

One evening the author found May at the bar with a tumbler in each hand and a big cigar in his mouth. "Hullo, Phil," said Ward, "how are you?" "Do you mind," May returned, "taking this cigar out of my mouth for a moment? I am most awfully thirsty."

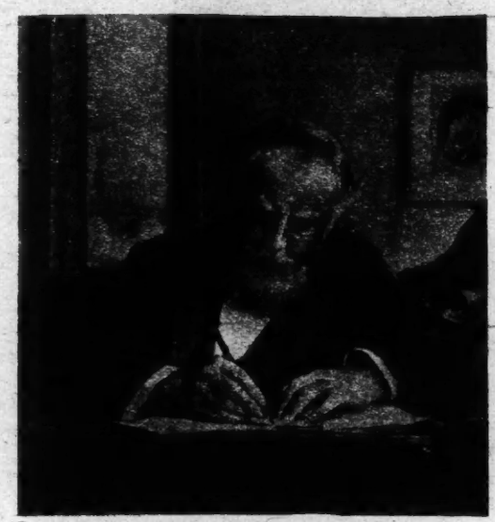
To escape his friends May took a studio in Paris. During one of his trips between the two cities he stopped off at Etaples to see Dudley Hardy. The latter had a cheque for 50 pounds, which he could not cash, so May offered to attend to this in Paris and bring him the money upon his return. Hardy, wishing to save his friend a second stop-over, decided to go on to Paris, too. The cheque was cashed and the proceeds dissipated in a single day. "We had a wild day," May admitted. Unfortunately, he wasn't fit to do his weekly drawing for Punch, so Hardy had to substitute—but the drawing bore May's signature.

William Pike, one of the illustrators on the Graphic when that paper was most famous, was not only the victim of convivial habits, but was thought a menace to the younger workers because of the insidious influence of his geniality. Hence he was dropped from the staff.

Some months later a drawing was sent in on approval, signed "Oliver Paque." This drawing impressed the editor so much by its cleverness that he wrote at once to the address given and offered the artist a permanent position on the paper. Going his round of inspection the following Monday, he was astounded to see William Pike in his old seat at the drawing table. "Billy, what is the meaning of this? I gave you the sack months ago." "Don't Billy me," said our old friend, "my name is Oliver Paque"—and Oliver Paque he remained to the end of his days. What is more, he retained his post to the last.

"All the best Savages I have known during thirty-four years of membership," writes Mr. Ward, "have been distinguished in art, science, literature, music or the drama, and if they knew how to play they knew also how to work."

Many of the names bear out this boast, beginning with George Augustus Sala, George Grossmith, Henry S. Leigh, Tom Robertson, Artemus Ward, Lionel Brough and



W. T. Stead of The Pall Mall Gazette and Review of Reviews.

From the Picture by Edwin A. Ward.

W. S. Gilbert. Later came the elder Sothern, Irving, George Cruikshank, Pinero, Alfred Sutro, Lord Charles Beresford, Arthur Morrison, Mark Twain, Sir George Alexander, Beerbohm Tree and a host of equal merit.

It must be admitted, however, that it is not the doings of these stars which enliven most of the chronicles here set down. The figure which stands out, both in letter press and illustration, is the actor, E. J. Odell, always mentioned. Visitors to the club are always sure to be struck by the portrait which Mr. Ward, who won his spurs as a painter long before he ever took up pen, made of this picturesque character. Those who have had the privilege of seeing him in the flesh will never forget him. As sure to make an indelible impression as would Long John Silver were he to appear suddenly in the life. "King of the Savages and titular lord of Adelphi Terrace" Mr. Ward calls him. Here was a Bohemian of the Murger type. Nobody even knew where he lived, and the author, having given up a whole night to discover, found that he had given him the slip in the cold gray dawn. Referring to the fact that Brandon Thomas, author of "Charley's Aunt," had pressed him for the repayment of a loan, Odell said: "I just told him I had not quite finished with it yet." Regardless of all the conventions so dear to Englishmen of every degree, appearing in ceremonious society in picturesque attire which marked him in a crowd whether on the Strand or at Piccadilly Circus, blissfully indifferent to engagements and responding only to the mood of the moment, yet sufficiently clever and amusing to retain his hold on his fellows.

The author was involved in an exploit which brings no credit upon those concerned but affords a number of amusing portraits. He had been anxious to see some decorative panels which W. E. F. Britten, a fellow-artist, had designed for a corridor at Wyfold Court, a great mansion in Surrey, and an invitation to inspect these was received from the owner. Ward and Britten were to go down for luncheon the following Sunday. "To my horror and dismay I found that he (Britten) had included practically the whole club in a general invitation. I was constantly being asked by all sorts of weird members, 'Are you going to Reading on Sunday?' " Protests to Britten were useless, and an awful lot assembled at the station at the appointed time.

The Saturday night house dinner is an institution at the Savage. There is a chairman who can call upon any one for a speech, a song or other entertainment, and the fun waxes with the hours. When that ends, the never-go-homes start a supper with some such delicacy as tripe and onions. Britten's party had decided that the way to be sure not to miss the 10:30 train the next day was to remain up. So Ward was the only member who had seen his bed or changed his linen. Britten's attire was marked by unlaced shoes, white socks, "concertina trousers, and a queer arrangement of collar and tie, the latter looking like nothing on earth so much as a dirty white sock crumpled around a frayed old collar." Odell had (this was Summer) "a greatcoat of strong, bright green color, with many lapels like a watchman of olden times," and was "followed by a gentleman in a tall hat, short jacket and bright yellow boots," who turned out to be a commercial traveler invited because he would pay the fares. An artist named Evans dispensed with a collar, relying on his beard and long hair to conceal this deficiency, and, having no coat, wore an overcoat.

The author appears to have an instinct for joining up with Bohemian types. In India he found a daughter of Charles Lever, the Irish novelist, who held a whole band of brigands at bay while her husband, an English Colonel, went off for his soldiers to round them up. In Japan he met the son of an Essex clergyman who called himself Hoshino and had married a Japanese lady. "A desperado with the deprecating pose of a Sunday school teacher—diffident and apologetic in manner"; he had a vast vocabulary of oaths, "lurid and tropical, smacking of dirty weather aboard some creaky old ocean tramp." In fact, he had just been relieved of a charge of murder and was known to be a seal pirate. Of powerful physique, he had so impressed the vicinage of his home that the local magistrate had "issued an edict to the effect that Hoshino must not be contradicted." An extraordinary character this, whom Stevenson should have known.

Then in British Columbia there was John McCullagh, who had been a prizefighter and at 63 turned somersaults while inspecting his stock or stepped an Irish jig "with infinite spirit, scraping out the tune the while on his own little fiddle." His wife, an immigrant from Lancashire, told the author that she had positively refused John when he drove up to where she was stopping, but, noticing a pile of stuff in the back of his buggy, her curiosity prompted her to ask what it was. "Oh," said John, "that's a rope to hog tie you with in case you don't come good." So she decided it wasn't any use standing out. "I just packed my trunk and, putting on my bonnet, got into the buggy and John drove me off to this ranch calling at a parson's house to be married on the way home."

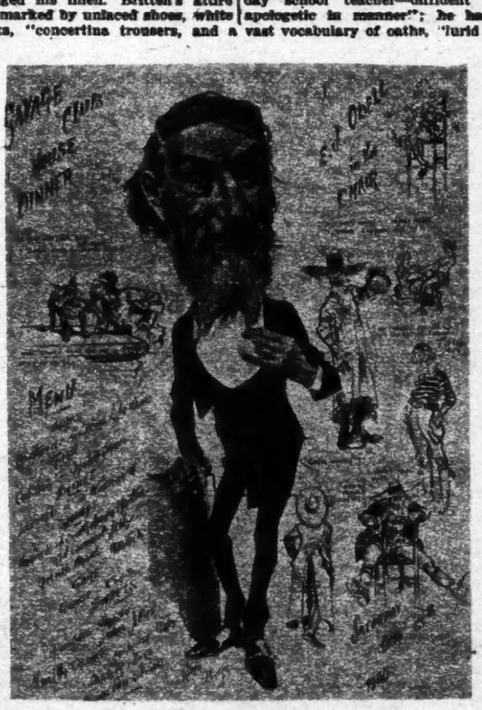
As a portrait painter Ward had some intimate contacts with Englishmen of distinction. Cecil Rhodes, Labouchère, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Lord Northcliffe all contributed to his stock of anecdotes. Ward was present when Sir Thomas Lipton was introduced to Rhodes at a dinner party given by Northcliffe, then still Alfred Harmsworth.

It was unfortunate that at this moment Rhodes was deep in thought and suffering, as he sometimes did, from an embarrassing habit of thinking aloud. Oblivious to the fact that Sir Thomas Lipton was standing before him awaiting the long-cherished ambition of his better acquaintance, Rhodes merely murmured: "Yes! . . . Buy Lipton's Teas." "Buy Lipton's Teas," he repeated, as they proceeded toward the dining room, as though fearful of forgetting the fact—"Buy Lipton's Teas." During dinner he repeated it like a lesson to be learned: "Buy Lipton's Teas." He tried it with the accent on the "buy" and then on the "Lipton's," and again he tried it on the "teas." He ran it swiftly. He dragged it slowly, and just when every one was hoping he had finished with it he would break out again.

There are interesting reminiscences of Whistler, Oscar Wilde and Mark Twain, of the Grosvenor Gallery, Chelsea and odd characters here and there. The whole is presented without affectation but with a zest which showns that the author enjoyed the telling. Incidentally, he demonstrates that he has himself been imbued throughout with the Bohemian spirit.

Sir Henry Irving as Mephistopheles.

Sketched by Phil May at a Savage Club Dinner.



E. J. Odell. By Oliver Paque.

LAURA RECEIVES ANOTHER SONNET FROM PETRARCH

Latest Works of Fiction

IR JOHN DERING. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.

AMONG the numerous writers of fairy tales for grown people there are few who can weave more charm into their narratives than does Jeffery Farnol. Very often one feels that the rose-colored spectacles such writers wear are merely assumed for the occasion, and kept in place only by a good deal of effort; their rosy view is one determinedly assumed, and at very considerable cost. Not so with Mr. Farnol. The fairy tale way of looking at things would seem to be his natural point of view. Whether he writes of dukes or tinkers, fair ladies or bold buccaneers, of times long gone by or of the present day, of New York City or of the Spanish Main, it is always in truth a romance of fairyland that he has to tell us.

His latest tale has its scene laid in England, during the reign of King William, in the days when men wore buried perukes and lace ruffles, and great ladies indulged in full petticoats and swooned away on the very smallest provocation. A brief prologue explains how it happened that Sir John Dering of Dering, "slender, youthful and superlatively elegant," won the enmity of the full-lipped, black-eyed beauty and "toast," the Lady Herminia Barrasdaile, niece of her Grace the Duchess of Connington. The Lady Herminia went resolutely to work to give Sir John Dering the worst possible reputation, and her efforts were so successful that he was known both in France and England as "the wicked Dering." But presently it happened that a better way of revenge seemed to offer itself, and wearing her own maid's gown and mob-cap, assuming a "sweet-shy" air of modesty and the name of Rose, she stooped to conquer the young man who for a time chose to call himself "Derwent" instead of Dering.

The pair had many adventures of course; it was not long before they encountered my Lord Sayle, who really was as wicked as Sir John Dering was reputed. Sir John, the most skillful of swordsmen, had more than one duel on his hands, but for all the swordplay, it is not until the action of the tale reaches High Dering, Sir John's own village among the Sussex Downs, that the story reaches its most entertaining and liveliest point. For Sir John came to High Dering as plain "Mr. Derwent" and came "amid hoots, jeers and derisive laughter." Smuggiers and soldiers; Penelope Haryott, whom some believed to be a witch; Sir Hector Lauchlan MacLean, Sir John's very good friend, who spent on almshouses what he made out of smuggling, being indeed an Elder of the kirk, and many other quaint, amusing or dramatic characters have their share in Sir John Dering's romance, as well as playing leading parts in romances of their own.

THE SQUIRE

THE SQUIRE. By Laura E. Richards. With frontispiece. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

RETURNING to her favorite village of Cyrus, Laura E. Richards tells a simple, pleasant little story, whose central figure is the old Squire, Tertius Quint. Ninety years old when the story opens, Tertius Quint is as strong of will, as authoritative and fixed in his opinions as ever. His sister Hippolyta had dictated to him about certain matters connected with his health, and especially about what he ate; she had believed in porridge for breakfast, and regarded mince turnovers as poison. A conscientious old soul, she left a carefully worked-out dietary, neatly inscribed in a little brown book, which she handed over to Samantha Bullion before she died. Loyal Samantha did her best to follow out instructions; but the Squire felt that twenty-five years of porridge for breakfast were enough, and when Samantha was given her choice between mincemeat and departure, she chose the mincemeat.

Of course there is a love story in the book, a love story with which the Squire, and the Rev. Timothy Chanter, and Mrs. Marshall Mallow —formerly Miss Lila Laughter of the People's Peerless Proscenium Players—were all closely concerned, but no more closely than those very attractive twins who had been adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Tooth. Emmeline Tooth didn't at all approve of the Squire, and she was quite shocked by the calmness with which he faced the fact of his sister's death. For in Emmeline's opinion: "Man was born to tribulation, and what I say is, we ought to tribulate. It's no more than respectful, seeing who it is sends trouble."

There are many amusing bits in the book and a generally cheerful atmosphere. We sympathize with energetic Mrs. Martha Tenterden, and rejoice when she turns the mischiefmaking Sophia Hanks out of the house, while the old Squire, with his strong views on the proper use of the English language, his dexterous employment of the "lazy tongs" at a critical moment, and his genuine kindliness, is a thoroughly likable person. A very agreeable, "homey" little tale is this of "The Squire."

THE BLACK DOG

THE BLACK DOG. By A. E. Coppard. 294 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE author of "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me" has written a second volume of tales. Technically speaking, only a few of them are short stories—"The Black Dog," "The Poor Man," "The Tiger," "The Handsome Lady," "The Fancy Dress Ball," "The Ballet Girl." "Simple Simon" is an allegory of heaven. "Tanil" is pure Oriental romance and the rest are brief human sketches, ironical or wistful. They are as varied in subject-matter as in form, reflecting many scenes and many people; but the background of rustic English life is common to most of them, and the tone of them is hauntingly the same. It is essentially romantic; though the tales have a simple frankness unknown to early romanticism, they are filled with the old romantic homesickness—a groping for reality beneath the symbols, and poor mortals who are always confusing the two.

Strangeness is here, added to beauty, an exotic touch in the lives of homely people. That is what a ballet girl means to the bootmaker's clerk, and what the handsome lady means to the village recorder: they bring a hint of wider vistas into narrow lives, just as death brings a hint of wider mysteries into these stories. There is an appalling death rate in the book—at least twelve of the stories hinge on it. Death by water or by violence, or death at home in a quiet bed; death of human beings, or the death of cats and dogs; wherever there is tragedy, it occurs because some one has died. There is a certain poverty of invention in making this so constant a plot medium, but death itself does not seem so dreadful. For in every story except "The Tiger" the lyric manner of the writer lifts horror away.

In style "The Black Dog" is like its predecessor, but is a firmer piece of work. It touches earth more closely, and trifles less with unearthly things; it has a wider reach than the earlier volume and more courageous insight into human affairs. The writer here handles marriage or poverty as actual problems: Orlanda Crabbe, in "The Black Dog," will yield herself in love, but not in marriage; the wife of Ted Wickham has succumbed so thoroughly to the married state that even after her husband's death she clings to his ways and opinions; the poor man scoffs at the rich, who are everlastingly preaching contentment, and at the parson who tells God how to judge a sinner. And yet they are not treated in the heavy manner of the sociologist, but with an artist's lightness of spirit and of speech.

THE SUN FIELD

THE SUN FIELD. By Heywood Broun. 204 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

BASEBALL, literature and journalism are the three chief interests of the characters in Heywood Broun's second novel, "The Sun Field." The heroine, Judith Winthrop, is a young girl of Mayflower ancestry who is a contributor to a radical publication called Tomorrow. She tries hard to be as radical as the best, or worst, of her associates, and she succeeds admirably so far as talk is concerned. The opinions she holds and freely expresses are startling enough, but when it comes to deeds, her New England conscience or the ingrained habit of conventional morality inherited from her Puritan forebears, will not permit her to go the limit. When she meets Tiny Tyler, the Home Run King, and conceives for him an emotion which she describes as "lust at first sight," reason tells her that the logical thing to do would be to have an "affair" with him and let it go at that, but the still, small voice will not have it so, and she marries him instead.

The marriage is not a happy one, for Judith and Tiny have very little in common. Judith is intellectual, and Tiny is anything but that. He has been to college, but if he learned anything there but baseball, it does not appear in the book. But he has learned baseball well enough to become the idol of the Yankee fans, and to make his name a household word in every family in which there is a man or boy interested in the national game. Furthermore, he is undeniably handsome. Judith says that when he catches or throws a ball, the line of his arm and back is "as fine as anything in Greek sculpture," a remark, the memory of which at the crucial moment of an important game causes Tiny to hold the pose just a second too long before throwing, and enables Bancroft to score from third after the catch of a short fly to the outfield. If either Tiny Tyler or his manager had known the reason for the slowness of that throw, there would undoubtedly have been a suit for divorce on the grounds of public expediency, but nobody knows, excepting the astute baseball reporter who is accustomed to analyze human actions and plumb human motives to their depths. He dopes it out to his own satisfaction and adds it to his category of those breaks of the game which make baseball so delightfully uncertain.

But there are worse things to come. Tiny goes on a barnstorming trip to Cuba and Judith remains in New York. The passport officials refuse to let her travel as Judith Winthrop, and she in turn refuses to go as Mrs. Tyler. With no wife to guide him, Tiny proceeds to hit the high spots in Cuba and ends up by forming an entangling alliance with a vaudeville dancer. That would be enough to wreck an ordinary marriage, but this one is different. You'll never guess how it does turn out. You'll have to read the book, for we have told all that we are going to tell of the plot.

In the hands of any one but Heywood Broun this might easily have become that deadly thing, a problem novel. The problem is there right enough, but Mr. Broun's touch is too light to permit of its being taken seriously. And somehow one does not associate professional baseball players with the graver problems of life. Perhaps that is why Mr. Broun chose a ball player for his hero.

JO ELLEN

JO ELLEN. By Alexander Black. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

REWRITTEN and cut down by at least one-half, Alexander Black's new story of "Jo Ellen" might be made into a fairly entertaining novel. As it stands it is very much too wordy. Characters and incidents alike are obscured and concealed beneath a thicket of verbiage, through which you must hunt to find them, "and when you have them they are not worth the search." There is nothing clear-cut or effective about the novel, though at times the author strives for the dramatic, his idea of which seems to consist principally in showing two women busily engaged in pulling out each other's hair.

The story tells of Jo Ellen Rewer, who lived with her mother, her grandmother and her bachelor uncle at Inwood, near the Harlem River. She went to a business school and after a time became private secretary to Mr. Eberly of Eberly Productions, and drifted into a marriage with Marty Simms. Marty had come back from France with a limp, due, as Jo Ellen supposed, to a wound received in the war. An accident resulted in his being tied to a wheeled chair, while Jo Ellen was tied to him. Presently she learned the truth about his injury, and found it a good deal of a shock. Meanwhile she was continually being pursued by a melodramatic individual named Stan Lamar, who pops up every now and then, very like a jack-in-the-box. Jo Ellen has a very difficult time, meets a great many people and does an enormous amount of meditating, until the author at last feels that the moment has come to bring the book to an end, to the relief of the reader as well as of Jo Ellen.

WOMAN OF KNOCKALOE

THE WOMAN OF KNOCKALOE. By Hall Caine. 189 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.75.

THIS is a tragic love story told with the starkness of an Old Testament epic. But it is also a parable. Indeed, Sir Hall Caine has chosen to underscore the hidden message in his latest novel by frankly calling it a parable on the title page, and the publishers have further emphasized this aspect of the book in an introductory note. As a story, however, it is very well able to stand alone.

The story, furthermore, absolves itself of yet another thing—its method. The fifteen chapters, without a break, are told in the historic present. To employ this tense throughout a novel, even a novel of stern brevity, and escape even the shadow of affectation is an achievement of no small proportions.

The background is familiar to Hall Caine's readers. It is the Isle of Man. Specifically, it is a dairy farm turned into an internment camp for Germans for the duration of the war. The woman of Knockaloe is Mona Craine, the daughter of the farmer, a young woman of heroic stature, "tall, full-bosomed, strong of limb, even muscular, with firm and upright figure, big brown eyes and coal-black hair—a picture of full-grown health." She falls in love with one of the Germans interned in the camp, a young civil engineer. Because of her love for this man her neighbors turn from her. After the war the hate of her neighbors robs her of her property. The lovers plan to go to England, but the English firm will not take Oskar back. They cannot go to America because of the loss of her money. When the lovers think to go to Germany, the boy's mother forbids him to bring his English wife into her house. There is no place in the world for them—these enemies who love each other. The inevitable end, the self-sacrifice of Mona, who would die of her own will to atone for those who forgot Christ's commandment to love one another, is one of the noblest conceptions of Hall Caine's.

"The Woman of Knockaloe" raises certain questions, which do not come within the province of a review. It is permissible, though, to indicate that in this book, without in the least marring its artistic unity, Hall Caine declares that "the Great War has not only failed to kill war but has frightfully strengthened and inflamed the spirit of war." That he has been able to embody this in a story of such tragic beauty is a boon to his contemporaries.

But no consideration of "The Woman of Knockaloe" can avoid a

statement of the central question it raises, phrased in adequate terms in the editorial introduction:

* * * will it not be agreed that the Christian ideal of the forgiveness of injuries and the brotherhood of man is the only remaining hope of the redemption of the world from the lamentable condition into which the war, and the passions provoked by the war, have plunged it; that without this ideal, politics are a meaningless mockery, religion is an organized hypocrisy, and the churches are a snare, and that, however hard it may be to learn the lesson, and however cruel the pain of it, there never was a time when it was more needed than now?

OH, DOCTOR!

OH, DOCTOR! By Harry Leon Wilson. Illustrated by Henry Raleigh. 384 pp. New York: The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.

IN this last novel, as in "Merton of the Movies," Harry Leon Wilson is primarily concerned with the helplessness and the gullibility of man and the protective and salutary practicality of woman. This time, the young hero whom Wilson subjects to feminine tutelage is a hypocondriac, a pessimist, a disciple of Schopenhauer confirmed in the belief that life holds no refutation of death. Then, in the guise of a trained nurse, comes Miss Hicks, the embodiment of the eternal refutation of death. Rufus Billop concludes that life is worth its pain and decides to die hard.

The nurse and patient theme has been saved from banality by another thread in the narrative which makes Rufus's living or dying a sporting proposition with a group of respectable money lenders. Any further danger of triteness is eliminated by Wilson's particular variety of humor, a humor which, albeit a shrewd commentary on life and human nature, is never caustic, has none of the acridness of sharp satire. It is the sort of humor that, without hint of sentimentality, often verges on a very poignant wistfulness.

Like most real humorists, Wilson handles his emotional scenes with a great deal more finesse and delicacy of touch than most masters of tragedy are able to muster. He has a wholesome sense of values, he has sympathy, and, as a vehicle for their expression, he has style.

Rufus Billop will take his place beside Merton as a real person.

DON JUAN

DON JUAN. By Ludwig Lewisohn. 305 pp. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.

THE problem of marriage and personal freedom is treated with insight by Ludwig Lewisohn in his revealing divorce novel, "Don Juan," the scenes of which are all laid between Greenwich Village and Fifty-ninth Street. Those who have read this author's biographical volume, "Up Stream," and who have been awaiting a novel from his pen will not be disappointed. "Don Juan" carries much of the same vivid and clear expression and depth of thought and reasoning. He has a penchant for the use of descriptive words and similes which stick in the reader's memory long after the book is finished.

Throughout the story of "Don Juan" runs an undercurrent of biting sarcasm on the present divorce laws, which "are a hundred years behind the needs of the day." There is nothing new, sensational or complex about the plot. It is the simple story of a man, his wife and two other women with whom he has fallen in love; the man's revolt against the conventions of society and his reaction to the three types of woman, the seductive, the emancipated and the instinctively female. It is distinguished from other novels of the type by its cold analysis of sentiment and character and the staccato riveting of the ideas and purposes he wishes to bring out.

The novel has to do with one Lucien Curtin, an art connoisseur, who at the age of thirty-four has long since discovered that the marriage bonds are shackles which enslave his soul. The very presence of his wife, Elise, is irksome; her every effort to hold him antagonizes him. He thinks of her soul as "a small white mouse, quite blind, running all aquive up and down a cage of fresh, pale wood." He pleads with her to give him his freedom, but she obdurately refuses.

He has met and fallen in love with Helga Strong, the instinctive female, and in his love there was nothing of the petty or vain or mean, yet his wife, his father, his friends and business associates stamped this venture of the soul as philandering. He was called a "Don Juan." Convention, the "sanctity of the marriage vows" and the other shackles force him and Helga apart. But already he has lost a superficial reputation in Manhattan and he determines to give the gossips something to talk about.

Then comes the episode with the third, or seductive type of woman, Grace Lahn, whom he has met in a Western city. In Greenwich Village she takes an apartment at which he is a frequent visitor. This friendship fails to obliterate the memory of his love for Helga. He haunts the streets in the vicinity where he had formerly met her. Once he sees her but, true to his promises, he does not speak to her. Through it all his wife remains adamant in her refusal to divorce him.

How, in making his final choice, he defies the conventions of the unconventional and obtains the freedom of the soul which has become almost an obsession with him forms a novel of interest and a certain poignant charm. The story drives home because it deals, not with the exotic and abnormal but with plain people. And the telling is excellently done.

THE YARD

THE YARD. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.

THE YARD" is "horse" from beginning to end. There are descriptions of horse dealing, of long runs, of methods of caring for blooded horses, of exciting hunts through swamps and over stone walls, and of methods of riding. Added to this is a deal of canny description concerning horses and their care that betrays Mr. Vachell as a writer who is basing his novel upon facts with which he is entirely acquainted. Then, too, there are the meticulous descriptions of fox-hunts, their procedure and ceremonies. All of this, perhaps, sounds rather specialized to an American, for Americans, for the most part, are not particularly interested in horses and less so in fox-hunting. But interwoven with all this sporting detail is a delightful romance, carried on by deftly drawn characters, and surrounding them is a gallery of types that unmistakably prove Mr. Vachell to be thoroughly in command of his fictional medium. His prose is light and the humorous touch is never omitted. The result is a bright and sparkling book that is essentially comedy throughout, but which moves with a surprising sense of reality.

THE GARDEN OF GOD

THE GARDEN OF GOD. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. 328 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

GIVEN a tropical island, and H. De Vere Stacpoole can be depended upon to construct a readable story. It need not necessarily be a new island, for, if we mistake not, the island known in his latest novel as "The Garden of God" is the same one which is the scene of much of the action in "The Blue Lagoon." As a matter of fact, "The Garden of God" is a sequel to "The Blue Lagoon" and carries the story of the latter novel over into the next generation.

The story opens with the finding of a living baby boy adrift in a dinghy somewhere in the Pacific Ocean. In the same boat are the bodies of a young man and a young woman, evidently the baby's parents. The man who finds them recognizes the young man as his son, and the girl as his niece, both lost at sea many years ago. A rumor that they were alive had come to him, and he was searching for the island upon which they were supposed to be living, when the search ended with the discovery of the bodies. Half crazed by grief, he takes the baby boy with him to the island and decides to remain there with no other companion except an old sailor from the ship on which they had come. The ship is to come back for them at the end of a year, but it never returns. Dick, the boy, grows up with no other teaching than that which he receives from Jim Kearney, the sailor, for the grandfather, during the few years he survives, is so preoccupied with his grief that he scarcely notices the child.

But the Garden of God is not destined to remain an Eveless paradise. Borne on the wings of the wind comes the girl Katafa from an island beyond the horison. She is of white parentage, but she has been brought up by a tribe of natives and knows no language but the island dialect. With her coming, romance comes to the Garden of God and to Dick. And adventure comes, too, for Katafa brings trouble in her train, trouble that Dick must meet and overthrow with such weapons as are at hand. But romance and adventure in a tropical island setting are exactly what one expects in a Stacpoole novel. No doubt such an island as he describes would be an exceedingly tedious place to live in, but that does not prevent it from being an enchanting place to read about. At any rate, one is quite safe in saying that reading a Stacpoole novel is a lot more fun than being cast away on a tropical island.

SPLASHING INTO SOCIETY

SPLASHING INTO SOCIETY. By Iris Barry. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

THE author of this little book "Splashing Into Society" has apparently tried to combine a satire on literary London with a burlesque of Daisy Ashford. It purports to relate the experiences of one Harold Withersquash and his lady love "Selia." Mr. Withersquash's "Uncle Burt" had died and left him a large amount of money, so he forthwith decided to enter society and take his Selia with him. They first went to a party where "the sharp-nosed gent before long rose to his feet with a bored sniff.

"'Art, my dear friend, is but a long sigh for the beautiful and great,' he drorled, and, bursting into tears, he left the room and was seen no more, and the ladys said he was charming, too."

Later Mr. Withersquash and Selia were invited to tea at Buckingham Palace:

They entered meekly into a great room with a slippery floor, and in the centre there was a tabel all heaped with flowers and set for about ten and smothered in sweet foods, and at this tabel sat the King, and her dear Majesty the Queen was just pouring out tea. They had pushed back their thrones to seem more at home and sat on simpel chairs.

Perhaps the best bit in the book is that which describes how Mr. Withersquash underwent "aycoanalysis" and was discovered to be suffering from "a squashed wish" to play cricket. No doubt many people will think this little book amusing.

FANTASTICA

FANTASTICA. By Robert Nichols. New York: The Macmillan Company.

ROBERT NICHOLS has constructed his work on lines distinctly his own; he is anxious to impress his thought rather than his imagination upon the reader's mind; and yet he gives his thought an imaginative garb, and does so, evidently, only by way of "sugar-coating" the pill. The criticism of life is his objective, just as it is the objective of scores of novelists; yet he does not go directly to life for his material, but rather constructs his themes solely within his own head and gives a narrative turn to what might have been put in essay form.

The title "Fantastica" is appropriately chosen, for the three stories included within the volume are nothing if not fantastic. The first, the shortest, and by all odds the most entertaining is "The Smile of the Sphinx," which tells of a youth who sets out from some far eastern land to discover the secret of the smile of the Sphinx. After years of searching and meditation, of trials and yearning and despair and madness, he returns in old age to his native land and reveals to his Princess the great secret:

In the Sphinx, with her ravaged countenance and mutilated smile, I beheld Life itself—Life in mysterious might, ignorant of its own origin, conscious only of its own beauty, couchant amid the wilderness of space and eternity.

The tale is both original and well told, and reveals occasional gleams of humor; and the same may be said regarding the second story, "Perseus and Andromeda," though here the author shows an unfortunate tendency to prolixity. This narrative, as the author declares in the preface, is "the slightest of the three"; it is a fanciful adaptation of the old story of Perseus and Andromeda, and aims to show the contrast between the ancient Greek world and the world of medieval romanticism, between the outlook on life of the southern races and of the northern.

By far the longest and most pretentious piece in the book is the third story, "Golgotha & Co." From some points of view, this could not be called a story at all; rather, it might be compared to the tract, for it is composed largely of long philosophic discourses which bear a closer relation to the Platonic dialogue than to most modern fiction. Beneath these discourses the author's purpose is deeply serious, and if one will follow him through his too lengthy arguments one will find that he has something worth while to say. For he is one of those who see dire omens in the events of the last decade; he is one of those who hold that civilization is plunging headlong to ruin and can be saved only if the stupidity and the criminal rapacity of the world's rulers can be checked and intelligence be put at the helm of international affairs. "Golgotha & Co." describes in detail and with a certain amount of satire the machinations of a group of financiers who plan literally to twist the world around their little fingers; it bitterly arraigns the corruption and pettiness that prevail where only vision can save mankind, and its general import is to be divined from the author's statement that

at the very moment when man has reached a point in his history when for the first time since the Age of Ice he is in a position to effect more than the most modest, nay, mediocre, amelioration of his position, his rulers are behaving in such a manner as to jeopardise not only that prospect, but considerably to increase the chances that he may forfeit the major part of what he has achieved in the past.

HORATIO'S STORY

HORATIO'S STORY. By Gordon King. New York: Boni & Liveright.

A GREAT many things on earth were undreamed of in Lee Seebohm's quiet philosophy, but he did understand Rhoda Child. He knew her vivid, restless charm, her honesty and her urge toward freedom; and he saw that she left O'Flarity Child because he was sacrificing his wife and himself in gaining a reputation for genius. She had attained nothing in her career or her home, and except for her influence on Seebohm's son her whole life seemed a failure: that was why she went into Russian relief work without fear of the death ahead of her. Lee Seebohm knew these things because he had always loved her, and because he was her friend as well. And because Rhoda asked him to clear her before the world, he dropped his academic reserve and told the story. Thus the entire novel has the nature of an explanation, and it has no dramatic incisiveness. It is a book of talk, level and truthful, but it misses the electrical spark that holds a reader's interest.

ANTHONY DARE

ANTHONY DARE. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

LACKING even the tiniest, slightest thread of a plot, Archibald Marshall's new book is a chronicle of the doings of a schoolboy, Anthony Dare, and depends for its interest entirely upon the skill with which its characters are presented. And it is no small tribute to Mr. Marshall's abilities to say that the reader is lured on from page to page, each telling of the simplest, most commonplace of happenings, from the day we first meet Anthony to the one on which we leave him, perched on a high stool in his half-brother's office, "at the long desk under the skylight," beginning to fill in bills of lading.

The period with which the book deals would seem to be somewhere during the latter part of the last century or the early years of the present one. Mr. Marshall occasionally remarks that such and such a thing—the wearing of silk hats to the city, for instance—was then the custom, but beyond such slight indications he never goes. His central character, and the one from whose point of view we see all the others, is Anthony Dare, usually called Tony, a schoolboy of about 16, clever, attractive, endowed with a keen sense of beauty and usually very popular, both with older people and with boys and girls of his own age.

Anthony Dare had lived always at Ifield Lodge in the London suburb of Hilbury. He could not remember his mother, who had been his father's second wife, but he was fond of his father, and they got along together very well. They lived in luxurious comfort, and Anthony was allowed a good deal of liberty. All of which made it very difficult for him when the sudden death of his father, and the discovery that his father's income had been almost entirely an earned one, which consequently ceased with his death, left him practically dependent on his half-brother, Henry. Henry was kind to him, but his experiences at Ifield Cottage with the very strict Mrs. Hawthorne, who would not permit him to read "secular books" on Sunday, or to receive friends, no matter how elderly

(Continued on Page 14)

New Guinea. From Augusta de Wit's "Island-India," Sketches of the Netherlands East Indies. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press.

Battle of the Fall Books

(Continued from Page 3)

tates," by William Reginald Halliday (Small, Maynard); "Russia's Women," by Nina N. Selivanova; "The Medici, 1400-1743," by Colonel G. F. Young; "From Renaissance to Revolution," by Mrs. S. M. Beniana, and "An Introductory History of England, Vol. V.," by C. R. L. Fletcher (Dutton); "The World Struggle for Oil," by Pierce L'Estrange de la. Tramerye (Knopf); "Adjusting Immigrant and Industry," by W. M. Leiserson (Harper); "The New Poland," by Nevin O. Winter (Page); "The Civil War in America," by Walter Gaston Shotwell; "Naval Operations, Vol. III.," by Sir Julian S. Corbett; "Manin and the Venetian Revolution of 1848," by G. M. Trevelyan; "The Irish Revolution, 1906-1923," by Walter Alison Phillips (Longmans, Green); "The Birth of Turkey," by Clair Price, and "The German Revolution and After," by Heinrich Strobel (Seltzer); "British Colonial Policy and the American Revolution," by Charles McLean Andrews (Yale University Press); "The Story of the Bible," by Hendrik Willem Van Loon (Boni & Liveright); "The Clans of the Scottish Highlands," by George Eyre Todd (Appleton); "Modern Turkey," edited by Eliot G. Mears; "The American States, 1775-1789," by Allan Nevins (Macmillan); "Reconstruction," by J. D. Whelpley, and "The Case for Prohibition," by Clarence True Wilson and Deets Pickett (Funk & Wagnalls); "Mexico, An Interpretation," by Beals Carlton (Huebsch); "The United States, 1830-1850," by Frederick J. Turner (Holt); "The Great Game of Politics," by Frank Kent; "A Palestine Notebook," by C. R. Ashbee, and "Washington and Its Romance," by Thomas Nelson Page (Doubleday, Page).

"Under Art, Architecture and Music to find "The Small House: Its Possibilities," by Mary Harrod Northend; "The Decorative Art of Frank Brangwyn," by Herbert Furst; "Brangwyn's Windmills," by Hayter Preston; "The Modern Woodcut," by Herbert Furst, and "The Uncollected Works of Aubrey Beardsley" (Dodd, Mead); "William Blake: His Philosophy and Symbols," by S. Foster Damon, and "The Proverbs of China," by Blamire Young (Houghton Mifflin); "Claud Lovat Fraser," by John Drinkwater and Albert Rutherson; "Art of the Chinese Potter," by R. L. Hobson and A. L. Hetherington (Knopf); "Early Book Printing and Book Illustration in Japan," by Louise Norton Brown; "Architecture in England," by Cyril Davenport; "Shakespearean Music in the Plays and Early Operas," by Sir Frederick Bridge; "A Survey of Welsh Music," by John Graham; "The History of Pianoforte Music," by Herbert Westerby; "Medieval Music," by Sir R. Terry, and "A Dictionary of Old English Music and Musical Instruments," by Jeffrey Pulver (Dutton); "Gem-Stones," by G. F. Herbert Smith; "Tapestries of the Lowlands," by Heinrich Gobel, and "Gardens of France," by J. Rey (Brentano).

"Renaissance Art" and "Modern Art," both by Elie Faure (Harper); "History on Art," by Aylmer Maude, and "A Simple Course in Home Decorating," by Winnifred Fales (McBride); "Modern Movements in the German Arts," by Herman George Scheffauer (Huebsch); "The Outline of Art," edited by Sir William Orpen (Putnam); "Old Houses of Connecticut," edited by Bertha Chadwick Cowbridge, and "American Lace and Lace Makers," by Emily Noyes Vanderpool (Yale University Press); "An Encyclopedia of the Violin," by Alberto Bachmann (Appleton); "The Dance Spirit," by Robert Henri (Lippincott); "Georges Seurat," by Walter Pach, and "Chinese Painting," by Helen Mayer (Duffield); "Mediaeval Craftsmanship and the Modern Amateur," by Newton Wethered (Longmans, Green); "Winslow Homer," by Lloyd R. Thayer," "Robert Henri and "Childe Hassam," all edited by Nathaniel Pousette-Dart; "A Story of Art," by H. E. Cotterill; "Chinese Jade," by Dame Una Pope-Hennessy; "The Chintz Book," by Oliver Percival; "Chats on Wedgwood Pottery," by Harry Bannard, and "Chats on Old English Drawings," by Randall Davies (Stokes); "Primer of Modern Art," by Sheldon Cheney (Boni & Liveright).

(Continued on Page 12)

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Battle of the Fall Books

(Continued from Page 10)

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In Philosophy, Psychology, Psychoanalysis and kindred subjects we have: "The Fighting Instinct," by Pierce Bovet; "Voices From Another World," by F. Gurtis (Dodd, Mead); "The Wisdom of the Gods," by P. D. Ouspensky (Knopf); "Social Life and the Crowd," by J. Lionel Taylor (Small, Maynard); "Our Fear Complexes," by Edward Huntington Williams and Ernest Bryant Hoag (Bobbs-Merrill); "A Philosophical Study of Mysticism," by Charles A. Bennett (Yale University Press); "Mental Hygiene," by William H. Burnham (Appleton); "Peculiarities of Behavior," by Dr. William Stekel (Boni & Liveright); "The Humanizing of Knowledge," by James Harvey Robinson (Doran); "The Birth of Psyche," by L. Charles-Baudouin; "Experimental Psychology," by Mary Collins and M. E. Bickersteth; "Supernormal Faculties in Man," by Dr. Eugene Osty; "Constructive Conscious Control of the Individual," by F. Mathias Alexander; "The Healing Power," by Helen Mary Boulnois; "Tolstoi the Teacher," by J. S. Haldaner; "The Magic of Common Sense," by George Frederick Wates, and "Manual of Buddhist Philosophy," by Dr. W. M. MacGovern (Dutton).

Economics, finance and social and industrial relations are represented by: "The Economics of Freedom," by David Atkins (Duffield); "Women and the Labor Movement," by Alice Henry (Doran); "Economics and Ethics," by J. A. R. Marriott; "The Key to National Prosperity," by Jules Nahoum; "Town Planning and Town Development," by S. A. Adshead; "An Economic History of Russia," by Charles E. Akers (Dutton); "The Personal Relation in Industry," by John D. Rockefeller Jr. (Boni & Liveright); "Conditions of National Success," by Hugh Taylor; "Equipment Obligations," by Kenneth Duncan; "Oriental Trade Methods," by Frank R. Eldridge Jr., and "The Economics of Motor Transportation," by George H. Grupp (Appleton); "Monetary Theory Before Adam Smith," by Arthur E. Monroe (Harvard University Press); "Social Development," by L. T. Hobhouse (Holt); "The Prospects of Industrial Civilization," by Bertrand Russell (Century Company); "Everybody's Business," by Floyd Parsons (Doubleday-Page), and "In Prison," by Kate Richards O'Hare (Knopf).

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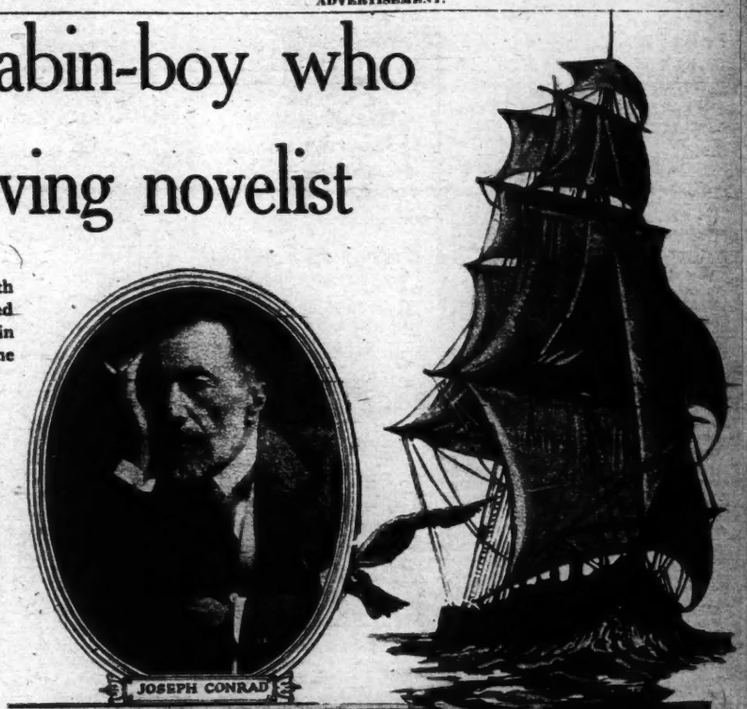

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(Continued from Page 9)

or distinguished they might be, of whose "views" she did not approve, awaken the reader's sympathy.

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Having married a prosperous and paying farm in addition to his bride, the grasping Scandinavian turns to new fields for profit and takes to money-lending and the securing of mortgages. His actions wreck the household of his first employer, but Mersaen has no time or capacity for scruples. His life's philosophy is to take all, and, if possible, give nothing. His wife dies. He marries the housekeeper he has engaged for his children in order to free himself from the necessity of paying her. Here he gets his first setback, for, in his second wife, he encounters an antagonist with a nature as hard as his own. At this juncture, there arrives from Norway, the sixteen-year-old illegitimate son, Lief.

The boy has been well-educated for his station, and though resembling his father in physical ability is the exact opposite in temperament and viewpoint. Once more we start on a story of success over obstacles—a story as bright as the first had been dark and sordid. Lief's ambition, inspired by the unselfish life of the local general practitioner, is to go in for medicine, or rather for the science then in its infancy the practice of oral surgery. His greatest opposition comes from his father, who is unwilling to lose the best of his farm hands, but Lief in the end wins in the duel of wills. Once again we note the author's realistic method. We see what he intends us to see in no uncertain light. The shades are not drawn even in the dissecting room with all its grim and grisly detail. But whether it is against the background of the planting, picking, sorting and curing

(Continued on Page 25)

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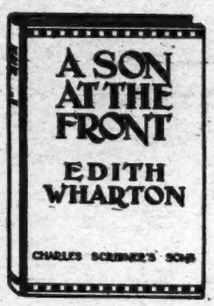

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Current Magazines

"On Contemporary Stupidity" is the title of an essay by Hilaire Belloc in the October Yale Review. The author asks, "What are the chief examples, and what is the character or essence, of our modern stupidity?" He replies, in part, as follows:

The first, most obvious, example of modern stupidity is the assumption of unpossessed knowledge. I do not mean its assumption in the sense of a pretense to it. That would not be stupidity at all; it would be cunning and charlatanism—defects which are not stupid, but the reverse. No, I mean the unconscious assumption of knowledge which as a fact the assumer does not possess; and that example of stupidity one has all around one today in an appalling degree. Most educated men in England assume that the United States is a province of British civilization. Most educated men in the Germanies before the war assumed as a known thing that the boring and neglected Irish question absorbed the political energies of England. Most educated men throughout the white world still assume that any one of a thousand scientific hypotheses is a proved fact. Further—what is really astonishing—as each hypothesis bursts in turn, the same men coolly adopt the next fashionable hypothesis (invented to replace the burst hypothesis) as a piece of fact with which they are perfectly familiar, as they are familiar with the furniture of their homes. They retain not the least memory of their original error, and that error teaches them no lesson. By way of example, let me turn to my old friend the atom.

Well, not so many years ago every one took cheerfully for granted an eternal little thing called the atom. No one had ever seen it; no one had ever experienced it in any form or through any sense. It was but a hypothesis which fitted in with certain observed facts; and this little eternal thing, the atom, they affirmed to be simple, indestructible, indivisible, and all the rest of it. There were a certain number of kinds of atoms known as elements, and all was beautifully neat and final. Any one who questioned the character of this imaginary thing, any one who questioned its imaginary attributes, was thought to be posing or mad; just as a man would be thought posing or mad who denied a thing really experienced by all his fellows: beef, for instance.

One day the atom burst. That is, new things were noticed which did not fit in with the atom as they had affirmed it to be. At once a new hypothesis was knocked together, and men began to talk about the electron and its works and habits exactly as they had formerly talked about the atom. Everything they now said contradicted what they had said before; but by using the old word in a new meaning, by calling that destructible which they had once called indestructible, and inventing a structure for that which they had affirmed to be simple, they flattered themselves that they were not exposing their former ignorance, but only advancing in knowledge; and today they talk about the electron (which is but another hypothesis) as though it were a football or any other familiar object. Tomorrow they will use some other word connected with some other hypothesis with exactly the same assurance and familiarity; and what they are saying today about the electron they will be saying about the abracadabra of tomorrow.

After discussing this and other forms of stupidity, Mr. Belloc reaches the interesting conclusion that the underlying cause of all our stupidities is fatigue. As he expresses it:

The forces of our society are fatigued. Its inability to follow plain reason, its acceptation of any kind of mental food without protest, its repetition of what it is told to say, its buying by the million of dreadfully dull books—the whole affair seems to me to speak of fatigue; and, therefore, I suppose it will run its course and we shall grow stupider and stupider until a wind shall blow and civilization shall arise again.

In the Editor's Easy Chair department of the October Harper's, Edward S. Martin comments in his usual calm and dispassionate manner on the changing conditions of our times. The title of his essay is, "Be Patient: Be Polite!" and in those words is summed up the counsel he has to give. With reference to the changing standards of living he remarks:

In these changeful times the expectations of all sorts of people shift from year to year and from month to month. They are fairly difficult times to keep up with, but people who do not manage to keep up with them get into constant trouble. There has been inflation and things cost more than they used to. It is hard to adjust one's self to that. There has been a prodigious rise in wages. The employed people, as a rule, get a great deal more money than they did ten years ago and the possibilities of living have been very much enlarged for them in consequence. The older members of the employing group have to readjust their ideas very much to get along with the new conditions, and many of them make hard work of it. They will do better to be philosophical and try to estimate and understand what is going on, adjust their habits to the changes that have come, buy what they can in service and in commodities, and live with what tranquillity they may on what they can get. As long as they will have to do that anyhow, they might as well do it gracefully and with intelligence. People have a right to all they can lawfully get, but so have other people, and a great many people nowadays are getting a great deal more than they used to have. Contemporary life includes motor cars to an astonishing extent that scandalizes some of the elders.

It includes much better clothes, houses and food for more people than it used to. It includes more vacations, more trips to Ireland, more education, more office jobs, and not so much domestic industry as it did; also, much more liberty of action. There is no use trying to stop the access to life of people who can get the money to pay the price of that access. If such people work for you, you had better help them to what they want. If you work for them, the same suggestion applies. People who are worth having are not going to cut down their hopes and abandon progress for the sake of what wages you pay if they can get as good wages somewhere else without those sacrifices. The more tolerant employer will have the best time and is likely to get the best service. It is not necessary that he should put up with any nonsense, but it is very necessary that his estimate of what is nonsense should be sound.

In an editorial on "The Fiction Famine" in the October issue of The Literary Digest International Book Review, Dr. Clifford Smyth replies to a recent statement by Henry Seidel Canby, that "the trouble with American fiction is that there is not enough of it." After quoting Dr. Canby's estimate of the annual output of good fiction as "five or ten novels and perhaps thirty short stories," Dr. Smyth comments as follows:

Compared with the hundreds—perhaps thousands would be a closer approximation to the truth—of novels and collections of short stories written and published annually in this country, this estimate certainly does suggest the "shortage" that this critic bewails. But, supposing that "five or ten novels" really do represent all that is worthy of preservation in the annual publication of fiction in these post-war days, is that not, after all, a comparatively rich contribution to the world's creative literature by this generation? Looking at it as a question in mathematics (and mathematics, in spite of its reputation to the contrary, furnishes on occasion excellent entertainment of an imaginative soul), an average of ten good—that is, immortal—novels a year would come to a thousand in a century. Now, taking the recognized histories of literature as guides in the matter, it would be difficult, indeed, to find any one century since the writing and publishing of books became an industry (or should it be set down as an art?), any century, in any country, in which one thousand accepted candidates to immortality in fiction have been produced. In this country, for instance, even in the middle of the last century, the period usually taken to be the most productive, qualitatively speaking, that American fiction has had, it would be difficult to find this ten-novel yearly average in any of the "masterpieces" published in those days. Certainly, the histories of literature give us nothing like ten "great" novels or short stories for those days—and it is doubtful if an industrious search would bring to light an annual average of even five.

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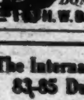
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Battle of the Fall Books

(Continued from Page 12)

Biologist," by Julian Huxley, and "Vitamins: A Critical Survey of the Theory of Accessory Food Factors," by Ragnar Berg (Knopf); "An Outline of Radio," by John V. L. Hogan (Little, Brown); "Science Remaking the World," by Otis W. Caldwell and Edwin E. Slosson (Doubleday, Page); "The Story of Copper," by Watson Davis (Century Company); "The New Decalogue of Science," by Albert Edward Wiggam (Bobbs-Merrill); "Man and Nature," by J. Arthur Thomson (Putnam); "The Development of the Sciences," edited by Lorande Loss Woodruff; "Fossil Man in Spain," by Hugo Obermaier (Yale University Press); "Game Birds and Wild Fowl of Great Britain and Ireland," by Archibald Thorburn; "Birds in Legend, Fable and Folklore," by Ernest Ingersoll (Longmans, Green); "New Lands," by Charles Fort (Boni & Liveright); "Recent Developments in Atomic Theory," by Dr. Leo Graetz; "The New Physics," by Professor Arthur Haas; "A Survey of Physics," by Professor Max Planck; "The A B C of Atoms," by Bertrand Russell; "Those Lectures on Relativity," by Dr. Edwin Freundlich; "Sidelights on Relativity," by Albert Einstein; "The Constitution of Matter," by Professor Max Born; "Radioactivity," by Dr. K. Fajams; "The Principles of Physical Optics," by Ernest Mach; "By-Paths of Color Photography," by O. Reg; "The Origin of the Continents and Oceans," by Dr. A. Wegener; "Elementary Zoology," by Oswald H. Latter, and "The Vault of Heaven," by Sir Richard Gregory (Dutton).

To return to the fiction list, we find in addition to the books mentioned in the opening paragraphs of this article: "Changeling: And Other Stories," by Donn Byrne; "Tranquillity House," by Augusta Huisell Seaman (Century Co.); "The Hope of Happiness," by Meredith Nicholson; "Son, and Other Stories of Childhood and Age," by Ethel Train, and "Lazy Laughter" by Woodward Boyd (Scribner); "The Queen of Farrandale," by Clara Louise Burnham (Houghton Mifflin); "If Today Be Sweet," by Ednah Aiken; "The Fang in the Forest," by Charles Alexander; "The Perfume of the Rainbow," by L. Adams Beck; "Jim Hanvey, Detective," by Octavus Roy Cohen; "Stranger Things, and Other Stories," by Mildred Cram; "The Dancing Star," by Berta Ruck; "Word of the Earth," by Anthony Richardson; "The Garden of God," by H. de Vere Stacpoole; "Sometimes," by Olive Wadsley; "College Days," by Stephen Leacock; "Island of Destiny," by Arthur J. Rees; "The Spell of Siris," by Muriel Hine, and "John Burnet of Barns," by John Buchan (Dodd, Mead); "Janet March," by Floyd Dell; "The Dancers," by Hubert Parsons; "The Voice on the Mountain," by Marie, Queen of Rumania; "Love Days," by Henri Waste; "Tantalus," by Dorothy Easton; "The Overcoat and Other Stories," by Nikolay Gogol; "The Black Dog," by A. E. Coppard (Knopf).

"Young Felix," by Frank Swinnerton; "Jeremy and Hamlet," by Hugh Walpole; "The Gaspards of Pine Croft," by Ralph Connor; "Love and the Philosopher," by Marie Corelli; "The Viking Heart," by Laura Good Salverson; "Pandora Lifts the Lid," by Christopher Morley and Don Mhrquis; "The Wife of the Centaur," by Cyril Hume; "Jeeves," by P. G. Wodehouse; "Wheels Within Wheels," by Carolyn Wells; "The Dinner Club," by Syril McNeile; "Pink Sugar," by O. Douglas; "Jennifer Lorn," by Elinor Wylie; "Spirit-of-Iron," by Harwood Steele; "The Witching of Elspie," by Duncan Campbell Scott; "The Magic Midland," by Harold Waldo; "The Last Time, by Robert Hichens; "Streets of Night," by John Dos Passos; "Parson's Progress," by Compton Mackenzie (Doran); "Croatan," by Mary Johnston; "The Terms of Conquest," by Howard Vincent O'Brien; "Michael's Evil Deeds," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, and "The Last Frontier," by Courtney Riley Cooper (Little, Brown); "The Man Who Was Good," by Leonard Merrick; "Love and Life," by Louise Maunsell Field; "Silver Moon," by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott; "Toys," by H. H., the Ranee of Sarawak; "The Cinder

(Continued on Page 21)

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Books and Authors

A NEW edition in seven volumes of Edward Gibbon's "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" has been brought out by Doran. The work is edited by the distinguished scholar J. B. Bury, who devoted several years to the task.

The recently established University of North Carolina Press at Chapel Hill, N. C., issues as its first publication "The Saprolegniaceae," by William Chambers Coker, Ph. D.

Basil Toser, author of "Recollections of a Rolling Stone," has had a career which fully justifies his application to himself of the epithet "rolling stone." He has been a student of engineering and of law, an amateur steeplechase rider and a professional pigeon shooter, a journalist and a press representative for several prominent people, including Lady Randolph Churchill, Baron Henri de Rothschild, Mme. Melba, Sir Thomas Beecham, Imre Kiralfy and others. He has traveled three times around the world. When the war broke out he enlisted as a private but was commissioned a year later, and served four years in France. He was wounded twice. Since the war he has devoted his time to writing and is soon to have a romantic novel, "A Dealer in Antiques," published in England.

Professor Curtis Hidden Page has translated over two hundred poems from the original Japanese and accompanied them with critical and historical comments in his "Japanese Poetry," scheduled for November publication by Houghton Mifflin. The book is illustrated in color from Japanese prints.

A new and greatly enlarged edition of "The Boston Cooking School Cook Book," by Fannie Merritt Farmer, has just been published by Little-Brown. This book was first published twenty-seven years ago, and has been in the "best-seller" class ever since. The new edition contains 2,677 recipes.

Small, Maynard & Co. have made two additions to their list of annuals. The first is "The Best Motion Pictures of 1922-1923: And the Yearbook of the American Screen," by Robert E. Sherwood, and the second is "The Best Verse of 1923," by L. A. G. Strong. Both will make their appearance late in October.

"The Cinder Buggy," by Garet Garrett, is announced for early publication by Duttons. It is said to be a powerful study of human nature absorbed in the pursuit of money or success, and its background is the steel industry. It takes its name from the two-wheeled bow-legged tub in which the slag of the iron furnace is wheeled to the dump.

Louis Rhead has made more than one hundred black and white drawings for the new Harper juvenile classic, "King Arthur and His Knights," to be published in October. These illustrations are to be exhibited in a New York gallery this Winter. Mr. Rhead has made a careful study of the costumes of the period in which King Arthur and his knights are supposed to have lived, and has depicted the knights as wearing chain armor, instead of the mail armor in which most illustrators have clad them. Mr. Rhead calls attention to the fact that mail armor did not come into general use until after the fourteenth century, some 800 years later than King Arthur.

Making a photoplay from a novel is an old story, but now the process has been reversed. "The Judgment of the Storm," a screen play written for the Palmer Photoplay Corporation by Ethel Styles Middleton, a hitherto unknown author, has been made into a novel and is to be published by Doubleday, Page shortly after the film is released. The book will be illustrated by scenes from the play.

In her book on "Housing Progress in Europe," which Dutton's will publish soon, Mrs. Edith Elmer Wood declares that she has nowhere seen houses even remotely comparable to the ten thousand old-law tenements of lower Manhattan, or any layout as bad as that of the North End of Boston. Mrs. Wood has just returned from a survey of housing conditions in English, French, Dutch, Belgian and Italian cities, where she had abundant opportunities for seeing the worst as well as the best in housing accommodations for the working classes. Her book is illustrated with pictures of the latest developments in the way of modern municipal cottages and tenements.

About the first of November McBride will bring out a new edition of James Branch Cabell's "Jurgen," with sixteen illustrations from drawings by Ray F. Coyle.

Albert Edward Wiggam's "The New Decalogue of Science," which Bobbs-Merrill will bring out late in October, appeared originally as an essay of about 5,000 words in the Century Magazine, where it created a profound impression. In the book this essay is expanded to 45,000 words. The author has included a criticism of his New Commandments by George Bernard Shaw and his own rejoinder.

Some time in November Doran will bring out "Aunt Polly's History of Mankind," by Donald Ogden Stewart, author of "Perfect Behavior" and "A Parody Outline of History." One has learned to expect good fun from Mr. Stewart, but the publisher assures us that his new book contains a strong vein of satire besides.

"The Harp Weaver and Other Poems" is the title of a new collection of poems by Edna St. Vincent Millay, which Harpers will publish this month. The same publishers will reissue Miss Millay's "A Few Figs From Thistles," which they have taken over from Stewart Kidd, and her play "The Lamp and the Bell." Miss Millay, now Mrs. Boissevain, has recovered from her recent illness and is now at her home in Croton, N. Y.

"Modern Turkey," to be published soon by Macmillan, is a collection of essays by a score of writers, each of whom has first-hand knowledge of Turkey. Among them are Jasper Y. Brinton, G. Bie Ravndal, Harvey Porter, Samuel Train Dutton, Howard Crosby Butler, Walter Booth Adams, Salih Keramet Bey, Ham Nahoum, Mary Mills Patrick, W. W. Cumberland and Albert H. Putney. The book is edited and in part written by Eliot G. Mears, Professor of Economics in Stanford University and formerly American Trade Commissioner in the Near East.

Knopf will soon bring out "The Sisters Rondoli and Other Stories," "Miss Harriet and Other Stories" and "Bel Ami: A Novel"; Volumes V., VI. and VII. of "The Collected Novels and Stories of Guy de Maupassant," translated and edited by Ernest Boyd. About the same time will appear the third volume of "The Collected Works of Nikolay Gogol," entitled "The Overcoat and Other Stories." The translation is by Constance Garnett.

"The Letters of Edward FitzGerald to Bernard Barton," edited by Captain F. R. Barton, C. R. G., will be published in October by Putnams. These letters, which have never before been published, were written by the famous translator of the Rubaiyat between 1839 and 1856. Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, was a neighbor of FitzGerald's and father of Lucy, who became FitzGerald's wife.

E. Alexander Powell, traveler and author, discusses political and economic conditions in Turkey, Syria, Palestine, Arabia, Mesopotamia and Persia in his new book, "The Menace of Moslem Asia," announced for publication in October by the Century Company.

Miss Annie S. Peck will return from South America this month. Most of her time on this her eighth visit was spent in collecting material for the revision of her travel and guide book, "The South American Tour," published by Duttons. This work and her "Industrial and Commercial South America" head John Barrett's latest list of important books on South America.

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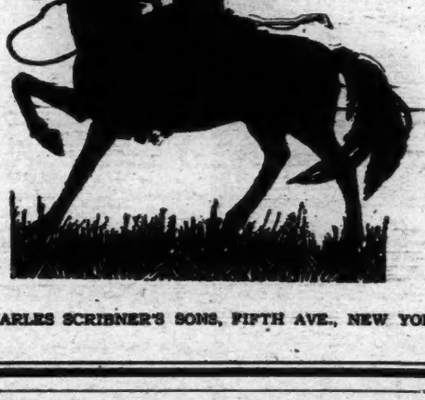

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Battle of the Fall Books

(Continued from Page 18)

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"Lummox," by Fannie Hurst; "Here's to the Gods," by Austin Parker; "Craig Kennedy Listens In," by Arthur B. Reeve; "Lip Malvey's Wife," by George Agnew Chamberlain; "The Happy Isles," by Basil King; "Of Clear Intent," by Henry C. Rowland, and "The Call of the Canyon," by Zane Grey (Harper); "Laurel of Stonystream," by Faith Baldwin; "The Valley of Ghosts," by Edgar Wallace, and "The Green-Eyed One," by F. Roney Weir (Small, Maynard); "Once in a Red Moon," by Joel Townsley Rogers; "The Don Juanes," by Marcel Prevost (Brentano); "Made in Heaven," by Arthur Somers Roche; "The Candlestick Makers," by Lucille Borden; "Christmas Stories," by Jacob Riis, and "The Mother," by Grazia Deledda (Macmillan); "The Soul of Kol Nikon," by Eleanor Farjeon; "The Wilderness Patrol," by Harold Bindloss (Stokes); "Don Juan," by Ludwig Lewisohn; "Silbermann," by Jacques de Lacretelle; "Sayonara," by John Paris; "The Call of the Road," by Edouard Astaunie (Boni & Liveright); "Graven Image," by Margaret Widdemer; "Marching On," by Ray Strachey, and "Weeds," by Edith Summers Kelley (Harcourt, Brace); "May Eve," by E. Temple Thurston; "Nowhere Else in the World," by Jay William Hudson (Appleton); "One Little Boy," by Hugh de Sélincourt; "The Eleventh Virgin," by Dorothy Day; "Piri and I," by Lawrence Vail; "The Street of Queer Houses," by Vernon Knowles, and "Below"—La Bas, by Joris-Karl Huysmans (Lieber & Lewis); "Siren Land," by Norman Douglas, "Bethesda," anonymous (Moffat, Yard); "Beggar's Banquet," by G. St. John-Loe; "Little David," by Robert Stuart Christie; "Heaven Folk," by Waldemar Bonsels, and "The Hounded Man," by Francis Carco (Seltzer); "Martha," by Ethel E. Mannin (Duffield).

"Children of Loneliness," by Anzia Yezierska (Funk & Wagnalls); "The Copper House," by Julius Regis (Holt); "Rufus," by Grace S. Richmond; "The Second Generation," by Anthony M. Rud; "The Lady From the Air," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson; "The Family at Gilje," by Jonas Lie, translated by Samuel Eastman; "John-no-brawn," by George Looms; "Blackkerchief Dick," by Margery Allingham; "The Shadowy Third," by Ellen Glasgow; "Miss Bracegirdle and Others," by Stacy Aumonier; "The Motherless," by Bengt Berg; "The Beloved Pawn," by Harold Titus; "On the Borderland," by F. Britten Austin, and "Loose Leaves," by Katherine Dayton (Doubleday, Page); "Jurgen," illustrated edition, by James Branch Cabell; "The Puppet Master," by Robert Nathan; "Bright Lights," by Robert Orr Chipperfield; "The Sea," by Bernard Kellerman, and "Annihilation," by Isabel Ostrander (McBride); "The Other Story and Other Stories," by Henry Kitchell Webster; "The Diamond Thieves," by Arthur Stringer, and "A Line a Day," by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins (Bobbs-Merrill); "More Letters From a Japanese Schoolboy," by Wallace Irwin, and "With the Gilt Off," by A. St. John Adcock (Putnam); "A Wreath of Stars," by the author of "A Son of the Sahara"; "Smoke of the .45," by Harry Sinclair Drago; "Behind the Bronze Door," by William Le Queux (Macaulay), and "The Valley of Voices," by George Marsh (Penn Publishing Company).

Glenn Hunter is to have the star part, that of Guy Plummer, in the screen version of Homer Croy's "West of the Water Tower," published by Harpers.

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Brief Reviews

ON THE OLD FRONTIER

FIFTY YEARS ON THE OLD FRONTIER AS COWBOY, HUNTER, GUIDE, SCOUT AND RANCHMAN. By James H. Cook. Introduction by Brig. Gen. Charles King, U. S. V. Illustrated. 291 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press. $4.

THIS volume of reminiscences adds another to the list of books whereby the Yale University Press—to which all honor for the enterprise—is helping to make clear certain phases of American history. Mr. Cook saw so much of the beginnings and early march of the outposts of civilization as they pushed toward the frontier across far western plains and mountains that he has rendered a distinct public service in setting down his memories, as the Yale University Press has done also in putting them into permanent form. The work affords, of course, the entertainment always to be found by those who enjoy narratives of adventure and danger and for all who are interested in the thrilling story of the winning of the West its tale is brimful of pleasureable and valuable reading. But over and above both these the volume has much value as a source book of American history during those troubled years of war with the Apaches in the southwest and the Sioux and the Cheyennes in the northwest, for of it all the author can say, "all of which I saw and a part of which I was." Especially interesting is his study of the famous and able Sioux chieftain, Red Cloud, whose friend he was for many years.

"Captain Jim" Cook knew all he far western country, north and south, from boyhood and all the first part of his book is devoted to accounts of what he did and saw as he herded cattle, drove them on the trails from the southwest northward to Abilene, Fort Dodge and other points, hunted buffalo and other big game on the mountains and plains, both north and south, encountered Indians and bad men, endured blizzards, tornadoes, and other eccentricities of the western climate, swam his droves across rampaging streams, camped o' nights in the sage brush. It is a lively and an entertaining chronicle and he tells his story well, with point and rapid movement and plenty of anecdote. Later on came his more important service as scout with the United States Army in the Indian campaigns against Geronimo, Red Cloud and other chiefs on the warpath. His accounts of these troubles, his descriptions of the duties, responsibilities and characteristics of the army scouts of those days and his keen and judicially minded analyses of the characters of some of the more famous of the Indian chiefs are all valuable contributions to the history of that portion of the United States. Of Red Cloud, who was his friend for thirty-five years, the author says:

> He was a clear-headed, far-seeing man, with much greater brain power than many had given him credit for. He was at least brave and faithful to his people, and one of whom it may be truthfully said, "Here was a man. * * *" His friendship for me was, I believe, as genuine as any Indian ever had for a white man. Red Cloud was a most interesting student of nature and his knowledge of the flora and fauna of the land over which he and his people roamed was simply marvelous to me. Naturally, he could not look upon the coming of the white man and the passing of the buffalo with anything but sorrow and hatred in his heart. * * * Red Cloud's father was a big chief, but the son had to fight hard and do great deeds of valor before he became the acknowledged head of the whole Sioux nation. This was what he had accomplished at the age of 30 years. He was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, and, when in his prime, as full of action as a tiger. As a young man he was a terror in war with other tribes. The old warriors who fought by his side have told me of his killing five Pawnees in one fight, using only his knife as a weapon after sending one arrow from his bow. * * * When Red Cloud was born, now nearly 100 years ago, a large portion of the land now occupied by the Republic was a vast wilderness. His right to rule and oppose the oncoming of the invading paleface he never doubted. He died as he lived, an Indian who never pretended to be reconstructed.

It was while Mr. Cook was on a visit to the Red Cloud Agency in the northwestern part of Nebraska, as the guest of the old chief, that Professor O. C. Marsh of the Smithsonian Institute and Yale College, came there with a Government escort to ask permission of the Sioux to hunt for fossils in their country and it was through his intercession with Red Cloud and his guarantee that there were no ulterior motives behind the request that it was granted, and one of the most important fields of fossil remains in America opened to scientific investigation. Mr. Cook's home has been for many years on his ranch at Agate Springs in the midst of this great fossil region and he has been much interested in the paleontological researches carried on there. It was he, indeed, who first among white men observed the remains, picked up some of them and told scientists about them. He devotes a chapter to the interesting story of these Agate Springs fossils and the quarries in the valley of the Niobrara River, from which have been taken tons of material for museums in all parts of the country. A stream of scientists has visited the region and the Agate Springs ranch and left their names in the guest book of his ranch house. Within the last year or two a petrified tooth discovered by Mr. Cook's son has been described and named in honor of its discoverer by Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn and classified as probably belonging to an anthropoid primate, the first to be found in America.

Written in a simple and unpretentious style, richly human in its interest and always kindly, just and gentle in its judgments, "Fifty Years on the Old Frontier" covers a wonderful space of development in both the region involved and the man who writes about it. The book will well repay the reading of any one who cares about the events of that time and region, either as humanly interesting affairs or as a part of the nation's history. General King in his introduction says of the author's story of the northern Cheyennes and their difficulties with the Government that "Cook tells it all, as officers would have told it long ago but that it might have cost them their commissions." It is a pitiful story, as he tells it, because of his sympathy and understanding. And it is because he can see and appreciate both sides of the controversy between Indians and whites, and because he writes of the Indians with thorough knowledge and impartial mind and so can appraise them and their case with justice, that Mr. Cook's volume is a notable contribution to the chronicles of American development.

THE LURE OF AMATEUR COLLECTING

THE LURE OF AMATEUR COLLECTING. By George Blake Dexter. Illustrated. 185 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.

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(Continued on Page 24)

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Robert Frost

(Continued from Page 2)

through periods of change. In my own State, in Vermont, I mean, there have been three distinct changes of population. First came the Irish, then the French and now the Poles. There are those among us who raise their hands in horror at this, but what does it matter? All these people are becoming, have become, Americans. If soil is sacred, then I would say that they are more godly in their attitude to it. The Pole today in New England gets much more out of his plot of ground than does his Yankee neighbor. He knows how to cultivate it so that each inch produces, so that each grain is alive. Today the Pole may not be aware of the beauty of the old Colonial house he buys and may in some cases desecrate it, but three generations from now, two generations, his children will be proud of it and may even boast of Yankee heritage. It has been done before; it will be done in the future.

"And if there are poets among these children, as surely there will be, theirs will be the poetry of America. They will be part of the soil of America as their cousins may be part of the city life of America. I am patient with this jealousy of the old for the young. It is change, this constant flow of new blood which will make America eternally young, which will make her poets sing the songs of a young country, virile songs, strong songs, individual songs. The old cannot keep them back. I was amused years ago by the form this jealousy of tradition will take. One of the most brilliant pupils in the class at college was the son of a Polish farmer. Everybody admitted his mental superiority. But the old New Englanders would not swallow the pill as given. They sugar-coated, by backstairs gossip, which insisted that the real father of the boy must have been a Yankee.

"We are supposed to be a broad-minded country, yet in this respect we are so very narrow. Nobody worries about foreign strains in English or French literature and politics. Nobody thinks that England has been tainted by Disraeli or Zangwill or Lord Reading. They are taken as Englishmen, their works are important as English works. The same is true of French writers of foreign strain. We seem to lack the courage to be ourselves.

"I guess that's it. We're still a bit afraid. America, for instance, was afraid to accept Walt Whitman when he first sang the songs of democracy. His influence on American poetry began to be felt only after the French had hailed him as a great writer, a literary revolutionist. Our own poet had to be imported from France before we were sure of his strength. Today almost every man who writes poetry confesses his debt to Whitman. Many have gone very much further than Whitman would have traveled with them. They are the people who believe in wide straddling. I, myself, as I said before, don't like it for myself. I do not write free verse; I write blank verse. I must have the pulse beat of rhythm, I like to hear it beating under the things I write. That doesn't mean I do not like to read a bit of free verse occasionally. I do. It sometimes succeeds in painting a picture that is very clear and startling. It's good as something created momentarily for its sudden startling effect; it hasn't the qualities, however, of something lastingly beautiful.

"And sometimes my objection to it is that it's a pose. It's not honest. When a man sets out consciously to tear up forms and rhythms and measures, then he is not interested in giving you poetry. He just wants to perform, he wants to show you his tricks. He will get an effect; nobody will deny that, but it is not a harmonious effect.

"Sometimes it strikes me that the free verse people got their idea from incorrect proof sheets. I have had stuff come from the printers with lines half left out or positions changed about. I read the poems as they stood, distorted and half finished, and I confess I get a rather pleasant sensation from them. They make a sort of nightmarish half sense."

As he rose to go, he said:

"I am an ordinary man, I guess. That's what's the trouble with me. I like my school and I like my farm and I like people. Just ordinary, you see."

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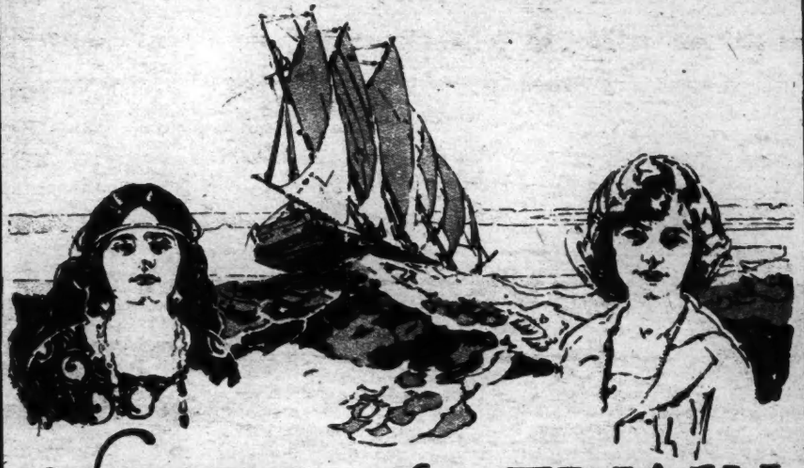

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from Page 22)

museum in Southern Italy, whence it had been taken by "the Hungarian," who was really a Prince of one of the countries of Southeastern Europe and a royal kleptomaniac. Equally interesting is the story of the Cross of St. Anne and of the personality of the mysterious and charming gentleman who gave it to him, whom the reader easily identifies at the end as the Grand Duke Nicholas, although Mr. Dexter leaves that matter rather vague. The author seems to have been guided by a sort of fatality, indeed, in the way of coming into contact with royalty incognito and in the interesting experiences that developed. But there are plenty of adventures, quite as interesting in themselves with every-day people, as witness the grimly fantastic tale of his distant relative, Elija, who for thirty years allowed no one to enter any but a single room of his house, where were stored alluring relics of Colonial life, clothing, furniture and jewelry, and of how Elija, moved by the appeals for clothing from fire sufferers in Michigan, packed some old hair trunks with these ancient short clothes, ruffled shirts and dainty laces, and sent them to the shivering Michiganders.

It is a very entertaining book and is likely to set its readers off on the collector's trail inspired quite as much by the hope of interesting adventure as by the desire to emulate, in some degree, the author's wonderful success in getting together a unique and valuable collection.

SOCIAL LIFE AND THE CROWD

SOCIAL LIFE AND THE CROWD. By Lionel J. Tayler. 222 pp. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.

THE crowd, the mob, humanity as a unit—whatever the name one may give to the great mass of human beings considered as a social entity—has for the philosopher something of that attraction which the lamp wields over the moth. One wonders sometimes, when reading their books about "the crowd," if the analogy does not go a little further and if they have not singed their philosophic wings rather more than they have illumined their minds by the endeavor to find out just what that puzzling, powerful thing is. Like the scientists who deal with material things, the philosophers—scientists of the unseeable and the immaterial—are prone to make guesses and to spin theories out of their hypotheses and so to explore a little further into the unknown. If their slender and unstable bridges break and they go down in a crash they come up smiling and build another. That is what Mr. Tayler, who is an extension lecturer on biology and sociology in London University, is doing in this work—throwing out connecting links from the sociology of the crowd to political theories and methods of government, trying to bring the results of psychological study of the crowd to the aid of the government of the crowd. His conviction is that "the old view of an enlightened people being able to govern itself is a double delusion," because an enlightened people, in the intellectual and disinterested sense that is meant, has never existed and probably never will exist and because, even if they did, they could not foresee "the future needs of society unless there be scientific social laws to help them."

Mr. Taylor, it seems, is convinced that the rationalistic democratic theory of government has broken down in actual practice, and he traces this failure chiefly to the fact that democracy is based on too simple a theory of humanity. The successful theory of government, he contends, must take account of the complexity of human relationships and must be based on ascertained laws of social psychology. Here is the way he sees the problem:

> The first essential in modern political inquiry is the abandonment of the assumption that human beings are dominantly reasonable, and the second is that with this abandonment the student has to begin his inquiries afresh and step into unfamiliar scenery and to need new charts, new sign-posts and new methods of exploration and new political theories like those of Rousseau, Hegel and Gladstone to interpret the new situation.

Mr. Tayler's book is interesting throughout and provocative of thought. It follows lines similar to those taken in the writing of many modern political observers.

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(Continued on Page 14)

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WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS. By Carolyn Wells. 267 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.

"WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS" is a good mystery story, but it would have been a great deal better had Miss Wells attained a real "surprise ending"; for, after all, the surprise ending is the soul of a mystery story. The outcome of the plot is pretty obvious throughout the story—that is, the reader is pretty confident that Angela Howland, the lost heiress, will be able to prove her identity and come into her own; also, the reader is pretty certain about the murderer of Angela's father. One is interested not so much in the outcome of the narrative as in the method by which Miss Wells is going to rationalize that outcome. There is a negligible love motif in the story, but the dominating theme is that of mother love; the author has indulged in a good many emotional scenes. "Wheels Within Wheels" is well constructed and faultlessly motivated, but it does not represent Carolyn Wells at her best.

A REVERSION TO TYPE

A REVERSION TO TYPE. By E. M. Delafield. 305 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

FREQUENTLY when a novelist attempts to contrast the unconventional with the conventional the commonplace results. Miss Delafield, fortunately, has written a sympathetic study in spiritual valuations, telling the story of Rose Aviolet and her afflicted son—a boy we find about to suffer the environment of his dead father and who has inherited too much of the Aviolet strain, too little of the ordinary Smiths.

Rose Aviolet, forced by the will of her husband to surrender half-guardianship of her son to her brother-in-law, is obliged to accept the frigid hospitality of the Aviolets that she may be with her boy. Altogether, Rose is something of a paradoxical figure. She has a passion for high rouging of the cheeks, for unusual breaches of the reserve affected by the decadents in the upper social order of England. Back of this common strain she seems gifted with a fine restraint.

The reader's interest is divided between Rose and her son, Cecil, for whom much sympathy is excited—but not till many pages have been thumbed. The boy about whom all the discussion centres remains too long in the background. Because of this and many baskets of incidents the story, in the forepart, lacks absorbing vitality, such as Rose Aviolet's fine realization of motherhood creates further on. For a woman to meet with such dull people as the Aviolets and for many years to believe her son inherits his depravity from some unknown element in her own family, is indeed a sad prospect.

Rose presses on, led by her instincts; the Aviolets, by senseless and fairly useless tradition.

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Like some instinctive creature she tries to plan the life of her son. Tradition flogs her soul. The boy must suffer because they want him to be like other boys and educated accordingly. Rose remembers his singular habit of lying; and through the years, before he can understand, she suffers for him. Cecil struggles, but there is too much of the Aviolets in him. His gradual awakening and spiritual combat all but overwhelms

(Continued on Page 27)

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(Continued on Page 29)

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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 25)

what is finest in Rose and brings moral disaster dramatically into the lives of all concerned. Referring to the boy's grandfather—

The insidious mergings of the psychical into the physical, the encroaching of the nervous system into the domain of moral control, would forever remain unapprehended by him.

Rose Aviolet's Uncle Alfred is well-turned and seems to be more vivid than Doctor Lucian or Ford Aviolet, perhaps because of his curious speeches and habits.

Miss Delafield's story preserves a flavor that is pleasing. That the work lacks intensity in the first part is no doubt due to the fact that too much is given over to recounting prejudices and preparing an atmosphere for the subsequent reception of pity. Twice Miss Delafield rises to real power; but the beauty of these moments is, alas, all too short-lived.

THE CIMBRIANS

THE LONG JOURNEY — THE CIMBRIANS. By Johannes V. Jensen. Translated by A. G. Chater. 340 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

As the first volume of the American edition of Jensen's "The Long Journey" embraced Books I and II of the original work, so the second volume includes Books III and IV, "Norna Gest" and "The Cimbrians." The story of mankind is brought down from the Stone Age to the defeat of the Cimbrians by the Romans. In order to preserve the continuity of the narrative, Mr. Jensen has carried one character throughout the story. This character is Norna Gest.

The miracle of Gest's long life is explained by the prophecy made by one of the Norns, or Fates, shortly after his birth. His mother, Gro, had sent for the Norns to tell his fortune. One of the Norns had taken offence because Gro was putting on too much style. She even had a candle burning in her hut, whereas ordinary people were content with a bowl of fat or a fire on the floor. This appeared to the Norn to be vulgar ostentation, and she took her resentment out on Gest by prophesying that the boy would live only until the candle was consumed. Gro promptly threw the wicked old woman out of her hut and then blew out the candle. When Gest was old enough to leave home and fend for himself, Gro gave him the candle, told him its story and enjoined him to preserve it as he would his life. Thus the witches' curse was turned into a blessing, for the decrees of the Norns, once given, can never be reversed.

All this happened on the Island of Sealand, where Gest was born. The tribe to which he and his mother belonged inhabited a little settlement near the coast, and none of its members had ever ventured far from home. They had no need to do so, for game and fish were plentiful enough close by, and they knew no other wants. But Gest was an adventurer at heart. As soon as he was old enough he took a girl of the tribe as his mate and paddled up the river in a boat he had made for himself right into the heart of the forest, where no man had ever been. Later he returned to the tribe and performed the astonishing feat of circumnavigating the entire Island of Sealand. This was but the beginning of his wanderings. He invented a new type of boat propelled by sails, and taking with him some of the more adventurous spirits of the tribe, fared forth to see the world. From this time on he never remained long in any one place.

In his earlier travels, Gest is a pioneer explorer blazing the trail for those who are to follow him, but in his later years he becomes a skald or traveling bard, going from place to place with his harp on his back, telling tales and singing songs of bther days and other lands. It is thus that he follows the migration of the Cimbrians from their original home in Jutland until they spread over the greater part of Europe and threaten the Roman Empire itself. It is by telling the story of mankind as seen by a single eyewitness that Mr. Jensen has succeeded in making what is a mixture of legend and history read like a romance. Not the least of the merits of the book is the delightfully clear and simple style in which it is written.

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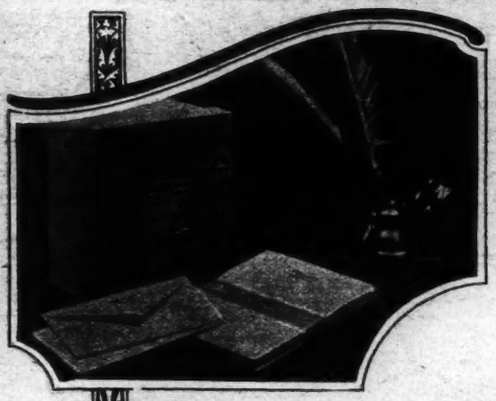

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Communications for these columns should be addressed to the Editor of Queries and Answers, NEW YORK TIMES. *They should be written on one side of the paper only, and must contain the name and address of the writer as an evidence of good faith.*

QUERIES

Unawed by Numbers

H. J. M.—Can any one tell me the author of the following quotation and also where it may be found:

Unawed by numbers, follow reason's plan,
Assert the rights or quit the name of man.
Consider well, nay, wisely, right from wrong,
Resolve not rashly, once resolved the strong.

A Universal Theatre

L. D. S.—I would like to know the name of the author and the title of the poem containing these lines:

Good morning, World! wide universal theatre,
Wherein most woeful pageant in the scene prevails.

Lord of the Strong

A. W. A.—I would like to know where I can find the Indian poem in which these lines occur:

Lord of the strong rain drumming on the mountains,
* * * hear a prayer for cleanness,
* * * hear a prayer for straightness.

Nicholas Nutting

B. E. P.—Will some one please tell me the author and where I can find the poem containing these lines:

Nicholas Nutting, an urchin of four,
Watching the baby creeping the floor,
Mamma on an errand, over the way,
Leaving her promise she would not stay.
"Now, care for the baby," her parting words.
And Nicholas watched as a cat would a bird.

"Mr. Riley"

A. S. M.—Can some one give me the words of a song sung about forty years ago, of which the following is a fragment:

Is this Mr. Riley they speak of so highly?
Is this Mr. Riley who keeps the hotel?
* * * * * *
Why, how are you, Riley? I hope you're quite well.

William Henry Rinehart

W. S. R.—Can any of your readers help me find two poems, both on the subject of William Henry Rinehart, the sculptor, or one of his works? One of them was by Lloyd Mifflin and appeared, I understand, in The Century, presumably before the new series began in 1881. The other appeared in The New York Graphic and was signed J. T. Hart, presumably the sculptor.

In a Hundred Years

E. J. L.—I would like to obtain a copy of the poem "One Hundred Years From Now," which contains the following lines:

My gold be dust,
My bones be rust
One hundred years from now.

The Hospital Chaplain

A. McC.—Will some one please tell me the author and complete the poem entitled "The Hospital Chaplain," the last verse of which reads:

Ah, the life of the hospital Chaplain
Is blessed—though toilsome the days.
And the Christ, who walks beside him,
Folds his hands in His own when he prays.

If Dreams Were Sold

H. S. D.—Will some one tell me where I may find the words of a poem beginning:

If dreams were sold in the market place,
What kind of a dream would you buy?

ANSWERS

"I Dream"

PATSY BOLIVAR, New York—I quote from memory the lines of "I Dream of All Things Free," for which J. H. F. inquires in your issue of Oct. 7, which were sung nearly fifty years ago. I do not know the author.

I dream of all things free—a gallant, gallant bark
That sweeps through storm and sea like arrow to its mark;
The stag that o'er the mountains goes bounding in his glee;
A thousand flashing fountains—I dream of all things free.

I dream of some proud bird, a bright-eyed mountain king;
In visions I have heard the rustling of his wing.
I follow some wild river, on which no sail may be;
Dark woods around it shiver—I dream of all things free.

A happy forest child with fawns and flowers at play;
A chief amid the wildwood with stars to guide his way.
A chief his warriors leading; the archer's greenwood tree.
In chains my heart is bleeding—I dream of all things free.

"The Blacksmith's Door"

F. L. BEAUCHESNE, Ottawa, Canada—The poem asked for by C. S. S. in your issue of Oct. 7 is "Hammer and Anvil," by John Clifford, D. D., and was once read by the late General John W. Foster in a discussion upon the authenticity of the Bible. The entire poem is as follows:

Last eve I passed beside a blacksmith's door
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
When looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," said he; then said with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of falling blows was heard,
The anvil is unharmed—the hammers gone.

The Unknown Singer

W. HOGEN, New Orleans—The poem for which "M. B. S." inquires in your issue of Sept. 30 is "The Unknown Singer," by Edgar L. Wakeman. It is as follows:

SINGER AND SONG

An unknown Singer sang a nameless song
So tender, sweet and true,
That all the world sang too.
The world his measures thrilled,
Unknown, his voice was stilled,
Think you the Singer sings not aye his song?

Ah, singers all! not meed, nor name,
Fills that high, holy place
Where Song's soul rests in grace.
To catch, to know, reveal
One song, and silent, feel
Thou art God's messenger, is Fame!

The Milkmaid

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—In your issue of Oct. 7 "L. M." quotes the opening lines of "The Milkmaid." This ballad is by Jeffreys Taylor, who was born in Lavenham, England, Oct. 30, 1792, and died in London, Oct. 8, 1853. It is published in Tiffany's "Gems for the Fireside." There are nine four-line stanzas and at the end a two-line moral:

This moral, I think, may be safely attached:
Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched.

Other correspondents who answered this query write that the poem may be found in William Cullen Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song.

Judas Sold Himself

HELEN M. O'CONNOR, Princeton, N. J.—The lines asked for by M. E. W.,

Still as of old men by themselves are priced.
For thirty pieces Judas sold himself,
Not Christ,

are at the end of the chapter "Herod" in "Christ in the Church," a volume of religious essays by Robert Hugh Benson. It is the only verse in the book and has no quotation marks.

Nathan Hale

RUTH FORDHAM, Flushing, N. Y.—The lines, "The breezes went steadily thro' the tall pines," &c., for which G. D. S. asks in your issue of Oct. 7, may be found in Burton E. Stevenson's "Poems of American History" (Houghton Mifflin Company). The author is unknown. The poem is too long to publish.

"Spirits of Just Men"

RUTH FORDHAM, Flushing, N. Y.—The famous camp-meeting exhortation for which S. H. asks in your issue of Oct. 7 is "The Harp of a Thousand Strings" and may be found in No. 9 of Choice Selections (Penn Publishing Company).

"Beth-Gelert"

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—The poem W. H. requests in your issue of Oct. 7 is "Beth-Gelert, or The Grave of the Greyhound." Sometimes it is called "Llewellyn and His Hound." It is by William Robert Spencer (1770-1834), and appears in many anthologies: Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song, The Family Library of British Poets, Coates's Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry and Dana's Household Book of Poetry. There are twenty-four four-line stanzas, beginning "The spearmen heard the bugle sound."

"Your Choicest Treasure"

JOHN BLANK, Staten Island, N. Y.—The lines,

Child, do not throw this book about,
Refrain from the unholy pleasure
Of cutting all the pictures out,
Regard it as your choicest treasure,

for which V. R. S. asks in your issue of Sept. 2, are from "A Bad Child's Book of Beasts," by Hilaire Belloc, published by Alfred Knopf, New York.

"Unfilled Ideals"

C. A. ENSIGN, Simsbury, Conn.—The lines, "Sweeter than any sung my songs that found no tongue," which M. B. requests in your issue of Oct. 7, are from John G. Whittier's poem "My Triumph."

"Our Lady in Pain"

RUTH S. LYMAN, Middlefield, Conn.—In your issue of Oct. 7 H. F. C. asks for the author of the lines "Our Lady in Pain." The poem desired is entitled "Dolores," by Algernon Charles Swinburne, and may be found in any collection which contains Swinburne's Poems and Ballads. The lines quoted are from the fourteenth and fifteenth stanzas.

Several correspondents answered this query.

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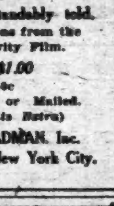

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The New York Times
Magazine Section
Section 4
NEW YORK, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1923 · SIXTEEN PAGES

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PRACTICAL POLITICS FOR CITIZENS

By Theodore Roosevelt

An Unpublished Address From the Early Days of the Great American Who Was Born 65 Years Ago

NEXT Saturday, Oct. 27, is the sixty-fifth anniversary of Theodore Roosevelt's birth. On that day the house in which he was born, 28 East Twentieth Street, New York City, will be dedicated as a museum of Americanism, open to the public. The dedicators are the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association. Among the memorabilia assembled in the house is the manuscript of a speech by Theodore Roosevelt, which has never appeared in print. The speech was delivered before the Liberal Club of Buffalo on Jan. 26, 1893.

Though at that time Mr. Roosevelt had not yet reached the age of 35, he spoke from long experience when he discussed "The Duties of American Citizenship." He had been United States Civil Service Commissioner for four years. He had served in the Legislature at Albany and had taken an active part in the State Republican organization, sometimes as an insurgent. Two years after the Buffalo speech he was to become Police Commissioner of New York City.

Characteristically, he opened his address with the assertion that manliness was the first essential of good citizenship. It was not many years since he had gone to his ranch in the West to build up his health, and the subject of physical fitness was much in his mind.

"No man," he said, "can be a good citizen who is not a good husband and a good father, who is not honest in his dealings with other men and women, faithful to his friends and fearless in the presence of his foes, who has not got a sound heart, a sound mind and a sound body."

As in his years of national prominence, Mr. Roosevelt stressed the need of combining, in public life, the practical with the ideal, the common sense of the every-day man with the lofty principles of the philosopher and the dreamer. Throughout the speech can be felt the high pressure of conviction that was to carry its author to the Presidency of the Republic and to world-wide fame.

Extracts from the Buffalo address of Mr. Roosevelt are here presented.

* * *

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IT ought to be axiomatic in this country that every man must devote a reasonable share of his time to doing his duty in the political life of the community. No man has a right to shirk his political duties under whatever plea of pleasure or business; and while such shirking may be pardoned in those of small means, it is entirely unpardonable in those among whom it is most common—in the people whose circumstances give them freedom in the struggle for life.

A great many of our men in business, or of our young men who are bent on enjoying life (as they have a perfect right to if only they do not sacrifice other things to enjoyment), rather plume themselves upon being good citizens if they even vote; yet voting is the very last of their duties.

Nothing worth gaining is ever gained without effort. You can no more have freedom without striving and suffering for it than you could win success as a banker or a lawyer without labor and effort, without self-denial in youth and the display of a ready and alert intelligence in middle age.

The people who say that they have not time to attend to politics are simply saying that they are unfit to live in a free community. Their place is under a despotism.

* * *

IF freedom is worth having, if the right of self-government is a valuable right, then the one and the other must be retained exactly as our forefathers acquired them, by labor, and especially by labor in organization; that is, in combination with our fellows who have the same interests and the same principles.

We should not accept the excuse of the business man who attributed his failure to the fact that his social duties were so pleasant and engrossing that he had no time left for work in his office; nor would we pay much heed to his further statement that he did not like business, anyhow, because he thought the morals of the business community by no means what they should be, and saw that the great successes were most often won by men of ignoble type.

It is just the same with politics. It makes one feel half angry and half amused, and wholly contemptuous, to find men of high business or social standing in the community saying that they really have not got time to go to ward meetings, to organize political clubs, and to take a personal share in all the important details of practical politics; men who further urge against their going the fact that they think the condition of political morality low, and are afraid that they may be required to do what is not right if they go into politics.

* * *

THE first duty of an American citizen is that he shall work in politics; his second duty is that he shall do that work in a practical manner, and his third is that it shall be done in accord with the highest principles of honor and justice. * * *

To a certain extent his work must be done in accordance with his individual beliefs and theories of right and wrong. To a yet greater extent it must be done in combination with others, he yielding or modifying certain of his own theories and beliefs so as to enable him to stand on a common ground with his fellows, who have likewise yielded or modified certain of their theories and beliefs. * * *

To do the best work, people must be organized; and, of course, an organization is really a party, whether it be a great organization covering the whole nation and numbering its millions of adherents, or an association of citizens in a particular locality, banded together to win a certain specific victory.

Somebody has said that a racing yacht, like a good rifle, is a bundle of incompatibilities; that you must get the utmost possible sail power without sacrificing any other quality, and yet that you cannot help sacrificing some other quality if you really do get the utmost sail power; that, in short, you have got to make more or less of a compromise on each in order to acquire the dozen things needful; but, of course, in making this compromise you must be very careful for the sake of something unimportant not to sacrifice any of the great principles of successful vital architecture.

Well, it is about so with a man's political work. He has got to preserve his independence on the one hand; and, on the other, unless he wishes to be a wholly ineffective crank, he has got to have some sense of party allegiance and party responsibility, and he has got to realize that in any given exigency it may be a matter of duty to sacrifice one quality, or it may be a matter of duty to sacrifice the other.

* * *

A man may feel so strongly for or against certain principles held by one party, or certain principles held by the other, that he is unable to give his full adherence to either. In such a case I feel that he has no right to plead this lack of agreement with either party as an excuse for refraining from active political work prior to election.

It will, of course, bar him from the primaries of the two leading parties and preclude him from doing his share in organizing their management; but, unless he is very unfortunate, he can surely find a number of men who are in the same position as himself and who agree with him on some specific piece of political work, and they can turn in practically and effectively long before election to try to do this new piece of work in a practical manner.

* * *

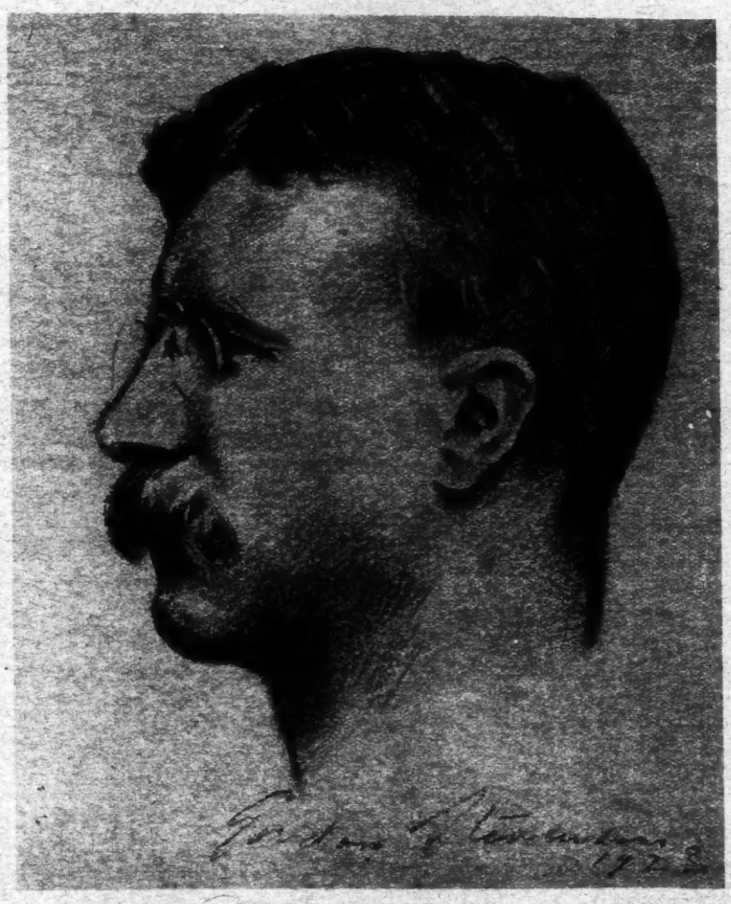
ONE seemingly very necessary caution to utter is that a man who goes into politics should not expect to reform everything right off, with a jump.

I know many excellent young men who, when awakened to the fact that they have neglected their political duties, feel an immediate impulse to form themselves into an organization which shall forthwith purify politics everywhere, national, State and city alike; and I know of a man who, having gone round once to a primary, and having, of course, been unable to accomplish anything in a place where he knew no one and could not combine with any one, returned, saying it was quite useless for a good citizen to try to accomplish anything in such a manner.

To these too hopeful or too easily discouraged people I always feel like reading Artemus Ward's article upon the people of his town who came together in a meeting to resolve that the town should support the Union and the Civil War, but were unwilling to take any part in putting down the rebellion unless they could go as Brigadier Generals.

* * *

BEGIN with the little thing, and do not expect to accomplish anything without an effort. Of course, if you go to a primary just once, never having taken the trouble to know any of the other people who



Theodore Roosevelt as Civil Service Commissioner, 1893.

Drawing by Gordon Stevenson.

go there, you will find yourself wholly out of place; but if you keep on attending and try to form associations with other men whom you meet at the political gatherings, or whom you can persuade to attend them, you will very soon find yourself a weight.

In the same way, if a man feels that the politics of his city, for instance, are very corrupt and wants to reform them, it would be an excellent idea for him to begin with his district. If he joins with other people who think as he does, to form a club where abstract political virtue will be discussed, he may do a great deal of good. We need such clubs; but he must also get to know his own ward or his own district, put himself in communication with the decent people in that district, of whom we may rest assured there will be many willing and able to do something practical for the procurance of better government.

Let him set to work to procure a better Assemblyman or better Alderman before he tries his hand at making a Mayor, a Governor or a President.

* * *

IT is perfectly right to consider the question of failure while shaping one's efforts to succeed in the struggle for the right; but there should be no consideration of it whatsoever when the question is as to whether one should or should not make a struggle for the right.

When once a band of 150 or 200 honest, intelligent men, who mean business and know their business, is found in any district, whether in one of the regular organizations or outside, you can guarantee that the local politicians of that district will begin to treat it with a combination of fear, hatred and respect, and that its influence will be felt; and that while sometimes men will be elected to office in direct defiance of its wishes, more often the successful candidates will feel that they have to pay some regard to its demands for public decency and honesty.

* * *

IT is a bad sign for the country to see one class of our citizens sneer at practical politicians, and another at Sunday school politics. No man can do both effective and decent work in public life unless he is a practical politician on the one hand, and a sturdy believer in Sunday school politics on the other.

* * *

If a man is willing to get office, or to keep it when gotten at the cost of his convictions, his usefulness is gone.

* * *

Often the men in this country who have done the best work for our public life have not been the men in office.

* * *

I do not think that any man should let himself regard his political career as a means of livelihood, or as his sole occupation in life; for if he does he immediately becomes most seriously handicapped.

* * *

The moment that he begins to think how such and such an act will affect the voters in his district, or will affect some great political leader who will have an influence over his destiny, he is hampered and his hands are bound. Not only may it be his duty often to disregard the wishes of politicians, but it may be his clear duty at times to disregard the wishes of the people.

The voice of the people is not always the voice of God; and when it happens to be the voice of the devil, then it is a man's clear duty to defy its behests.

* * *

The demagogue is as unlovely a creature as the courtier.

* * *

There is every reason why a man should have an honorable ambition to stay in office when he is in; but he ought to make up his mind that he cares for it only as long as he can stay in it on his own terms, without sacrifice of his own principles; and if he does thus make up his mind he can really accomplish twice as much for the nation, and can reflect a hundredfold greater honor upon himself, in a short term of service, than can the man who grows gray in the public employment at the cost of sacrificing what he believes to be true and honest.

* * *

When a public servant has definitely made up his mind that he will pay no heed to his own future, but will do what he honestly deems best for the community, without regard to how his actions may affect his prospects, not only does he become infinitely more useful as a public servant, but he has a far better time.

* * *

The man who is always sneering at our public life and our public men is a thoroughly bad citizen, and what little influence he wields in the community is wielded for evil. The public speaker or the editorial writer who teaches men of education that their proper attitude toward American politics should be one of dislike or indifference is doing all he can to perpetuate and aggravate the very evils of which he is ostensibly complaining.

* * *

Exactly as it is generally the case that when a man bewails the decadence of our civilization he is himself physically, mentally and morally a first-class type of the decadent, so it is usually the case that when a man is perpetually sneering at American politicians, whether worthy or unworthy, he himself is a poor citizen and a friend of the very forces of evil against which he professes to contend.

Too often these men seem to care less for attacking bad men than for ruining the characters of good men with whom they disagree on some public question; and while their influence against the bad is almost nil, they are sometimes able to weaken the hands of the good by withdrawing from them support to which they are entitled; and they thus count in the sum total of forces that work for evil.

* * *

IT is the duty of all citizens, irrespective of party, to denounce and, so far as may be, to punish crimes against the public. But exactly as the public man who commits a crime against the public is one of the worst of criminals, so, close on his heels in the race for iniquitous distinction, comes the man who falsely charges the public servant with outrageous wrongdoing, whether it is done with foul-mouthed and foolish directness in the vulgar and violent party organ, or with sarcasm, innuendo, and the half-truths that are worse than lies in some professed organ of independence.

Not only should criticism be honest, but it should be intelligent in order to be effective.

* * *

Sweeping charges really do very little good. When I was in the New York Legislature, one of the things I used to mind most was the fact that at the close of every session the papers that affect morality invariably said that that particular Legislature was the worst Legislature since the days of Tweed. The statement was not true as a rule; and, in any event, to lump all the members, good and bad, in sweeping condemnation simply hurt the good and helped the bad.

* * *

Criticism should be fearless, but I again reiterate that it should be honest and should be discriminating. When it is sweeping and unintelligent, and directed against good and bad alike, or against the good and bad qualities of any man alike, it is very harmful. It tends steadily to deteriorate the characters of our public men; and it tends to produce a very unwholesome spirit among young men of education, and especially among the young men in our colleges.

* * *

OCCASIONALLY it is necessary to beat a pretty good man, who is not quite good enough, even at the cost of electing a bad one; but it should be thoroughly recognized that this can be necessary only occasionally, and, indeed, I may say only in very exceptional cases, and that, as a rule, where it is done the effect is thoroughly unwholesome in every way, and those taking part in it deserve the severest censure from all honest people.

* * *

I recently read in a religious paper an article railing at the corruption of our public life, in which it was stated incidentally that the lobby was recognized as all powerful in Washington. This is untrue. There was a day when the lobby was very important at Washington, but its influence in Congress is now very small indeed; and from a pretty intimate acquaintance with several Congresses I am entirely satisfied that there is among the members a very small proportion indeed who are corruptible, in the sense that they will let their action be influenced by money or its equivalent.

Congressmen are very often demagogues; they are very often blind partisans; they are often exceedingly shortsighted, narrow-minded and bigoted; but they are not usually corrupt; and to accuse a narrow-minded demagogue of corruption when he is perfectly honest is merely to set him more firmly in his evil course and to help him with his constituents, who recognize that the charge is entirely unjust, and in repelling it lose sight of the man's real shortcomings.

I have known more than one State Legislature, more than one Board of Aldermen, against which the charge of corruption could perfectly legitimately be brought, but it cannot be brought against Congress.

* * *

The man who wishes to do his duty as a citizen in our country must be imbued through and through with the spirit of Americanism. * * * If he is a wealthy man, a man of means and standing, he must really feel, not merely affect to feel, that no social differences obtain save such as a man can in some way himself make by his own actions.

People sometimes ask me if there is not a prejudice against a man of wealth and education in ward politics. I do not think there is, unless the man in turn shows that he regards the fact of his having wealth and education as giving him a claim to superiority aside from the merit he is able to prove himself to have in actual service. * * *

Do not let him think about the matter at all. Let him go into the political contest with no more thought of such matters than a college boy gives to the social standing of the members of his own and rival teams in a hotly contested football match. As soon as he begins he will speedily not only get interested for the sake of politics, but also take a good healthy interest in playing the game itself—an interest which is perfectly normal and praiseworthy, and to which only a prig would object—he will begin to work up the organization in the way that will be most effective; he won't care a rap about who is put to work with him, save in so far as he is a good fellow and an efficient worker.

There was one time that a number of men who think as we do (one of the number being myself), got hold of one of the Assembly districts of New York, and ran it in really an ideal way, better than any other Assembly district has ever been run before or since by either party.

We did it by hard work and good organization; by working practically, and yet by being honest and square in motive and method; especially did we do it by all turning in as straight-out Americans without any regard to distinctions of race origin.

Among the many men who did a great deal in organizing our victories were the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, the nephew of a Hebrew rabbi, and two well-known Catholic gentlemen. We also had a Columbia College professor (the stroke oar of a university crew), a noted retail butcher, the editor of a local German paper, various brokers, bankers, lawyers, bricklayers and a stonemason, who was particularly useful to us, although on questions of theoretic rather than applied politics he had a decidedly socialistic turn of mind.

* * *

IN the New York Legislature, when it fell to my lot to choose a committee—which I always esteemed my most important duty at Albany—no less than three out of the four men I chose were of Irish birth or parentage; and three abler and more fearless and disinterested men never sat in a legislative body; while among my special political and personal friends in that body was a gentleman from the Southern tier of counties, who was a German by birth, but who was just as straight United States as if his ancestors had come over here in the Mayflower or in Henry Hudson's yacht.

Of course, none of these men of Irish or German birth would have been worth their salt had they continued to act after coming here as Irishmen or Germans, or as anything but plain straight-out Americans. We have not any room here for a divided allegiance. A man has got to be an American and nothing else; and he has no business to be mixing us up with questions of foreign politics, British or Irish, German or French, and no business to try to perpetuate their language and customs in the land of complete religious toleration and equality.

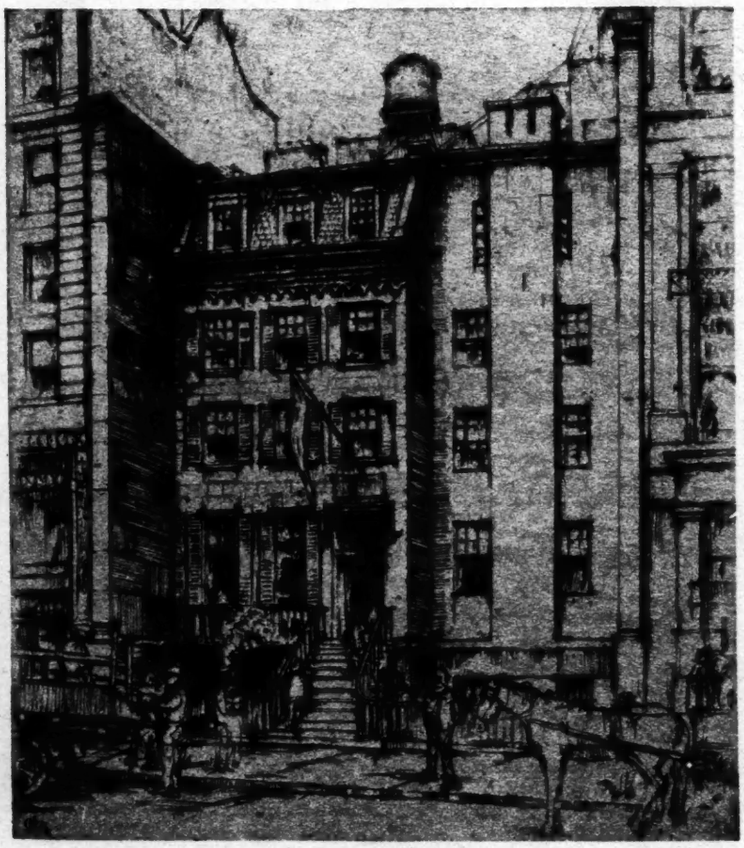
If, however, he does become honestly and in good faith an American, then he is entitled to stand precisely as all other Americans stand, and it is the height of un-Americanism to discriminate against him in any way because of creed or birthplace.

Questions of race origin, like questions of creed, must not be considered; we wish to do good work, and we are all Americans, pure and simple.

* * *

IN facing the future and in striving, each according to the measure of his individual capacity, to work out the salvation of our land, we should be neither timid pessimists nor foolish optimists. We should recognize the dangers that exist and that threaten us; we should neither overestimate them nor shrink from them, but, steadily fronting them, should set to work to overcome and beat them down.

Grave perils are yet to be encountered in the stormy course of the Republic—perils from political corruption, perils from individual laziness, indolence and timidity; perils springing from the greed of the unscrupulous rich and from the anarchic violence of the thriftless and turbulent poor. There is every reason why we should recognize them, but there is no reason why we should fear them or doubt our capacity to overcome them if only each will, according to the measure of his ability, do his full duty and endeavor so to live as to deserve the high praise of being called a good American citizen.



Theodore Roosevelt's Birthplace, at 28 East 20th Street, Restored by the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association.

From Etching by Ernest D. Roth, 1923.

THE STRONG MAN OF TIBET

VII.—At Lhasa, Dr. McGovern Doffs His Disguise and Seeks the Protection of the Country's Real Ruler

By ***WILLIAM MONTGOMERY McGOVERN***

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HERE we met with a fresh difficulty. All day long we had been passing people going to Lhasa, for the next day was to be the Tibetan New Year's and at New Year's time thousands of persons, especially monks, flock into Lhasa in order to join in the special festivities which take place during that period. The city was packed with people, and it was impossible to find a single place to stay, as in the resthouses people were already sleeping twenty or thirty in a room. This held true not only of Potala Shol, but also of the City of Lhasa itself, about a mile away. More than two hours were spent in roaming round and round the whole place trying in vain to secure a spot where we could stay for the night. The streets of Lhasa, in honor of the occasion, were full of drunken brawlers. I was in great fear of detection; and I knew that, if detected, I should be seriously injured, if not actually murdered, by the irresponsible mob. Eventually, when it seemed that we should have to sleep in the streets for the night, Lhaten went up to a house in the very heart of the city, chiefly inhabited by officials. There he stated that we were Sikkimese pilgrims just arrived and without lodgings, and implored its occupants to allow us to use a small room for the night, even though they were not professional lodging-house keepers. Finally he returned announcing success, but so ill was I by this time that I had to be carried up the steps by the two servants.

I was dumped down in the tiny room allotted to us and immediately fell asleep for two or three hours. On waking I inquired the name of our benefactor and found him to be a Lepcha clerk called Sonam, who had charge of the postal communication between Tibet and India. As I intended to communicate to the Government of India the fact of my arrival in Lhasa I decided to reveal myself to Sonam that same evening. Doffing as much of my disguise as I could at a moment's notice, I went into his room and announced myself. The poor man received what was probably the shock of his life, more particularly as he had been the channel of communication for the orders to the local officials to have me stopped en route. He recovered his presence of mind, however, and at once put himself out to make things as pleasant as possible. He insisted upon my using his own room while he slept in a smaller adjoining chamber, and here I stayed during the whole of my residence in Lhasa.

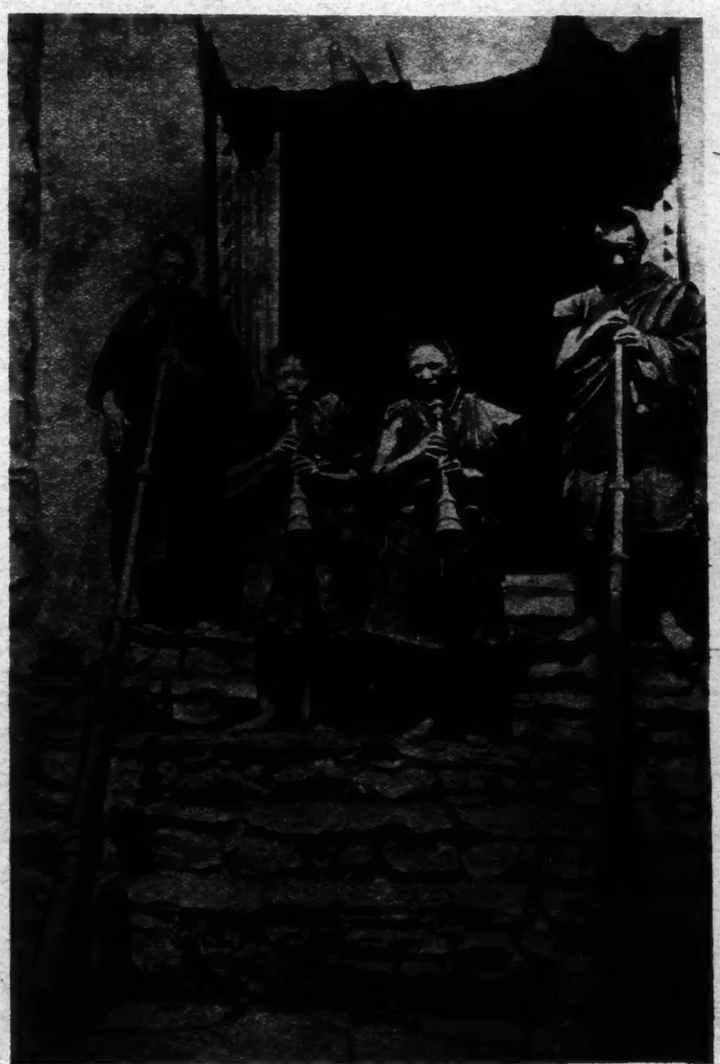
On one point Lhasa is curiously modern. Only the very wealthiest families can afford to have a whole house to themselves. The households of the smaller officials are forced to occupy five or six room flats in one of the numerous large buildings which Lhasa contains. The building in which I was staying was one of the large apartment houses of Lhasa, and the room I occupied was one of five in Sonam's flat.

The next morning (Feb. 18) I arranged with Sonam to have Major Bailey and the Dalai Lama informed of my arrival in Lhasa. I decided to stay indoors until I could see what attitude the Tibetan authorities would assume regarding me. In any case I was still very ill and thought it advisable to stay in bed. I found, however, that the window of my bedroom commanded an excellent view of the great central square, or market place, of Lhasa, which lay immediately beneath it. By drawing my bed up to the window I could both rest and observe practically every event of importance that was taking place in Lhasa. Incidentally, my window was one of the few in Lhasa provided with glass panes. In most cases cloth, or occasionally glazed paper, is nailed to the window frame.

The whole morning the market place was full of revelers, singing, shouting and dancing. Many were letting off squibs, some of these of giant dimensions. Suddenly the house was shaken by a terrific explosion. I thought at first that a bomb had been placed under my window, but on looking out I found that by accident the whole fireworks stall had exploded, stunning every one in the vicinity. Four persons were killed and five more seriously injured. Owing to faulty manufacture of the fireworks such accidents are very frequent in Lhasa, and the Dalai Lama is trying to abolish the sale and use of all such articles. These fireworks are, however, still officially recognized in one connection. Every night, at 8:30, curfew is sounded, but not by means of a curfew bell. Instead, one of these giants squibs is let off in each of the four quarters of the city, and after this no one is allowed to be out of doors.

That particular morning in the Potala, a mile away, the Dalai Lama was holding a great New Year's reception to which all the important officials had been invited. In the midst of it, as I heard later, he was handed a note informing him of my arrival. He said nothing concerning this to the general court, but drew aside his favorite Minister, Tsarong Shapé, and told him to give me an interview in order to see what sort of a person I was.

In the afternoon Tsarong returned to his own palace in the heart of Lhasa, very near where I was staying, and, though he had contracted a chill and high fever during the morning, he sent me a very courteous note asking me to call on him. When I arrived he was asleep, but on being awakened he had me brought into his private rooms and gave me a very kindly welcome, after which we remained in confidential conversation for over three hours.



Tibetan Musicians at Lhasa.

Tsarong possesses a very unusual personality and is the one really great man of Tibet. In my opinion, he is destined to play in his own country the same rôle that Bismarck did in Germany and Ito in Japan, though, of course, he has to work with infinitely inferior material. Incidentally, he is, in Tibet, the solitary instance of a self-made man. Although the Tibetans have no caste system, practically all the major officers of State, apart from the posts of incarnate abbot such as that held by the Dalai Lama, are occupied by members of about thirty aristocratic families. Below this the principal secondary posts are the preserves of a group of about one hundred and twenty families. Tsarong belongs to none of these. In fact, his father ranked below an ordinary peasant, being a bow and arrow maker. This is an occupation much despised by the Tibetans, rendering a man practically an outcast.

The name of Tsarong and the title of Shapé are both acquired. As a boy he was known as Namgang. A spirited, reckless lad, his early escapades made Lhasa "too hot to hold him," and at the age of 14 he had to flee to Mongolia, where he became a roving adventurer. His chance in life came a few years later, when the Dalai Lama was forced to seek refuge in the same country—Mongolia—in 1904, at the time that the Younghusband expedition marched into Tibet. The temper of his Holiness at that time was such that he found it difficult to obtain or keep any servants. Consequently, he was glad to accept Namgang as a personal attendant. The loyalty and the intelligence of the new servant soon attracted attention, and the young fellow was advanced into favor. As a special mark of esteem he was raised from a position corresponding to that of a private soldier and given a commission. On the return of the Dalai Lama to Tibet, in 1908, Namgang was created a Captain.

His greatest opportunity arrived with the Chinese invasion of Tibet in 1909-10. The Dalai Lama fled, this time to India, and the Chinese sent a pursuing army after him. Namgang, by his magnificent defense of Chushul, kept the Chinese back long enough to allow the Dalai Lama to escape into British territory. Namgang then attempted to follow him, but his retreat was cut off. Eventually he managed to get through the Chinese lines by dressing himself up as a courier of the Indian Government, carrying British mail from Yatung into Sikkim. In this way the young officer was able to rejoin his leader in Darjeeling. Incidentally, Tsarong took my arrival in Lhasa as a huge joke, for he reminded me that, while I had got from India to Tibet in disguise, he had been able to accomplish the same feat in an opposite direction.

In 1911 the outbreak of the revolution in China weakened the morale of the Chinese soldiers stationed in Tibet. Namgang took this opportunity to restore the Dalai Lama to power. He entered Tibet secretly, raised peasant revolts against the Chinese garrisons and in the end forced them all to surrender. At the same time the old Tibetan officials, who had been in friendly relations with the Chinese, were either banished or killed. Among those who met the latter fate was a Shapé or Secretary of State called Tsarong. He and his son were hacked to pieces in the streets of Lhasa by a party of fighting monks. The Dalai Lama returned to Lhasa in triumph. As a result for his services Namgang was made a Shapé, and at the same time created Commander-in-Chief of the army and Master of the Mint. The old Tsarong having left no heirs, Namgang was presented with the Tsarong estate. Hereafter he assumed the title of Tsarong Shapé. To make possession doubly sure, Namgang married both the daughter and the daughter-in-law of the old Tsarong Shapé. The latter was the widow of the murdered son. Tsarong, therefore, is one of the few people in Tibet who openly practice polygamy.

Tsarong has retained his personal popularity with the Dalai Lama and is now the most powerful individual in the country. He is very modern in his ideas, and wishes to see the same awakening in Tibet as has taken place in Japan. Acting under his advice the Dalai Lama has instituted many reforms which have had an enormously beneficial effect upon the country. Needless to say, these reforms have met with vigorous opposition on the part of the monks, and among the priestly party Tsarong inspires only fear and hatred. Numerous attempts have been made to assassinate him, and he is forced always to keep a strong guard about his person.

During this first interview, after we had conversed for some time on general matters, we turned to my own affairs. Tsarong, I knew, had been actively in favor of permitting our whole party coming to Lhasa from the first, and privately he was pleased that I had been able to carry through the secret enterprise. He told me, moreover, that the Dalai Lama was by no means antipathetic. Nevertheless, as the Tibetan Government, acting under pressure from the monks, had refused me permission to come and I had arrived in disguise, it was necessary for me to undergo certain formalities. He advised me to make official notification of my arrival to the City Magistrates the next day. These officials would report the matter to Kashak, or Cabinet of Ministers, consisting of a Lonchen, or Prime Minister, and four Shapés, or Secretaries of State. This body would consider what steps should be taken in regard to me. Tsarong, of course, is a member of the Cabinet and promised to put in a good word for

(Continued on Page 13)

In the previous instalments the perils of the second journey to the Forbidden City are described, the struggle over the snow-blocked Himalayan passes and the adventures in crossing the bleak tableland of the interior. The eighth and final chapter will appear next Sunday.

THE REAL DUSE BEHIND THE LEGEND

With a Comparison Between This High Priestess of Melancholy and Ellen Terry, Spirit of Eternal Youth

By HENRIETTA STRAUS

IN all the annals of dramatic art, perhaps no one has ever reached so high a plane and yet remained so shadowy and remote as Eleanora Duse. For, to those few who have seen her act, she is the greatest of all great actresses. But to the public at large who have not seen her, she is little more than a myth. Though scarcely a decade inactive, and not yet old enough to retire, she has already become a legend of the theatre. And even in Italy, where her art had its roots and its flowering, this art was only a tradition until several years ago. Then, with a few performances of Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea," she re-established her claim to world supremacy. That was in Turin, in the Spring of 1921. And it was in the preceding January of that year that Duse was in Rome.

She was there, at the time, negotiating with the Italian theatrical trust; and, by one of those circumstances arranged by choice or by destiny, I happened to make my quarters in the hotel where she was staying. Being then far from well, she was practically seeing no one except on business. That she saw me at all was because, I think, of her desire to come to America. But to whatever it was due, it ended one of my quests. All my life, it seemed to me, I had wanted to meet Duse. Yet, when that meeting came, I did not kn w her. It was in one of the small hotel reception rooms which she herself had designated. And as I sat there, nervously waiting, there had entered an elderly woman, dressed plainly and unobtrusively in a black suit and hat. Her hair was gray, her figure mature, her face etched with tiny lines of pain. And it was only when she began to speak that I recognized her as Duse. Then, by some miracle of the flesh, all these lying evidences seemed to vanish; and one became aware of only the delicate charm and contour of the cheek, the wistful eagerness of the eyes, the compelling exquisiteness of voice and hands and gesture.

"Won't you tell me something," I asked her, "of these last ten years of silence?"

"Don't you think," she answered gently, "that an artist's private life should be sacred?" So I put the question to the future, and so learned of her longing to come here. After that we met every day, though no longer in a public room; for I then began to try to bring about her wish. This desire for an American tour seemed almost an obsession, an obsession doubtless increased by the indecision of her managers in Rome.

"They cannot make up their minds," she complained, "where they want me to begin. One time, it is in Turin; another time, in Milan; and then, again, in Rome. In America, it is different. There they say, 'All right,' and it is done. And in the meantime, I burn," she added, clasping her hands to her breast.

Then, too, they could not agree upon her répertoire, for she refused to revive the plays in which she had triumphed. "How can I?" she urged in defense. "You see this worn mask, this gray hair, this mature body?", pointing to each as she spoke. "A strong love motive for me is out of the question." Yet she would not consider more recently published successes, because she felt that these "grotesqueries," as she called them, were not for her.

This was not, however, from any prejudice against their modernity. One of her missions to Rome had been to induce the Government to back a movement somewhat like that of the Little Theatre here. In an interview given to the newspapers she said that when she went to Paris it was not the Comédie Française, but the Vieux Colombier which she visited. And she even went so far as to declare that if a similar project could be started in Italy, she would be willing to give her services incognito." As though Duse could walk across the stage and remain "incognito"!

Her difficulty, then, was to find a dramatic vehicle that would bridge over the past with the present. For her genius was too conscious of its maturity and too sincere in its utterance not to reject, instinctively, the incongruities of youth and passion, on the one hand, and the cynicism of the modern "grotesquerie," on the other; and yet it was too sensitive to all that lived and breathed and had its being between the back drop and the footlights not to be profoundly aware of every shifting need. And so it presented the rare spectacle of a great and mature artist seeking to preserve her own artistic identity in the drama of a past decade and at the same time doing her utmost to further the advanced stage of a new generation.

The play she finally chose was Ibsen's passionless "Lady From the Sea" because, as she said, it was "poetic, and not too much of a strain." "Besides," she went on to explain, "it will be easy to costume for I will not wear a perruque." And then she described what she wanted: a headgear that would completely conceal her hair and yet suggest the colors of the sea, so as to blend with her dress. She was already corresponding about it with Alme. Gontcharova in Paris; for the Russian couturière, she declared, was the only one who understood her style, which, she said, was that of Leonardo da Vinci.

Since then she seems to have made some concessions for her coming tour over here. One of these, "La Porta Chiusa," by Marco Praga, is not only by the foremost dramatic critic in Italy, but by an old friend of Duse's, as well. "His father was a very well-known poet," she said once, in speaking of Praga, "and, as a sort of reaction, he professes to hate all poetry, and tries to be very hard and strong. But," she added, with a twinkle, "he is poetic in spite of himself."

That she will also do "La Città Morta" is doubtless surprising to some. Yet one day, in a discussion of the drama, she suddenly declared, "There has been no great Italian poet since d'Annunzio." Though the break between these two famous lovers has, apparently, been irreconcilable, his fecund imagination still holds her own more poignant one in thrall. And though this break, which was only an episode in his life, has wrecked her own, it has not been the sole cause of wrecking her body.

"Life is terrible," she said to me one day, after a siege of pain. "Because," I boldly ventured, "you should never have left the stage." "Ah, yes," she admitted, sadly, "one should always fulfill one's expression." And it was because she had not always fulfilled her expression that the genius she had denied was now devastating her vitality. It was like a consuming fire, a sort of counterfeit semblance of the flame that had burned so steadily and so luminously in the immortal years of her activity. As long as she had allowed her creative powers free and normal play, they had warmed and stimulated the nerve-sick body. Deprived, however, of their functions, and forced to feed upon the tragic realities of her inner life, they had turned and rent her.

So that if in the old days, after some particularly exacting performance, such as "Gioconda," she would have to be carried, exhausted, from her carriage to her bed, there was now scarcely a wet or gloomy day which did not see her confined to that bed. Her only companion in her suffering was a gentle, sad-faced woman, to whom Duse was infinitely kind. "I feel so sorry for her," she would half apologize. "She has nothing at all in her life. She is like one dead!" And the other would say to me, "Madame is so unhappy: If you could only find her a manager in America!"

I did my best to find one, I admit, but only one manager responded. The others were not willing to take the risk, because the tour she had made here, years ago, had not, it seems, been a financial success. Yet that one offer I received, unacceptable as it was to Duse, saved me, at the time, from utter shame. For it seemed to me beyond excuse or reason that in a country which spent millions annually for spurious objets d'art not a hundred thousand dollars could be raised to bring over a living art so perfect it had never yet been matched.

Duse, however, saw and felt my efforts, and, as much as she able, tried to show it. She invited me to tea. She gave me flowers. And, because she knew that I was interested in the various art movements that were then going on in Italy, she took me, one morning, to see her physician and friend, a remarkable Russian woman whose home was a rendezvous in Rome for all the artists, musicians and writers of the day. And here, for the one and only time in our acquaintance, I saw Duse actually gay. For our hostess was in her street clothes when we arrived, and Duse did not like her hat! "Take it off," Duse laughingly commanded; and, when her friend had laughingly complied, "There!" she added, triumphantly, to me, "now look at the beautiful forehead it was hiding."

It was at the house of this same friend that I saw, for the first time, what is, I think, the loveliest photograph of Duse. It is just a head, taken when she was young, and showing a tender, smiling face around which the hair clings in soft, loose tendrils.

Two years later, in London, I saw this same photograph enlarged, and in the possession of Ellen Terry. Duse herself had presented it, and as I looked at it once more I was immediately struck by the contrast between these two supreme exponents of the stage—one, the high priestess of melancholy, and the other, though some years older, "eternal youth." For I had just seen and met the English artist, and the impression was still very fresh.

It had been at an amateur performance of an old York nativity play that was then being given under the direction of Edith Craig. And Ellen Terry had read the prologue. Almost blind, her daughter had had to help her on the platform which served as a stage. Yet, as she stood there, erect and beautiful, in the simple garb of a nun, she did not look a day older than she did in that same garb as Guinevere, twenty-five years before. And as she flung out her words to her audience, she seemed to become again the only living English-speaking actress who can give the sense and meaning of blank verse without once losing the rhythm of its lines.

When she had finished she sat down very near me, and I could watch her eyes dancing and her lips twitching at the histrionic efforts on the stage. Once the twitch broadened into a smile when an "old shepherd" in the play, to summon his companions in the distance, called out, very mildly indeed, "Yoho! Yoho!" For no amount of persuasion by Miss Craig had been able to make him say it more than twice, that being the number of times it had been written in the text.

Afterward, I went back to meet her, and found her literally bubbling over with reminiscences of America, Shakespearean quotations, and anecdotes of her cat. Finally, her daughter had to come up and say, "Do stop talking a minute, mother! The whole company is waiting to give you flowers." And there they all stood, gathered patiently, while we had had our backs to the door.

One feels in Ellen Terry, as in Duse, the charm of those who give themselves without reserve. As Clemence Dane, the writer, once expressed it, "To us, Ellen Terry is England. She is Eternal Youth and she is Spring." Yet, while there is nothing lovelier than an English Spring, this charm which, in the one, seems age-defying, in Duse is indefinable and ageless.

In the one, it seems entwined with the flesh. In the other, it becomes disembodied. And this nameless, magnetic force of the spirit which, to us, seems almost intangible, is in Duse herself, perhaps, the sum and substance of her art.

Eleanora Duse.

AMERICA AND SURVIVAL OF THE RICHEST

As the Wealthiest Country Must We Take Warning by Nineveh and Tyre?

"But was the wealth, though accompanied by the wives, a source of content?"

By CYNICUS

IN certain quarters today much comment has been aroused, with some slight uneasiness, by the now ascertained fact that the United States has become the richest country in the world. It is, indeed, a fact, startling alike to Europe and Asia, that there should be in our cellars which are not otherwise occupied the largest of all gold reserves.

It may be that in the sister republic of Monaco the average wealth of the individual citizen is higher than it has yet become in a city like Detroit. But if this be so, it is only because Monaco has turned her Middle West into a casino instead of a mere wheat pit, and, in any event, Monaco, even including Monte Carlo, cannot compete with this whole country as a financial unit. In her aggregate accumulations and prospects the United States has an evident advantage.

This being so, it may be asked, why worry? And indeed there is no reason why people should worry, yet they do. In fact, no fewer than 12,000 persons during one year have worried themselves to death and committed suicide, scores of them being millionaires. And yet the number of murders was only 2,000 or thereabout, while the murderers brought to justice were even fewer. It thus appears that cash is six times more destructive of human life than crime, and presumably therefore of human happiness. If, then, the pursuit of happiness be the loyal aim of those who believe in and, in some cases, have actually read the Declaration of Independence, there is a reason for fearing that the pursuit of riches does not always lead to the desired haven.

To be the richest country in the world is a privilege, doubtless, which nations have coveted for thousands of years. But, somehow or other, this glittering championship in the race for precious metal has proved to be unlucky. Croesus was once the richest of all Kings, and, while the encyclopedias are a little vague about the scandals of his court, they agree that it was situated by a coincidence precisely where Armenians are usually massacred.

One gathers from the cables that the gold reserves of Croesus are not any longer supporting the Turkish pound. Solomon's treasures have been more accurately estimated and were evidently enormous, for we read that, differing in this respect from William Jennings Bryan, the wisest and most married of monarchs had so much gold that he took no account of silver. Moreover, divorce was then so strictly administered that Solomon himself would have been compelled to bring one thousand actions in the courts in order to obtain matrimonial liberty.

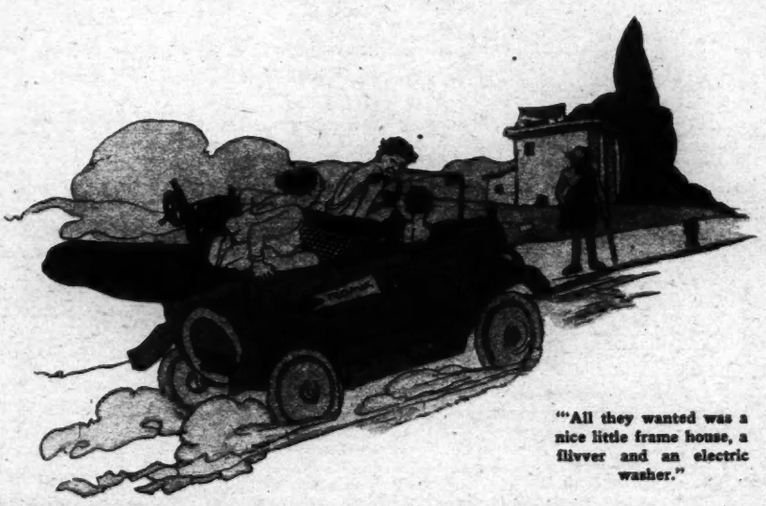
But was the wealth, though accompanied by the wives, a source of content? Solomon himself, in his Presidential messages, described the business as vanity of vanities, and indeed the commodities chiefly imported were scheduled by the customs as ivory apes and peacocks. These doubtless were 'cute notions for the department stores in Jerusalem, but they were of less obvious value to the mothers of Israel, housekeeping under the vine and the figtree which in those days corresponded to an apartment.

After Solomon, it was Nineveh that held the world's record for wealth. Nineveh became in every sense a modern city, having a riverside drive along the Tigris which could take three cars abreast, and at the same time so evident a lack of school places that more than sixscore thousand persons could not discern between their right hand and their left. Yet, here again a fly got into the ointment, or, more precisely, the Prophet Jonah, who went so far as to say that within forty days Nineveh should be destroyed. Dr. Straton himself could not have put the case more plainly, and if Nineveh today survives as Mosul, where there is oil, it is only because she repented. Indeed, it looks even so as if, despite all the repentance of Nineveh, the oil in Mosul would be grabbed by the British.

The riches of Nineveh were rivaled by the riches of Babylon near by, where the hanging gardens were as fashionable as restaurants as our roof gardens are today. Of the wealth of Babylon, St. John the Divine gives us quite a vivid description. He tells us that her merchandise was of gold and silver and of precious stones, and of pearls and fine linen, and purple and silk and scarlet, and all thyme wood, and all manner of vessels of ivory and of brass and iron and marble, and cinnamon, and odors, and ointments, and frankincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour and wheat, and beast and sheep, and horses and chariots, and slaves and the souls of men.

In this great metropolis on the banks of the Euphrates we can still see the familiar spectacle of cereals for breakfast, the stock yards, cinnamon toast, gasoline, the vanity bag, automobiles and an imperfect gratitude for prohibition. Yet in one hour, writes St. John, so great riches came to nought. There was no armistice apparently or other disturbing factor; there was no League of Nations; there was no Woodrow Wilson; and yet the slump was so severe that the merchants, we read, stood afar off, weeping and wailing, because doubtless they had had to throw their goods on to a falling market. And what is Babylon today? Grabbed again by the British.

Carthage, too, was once a rich seaport, built like New York, with streets running in parallels. In Carthage, indeed, there was no need of an Ellis Island, for immigrants were simply thrown into the harbor and drowned. But, despite this admirable treatment of the quota, a Roman called Cato said that Carthage must be deleted from the map, which she was. Yet Rome herself, if we are to believe a special correspondent called Gibbon, suffered a decline and fall which occupied ten volumes and was only arrested recently by the rise of Mussolini. What makes the fate of Rome all the stranger is the fact that she built a colosseum or polo ground for prizefights. And while everybody went to see the gladiators knock one another out, the Romans did not think it right to have photographs taken, and no cameras were ever found in the arena. Why the conscience of the film was thus more sensitive than the direct vision of the human eye I cannot say—possibly it was a censorship.



"All they wanted was a nice little frame house, a flivver and an electric washer."

A country that becomes the world's biggest billionaire has thus, if one may apply a now classic phrase, to watch its step. There are the moths that corrupt, especially the furs on which instalments have yet to be paid, and the thieves that break through and steal. If the United States has reached the zenith or, more tersely, the peak of human prosperity, how can her decline and fall be prevented? You walk up a hill on one side until you get to the top, and then you must surely walk down again. It may be argued that England was until yesterday the richest country, and that, despite this damaging fact, England still survives. But has England survived? Has she survived Lloyd George? It is too early to say. We must, as Asquith so nicely expressed it, wait and see.

The artist Watts once painted a picture of a shroud. It covered what has always been regarded as a probable corpse. The title of this cheerful canvas was "What I Saved, I Lost. What I Spent, I Had. What I Gave, I Have," which trio of epigrams might be included perhaps among the slogans of New York. "What I saved, I lost" suggests Wall Street. "What I spent, I had" describes Broadway. And "What I gave, I have" encourages the Salvation Army. It is, at any rate, worth thinking over.

For the real trouble with countries that became richer than their neighbors has been that persons of wealth gave too little. They were unsaved by subscriptions. Even Abraham needed a check-book. And when Moses found the people worshipping a golden calf, he designed a tabernacle which, like our churches, drew off the superfluous gold and jewels and prevented them doing harm to their owners. In Rome there were panem et circenses—bread and shows—but the only recorded drive on behalf of refugees in the Near East was conducted by a Christian called Paul, who inadvertently lost his head. In his letters, which many have found as interesting as those of Walter Page, the collection is described.

The people of the United States should thus insure themselves against a decline and fall by helping all who may be, like the Japanese, in distress by earthquake, fire and tempest. The value of such contributions lies in the fact that on such investments no dividends in cash can ever be received. The dividend must be, therefore, other than cash, and there is reason for supposing that it is often the very happiness which we seek so earnestly and often seek in vain. If the citizens of the countries that once were rich but now are poor had given away what they so often lavished on luxuries that enervated their minds and bodies, they would have retained their virility and with it their power of still producing wealth.

There is, of course, an alternative method of ridding the United States of superfluous assets. It is, in a sentence, to double every one's wages, halve every one's hours of labor and reduce every one's hourly output. By this plan, which has often been considered by trade unions and has been most successful in impoverishing countries like Russia, the number of dollars in circulation would be increased, but the value of each dollar would be so largely diminished that all persons with a fixed income would have to economize. An immense number of automobiles and bracelets would be saved, and within a few years the United States would be quite too poor to need Jonah or any other prophet.

If a city is to survive it must, as St. John says, "lie four square." Within the community, if it is not to become a commune, there must be the square deal, an application of equity to human affairs. So far from the rich substituting wickedness for work, they should work harder than any one else. If there is to be enough for all, whether of time, money or leisure, we may rest assured that there will never be too much of any of these things for any one. It is not wealth as such that ruins a country, but the misuse of wealth. Pave your streets with gold, adorn your gates with pearl, set jewels in your foundations and the city will be eternal.

In Babylon it was the many poor, not the few rich, who undermined the State. The squares were crowded with captive immigrants who hung their harps on the willow trees and then talked about taking the little ones of Babylon and dashing them against the stones, with other Bolshevism and bosh. In Rome, three out of four of the inhabitants were slaves, and this was the nation that thought itself able to rule the world. To make them happy these poor people did not ask for yachts or tiaras. All they wanted was a nice little frame house, a piazza and a sleeping porch, a flivver, radio for the evening, and electric washer, steam heat and a few fifty-dollar bills with which to celebrate George Washington's Birthday.

With a little thought these modest requirements could have been provided, and neither Babylon nor Rome would have come to grief. Instead of these simple and universal blessings, Egypt built pyramids which were of no use except for the dead, Babylon built enormous palaces which only wearied those who had unfortunately to walk upstairs, and Rome erected temples to deities in which nobody any longer believed. Not an emperor need have abdicated if he had scattered industry among the people instead of concentrating industry on himself.

Happily, industry in the United States is thus scattered. Even the farmers have telephones, and quite right. Why shouldn't a farmer test his temper if he so desires? So amid much that is dark in our national outlook, there is still a chance that if we continue to submit to the income tax we may escape the fate that, according to precedent, is pending. For ever Croesus as King never imposed quite such an income tax as ours. And when Rheoboam tried it, ten out of twelve tribes revolted.

COLONIES, CAMPFIRES AND THEORIES

Settlements of Idealists That Resolve Rules of Living Into Successful Real Estate Enterprises

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

THERE is enough proof to support the theory that the earth is stationary and that the heavens move around it.

There is enough proof to the contrary. If any one with a penchant and a passion that way cares to prove some other theory about our globe, he can find enough theories and proofs to support him.

Up in the Watchung Hills of New Jersey, twenty and some miles from New York, there are three colonies, each with a few hundred souls, one within a stone's throw of the other, each conducting itself to prove a certain theory right. Each colony is theoretically an experimental station in which people are trying out a theory. That they should be so near to one another does not at all mean that there is any theoretical relation among them, except that each colony originally thought it had the remedy for all the ills of the world.

Some years ago, a dozen or more, Bolton Hall, well-known single taxer and author, donated a tract of land to a single tax group. Thither a few believers went, each one establishing himself in a little shack, a bungalow or a tent, according to his finances, with the intention of proving that Henry George's theories of life, the taxation of land values, were right. One didn't have to buy land to become a member of the association. One paid only a yearly rental on a perpetual lease, which rental was supposed to cover all the taxes that go to keep up roads, schools, &c.

According to the single tax theory only land should be taxed and not the improvements on the land. At present this Government taxes idle land very lightly, but improvements, houses, gardens, &c., pay such taxes as cover the expense of running the community. This enables speculators to hold land in an unproductive state for very long periods, while it remains unproductive. If, however, all land were to be taxed and not the improvements on the land no unproductive land could be held for any length of time and the value of it would not be allowed to soar to heights where it is out of reach of the people who want to cultivate it. In the early eighties and nineties, and to some people today, here and in England, Henry Georgeism was a creed; the only panacea to remedy all the ills of the world.

Those who believed in single tax and could do so went to live at the Free Acre Colony. The place had once been a farm, but it had been abandoned after the ground was thoroughly exhausted. Overrun with underbrush and wild vines and the only building, the old farmhouse, in a dilapidated condition, the place looked anything but inviting. Today there are forty and a few houses, each one with a little garden around it, with flowers and fruit trees. The old farmhouse, deftly decorated with a few artistic touches, has become the community centre.

There are a community tennis ground, a community playground for the children, a swimming pool, a dancing platform, there is a central water station from which water is distributed to all the inhabitants; and the ground, cleared and fertilized, has been forced to yield. But the inhabitants of the colony, the great majority of them, are no longer single taxers. They still pay the yearly rental, still govern themselves, but it is a social centre of kindred souls and not a single tax colony. The majority of the inhabitants does not believe single tax is the panacea. There are bahaists, theosophists, anarchists, spiritualists; each with a different creed and all agreeing to disagree.

The taxes—because of the State taxes paid toward the State of New Jersey and to the neighboring community—are much higher than they were twelve years ago. The State does tax the improvements on the ground even if the association does not. The association pays the total assessment to the State and the community, and then apportions this among the colonists, still charging as much per acre. The result is that the man who has a $5,000 house on an acre of land in Free Acres pays the same taxes as the man who has a $300 shack, on an acre of land, provided the location is more or less the same. It has worked out so that the principle "to them that hath shall be given" applies in full force.

At first the neighboring villages and the people in the immediate vicinity looked down upon the cranks on the old Mercier farm. The women of the colony dressed most unconventionally. Artists, most of them, they were so glad to be freed of the conventionalities of the city. The men walked around in their working smocks, with their feet in heavy shoes. Some of them had longer beards than the Jerseyites of that part of the country had ever seen. And though the single tax community was mostly composed of good, old-fashioned Americans, they were looked upon as "foreigners" by their neighbors. The storekeepers bit into the quarter or the half dollar to make sure it was good money.

But the colonists had friends, and their friends had friends who came to visit them, who came to dance upon the platform and play tennis, and some of them returned again and again during the Summer, and liked the location, and liked the friends, and so they scouted around and bought property in the vicinity. Many of the villagers, who had held property for many years without being able to sell it, suddenly discovered that the single tax association was a real estate station. Land which had gone begging for years, selling at $50 an acre, was sold for $100 and $200 and $300.

As the colony grew and attracted more friends the land in the neighborhood soared in value; for not all the newcomers located on Free Acres, the single tax community. Today most of the land has already passed through two or three hands and commands unheard-of prices. Some of the single taxers who have been wise enough have reaped handsome profits in real estate deals. As a single tax experiment it is nearly as successful as it is as a getter of real estate buyers. Those who hoped for rest in the country are sorely disappointed. In the stillness that surrounds the saucer-like hilltops one always hears hammers beating at cross rhythms, a saw that is cutting furiously against time and the flip-flop of the water pumping station working day and night.

There is no sign of "No children allowed" at the entrance of the colony, and so there are children aplenty.

All the antagonism of the surrounding villagers has disappeared. Their sons and daughters are frequent visitors of the colony. And if there is any snobbery at all, any stand-off attitude, it is on the part of Free Acres. It is they now who consider themselves aristocracy.

Why the Naturists should have established their colony so near the one of the single taxers is no mystery. A clever real estate man engineered that. One day a blond-bearded man, Jesuslike in his looks, and apparently as meek as the Nazarene—a man who had for many years been run after on the streets of New York by the children and brought smiles into the faces of the hurried passers-by because of his bare feet and wooden sandals, long hair and shirt open at the neck—one day that man, Lithauer by name, came to live in a hovel he had dug out for himself in the woods. Within a few weeks he was followed by a number of his friends and adepts, who were in the way of looking like him, for they, too, had allowed their hair and beards to grow long; beards and hair of all hues and colors between the almost albino white to the blackest of pitch black.

A short time afterward there arrived a number of young women who wore their hair short, a custom which was not yet in style. Some of them put up tents in the woods, others merely dug hovels. Occasionally they were seen passing up and down the road with little baskets in their hands in quest of food. If the Free Acreites had encountered opposition at first, it was nothing compared to the opposition these people encountered. For not only did the farmers refuse to sell them fruit, but they even set dogs upon them. The general fear was that these wild ones would lower the value of real estate in the neighborhood. Within a few short months, however, the population of the woods where these people settled had grown so rapidly that they needed more land. The attitude of those who had land to sell changed.

One day the local constable made a descent on the colony, talking with the people and visiting their houses. He reported that they were a group of harmless cranks. "Naturists they called themselves, people believing that all the ills of the world were derived from meat eating, physicians, too many clothes and crowded cities. It was a return to nature colony. Their morals were irreproachable. The State had nothing to fear from them."

The report of that constable completed the change of attitude of the neighborhood. Dogs are no longer set on them. Food is sold to them. Real estate went up. The Naturists are now part and parcel of the general community. The villagers are benefiting greatly. Milk has gone up in price.

Their numbers increased this last Summer. Another Naturist colony, competing with the original one, has been set up. This second one is, according to the average man's point of view, a more civilized one. They have built regular bungalows with wide porches, and wear a little more clothing. But the original Naturists look down upon them because their return to nature is not as complete. In reality, the majority of the people of both colonies are far from following the precepts of the original founder. Indeed, some of them even eat meat. It is now largely composed of people who, weary of the city early in Spring, with only a little money to pass the Summer, are enabled to do so by living the simple life. The sign "Naturist Colony" does not mean to them more than a place where they can spend the Summer in a dugout, under a tent, or in a shack, as they please, or can afford. They can walk about in their bare feet, with overalls over their khaki shirts, which completes their clothing, and return to the city in the Winter stronger and fresher.

One of the things that binds them together, however, is the Saturday night campfire. A huge campfire is built at nightfall and around it sit and stand people of a dozen nationalities. And while the smoke is rising and the green wood is crackling they sing songs, each one in his own language, Russian, Rumanian, Italian, Jewish, English and so on. And when one of the men recently intoned the sailor chanty there were at least fifty voices singing with him.

The neighborhood then discovered that not all of these strangers were foreigners. And so the Saturday campfire is a great attraction for the people of the neighborhood as well. It is the thing for the villagers around. Already young men, natives, are being seen walking in the moonlit paths with girls from the Naturist Colony. The Free Acreites still frown upon them, mostly because they do not believe in the others' panaceas. But the youngsters are not so snobbish. A pretty girl is a pretty girl. A handsome young man is a handsome young man. The Naturists have a campfire, the Free Acreites a dancing platform. There are shady nooks and lonely paths.

The truth of the matter is that the majority of the people living in the Naturist Colony are as distantly connected mentally with the original intentions of the founder as the majority of the people of Free Acres are remote from the Henry George precepts and from the original intentions of Mr. Hall. It is a melting pot for the children of the "cranks" and the children of the villagers, who were dying of lonesomeness when they did not leave for the city.

A hundred paces away from the Naturist Colony there was an old farm house known as the "Rogers Home." It had stood there for generations and generations, always inhabited by a Rogers, the oldest family in the vicinity. I knew the house well, because I lived in the vicinity. There wasn't another house in its neighborhood within a few miles. Today there are over a hundred houses within that space. The Rogers home is a hotel. What used to be sold in fifty-acre lots is sold in twenty-five-foot lots. There is a wide road connecting the hill with two railroad stations. There are two inns, several grocery stores. The place is called Freedom Hill. It had originated as a co-operative centre. It, too, is far away from the original purposes. But land values are helped up. Still, if it were not for the youngsters, if youth were not a bond stronger than all theories and principles, they would be snobbed by the inhabitants of the other two colonies and the neighboring communities.

Do all theories snap when put to test? Are dancing platforms, roaring campfires and lonely roads the only things that can hold the world together?

Three experimental stations, one near the other, a single tax experiment without single taxers, a naturist experiment without naturists and a co-operative experiment without co-operators — and yet three huge successes, only in other directions. And is not that as it should be? Did not Columbus set out to find a new way to India * * * and did he not find it?

"The people in the immediate vicinity looked down upon the cranks."

HIGH POLITICS OF THE CANE

From the Beginning the Man With the Swagger Stick Has Ruled the World

"Oh, every young beau is justly vain
Of the nice conduct of his clouded cane." —Old Song.

By HERBERT B. MAYER

CANES and the men who carry them—have you observed these? How from the lackidaisical youth who nurses the polished knob of it to the military man who swings his stick in the manner of a sword, men who carry canes have about them a certain distinction—or, as the French say, an air.

Could it be otherwise? Say what one will in behalf of the man with the hoe, the fact remains that, after all, from the time of creation the man with the cane has ruled the world. The first walking stick of which there is record is the staff that Adam carried in the Garden, doubtless to impress Eve and the Serpent and to make them realize who was boss in that primal domestic establishment.

The world's second walking stick had an impressive, if sanguinary career. Cain used his stick upon Abel, thereby bringing about the first murder mystery and solution thereof to earth. Since that stark deed—in combat, in religion, in diplomacy and in most other matters of real importance men with sticks have been busy making history. What wonder then that the present owners and operators carry about them the air of distinction which has naturally followed so long and so impressive an association of iron men and wooden sticks?

The cane enjoyed general popularity in pre-neolithic days. Then clubs were trumps. Diamonds were unknown. Gentlemen who sought wealth and affection simply descended with their heavy walking sticks upon villages which were liberally supplied with both, and using their clubs, conquered fond hearts with them and at the same time, in many cases, brought about a condition where the male malefactors of wealth therein found use for spades to inter such casualties as could not be cured by simple medicine and care. Canes and their owners have held most of the cards in the deck ever since.

The first elevation of the cane as a token of aristocratic tendencies came about when things settled down to the extent that at times it was possible to visit the next tribe without either homicide, mayhem, abduction or larceny. Then, it appears, some one of the populace—unknown, lest his name be cursed—in some idle hour had the misfortune to invent work—that bogey which ever since has ridden most of mankind. The results were alarming and immediate.

Fascinated by the invention, a majority of that simple early population engaged in hard labor, trimming the early grasses, digging holes in the ground, planting seeds and otherwise showing an interest in the campaign. Finding that work, once started, could not readily be abandoned, these guileless gentry perceived that, burdened with tools as they were, the possession of sticks in addition, meant only so much useless weight. In the dilemma those who chose to go on working abandoned their canes in favor of their means of livelihood. The others, having acquired one way or another, the means of personnel to permit them a life of idleness, hung on to their wooden ornaments. That is when the tradition of aristocracy of the cane actually began.

Throughout the long years which have passed since, the stick has been the weapon or the symbol which has held down the lowly. The first armies of men fought only with long, thick canes until, shortly after the Deluge, one Belles, after due thought, armed his men with sticks which had points on them—the first spears and lances. So impressive was this experiment that the name bellum holds good for war, even today. Not only this, but Belles's little surprise brought on the first armament contest and it would be quite possible to digress and point out how, in a succession of inventions which have followed, we have finally reached the crowning glory of poison gas and flame throwers, to say nothing of long range guns and airplane bombs.

But, refusing this temptation, we reach the point where it is possible to point out other and equally portentous effects which the use of canes have brought about in this world. Not only in war has it served to mark a point of progress of humanity; in peace and in religion itself it has held sway.

Indeed, something of the history of the cane is reflected in the shapes and sizes used today.

The cane with a crook on the end of it is the direct descendant of the crozier—itself evolved from the pastoral crook of the shepherd of which a canny Archbishop once instructed his flock:

"Altaro per primum, medio rego, pange per innum," or, roughly, "Attract by the top, rule by the middle, and punish with the point."

The straight cane is a direct descendant of the sceptres of the Emperors, and carries with it long and honorable history of power; sometimes ignobly applied, but again the very centre of heroism and nobility.

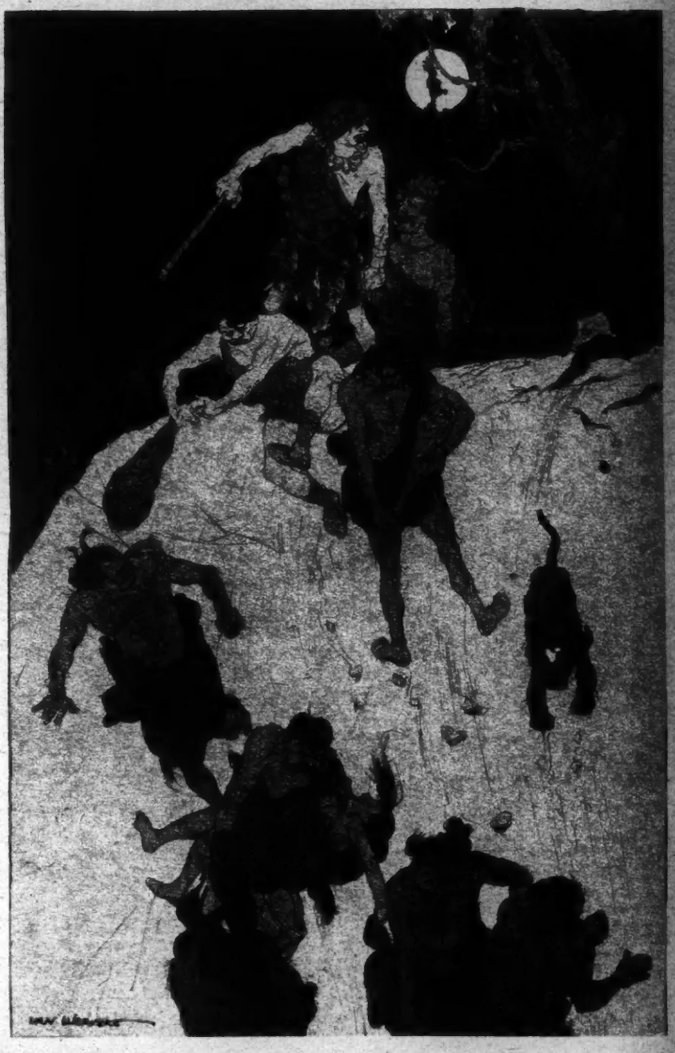
The Jews carried such "rods" in their march to the Red Sea. Such were the staffs of Saul and David, such was the weapon used by Saul twice in an effort to kill David because of jealousy of the latter's glory gained in the famous jawbone barrage. David, veteran that he was, escaped. As the Bible has it, "David avoided himself from his presence twice," and thus lived to carry on.

Nero wore his cane, or sceptre, though when Rome was burning he laid it aside for a fiddle or a lyre. Tarquinius Priscus was the first to place upon the stick the imperial eagle. With staff in hand, Tarquin the Proud would walk in the garden with his son, Sextus, explaining to that aspiring youth some of the duties and responsibilities of the king business. It is related that Tarquin on such occasions, using examples for inspiration, would use his staff to lop off poppy blossoms, meanwhile explaining to Sextus that after he took charge he was to lop off the heads of his enemies in much the same manner. History records the success of that kindergarten class.

Again, it was another Roman youth, young Brutus, who offered the oracle of Delphi a stick of cider, in which was a golden wand, as a mark of his respect and suspense, but it was when the barbarian Gauls first came to Rome that the straight cane, or wand, had its most splendid dramatic moment.

It had been the wand which marked the Senator, the badge of office of the Patrician elect. Now, when the day of darkness came and the Barbarians were without, the Senators, carrying their badges of office, moved with dignity to the Capitol to await the end.

Even as the gates and the last of the loyal legions gave way, they took their seats quietly, and, thus seated, wearing their togas, they were found when the uncouth mob crashed in the door. Like statues they must have seemed to those flashing eyes which, curiously regarding the white heads and noble



"Then clubs were trumps."

brows, hesitated to advance upon that silent and dignified assembly, no member of which moved nor made a sound, each Senator holding upon his knee his staff of office.

Overcome as he was by awe, Brennus the Barbarian advanced, breaking the pause which had delayed the massacre. With hand outstretched he impiously touched the white beard of the Senator Papirius. Rome's legions had failed; the city had been taken; but the spirit of Rome still lived, and like a flash the wand of the Senator smote the Barbarian across the face—the blow of a gentleman to a cur. • • • And so Rome's Senators, aristocrats of the cane, died as became their lot.

In later days, Louis XIV., striking the floor with his sceptre, exclaimed with emphasis: "l'etat, c'est moi!" And Napoleon Bonaparte said: "The sceptre is the man and the man is myself." And as a token of his power and the ability of the stick to reflect honor, Napoleon, in creating the Marshals of France, gave them as symbol of their rank the baton, examples of which, of modern manufacture, were bestowed upon Papa Joffre and Generalissimo Foch by the French Republic when they were elevated to that historic office during the World War. More Marshals have been made since. To each his baton—"stick."

Not only in France has the cane been the symbol of power. Every court in the world, at one time or another, has been guided by the stick. Indeed, as Anthony Real (Fernand Michel) says in his quaint volume: "The story of the stick is the story of mankind."

Indeed, it has, although a token of power, from time immemorial also been affected by the dandies for ornament—until, as in the French Revolution, the "common herd" secured clubs and with these fractured both the skulls of the dandies and their capacity for adornment, entertainment and swagger.

Companion of the sword as it usually has been, the cane still holds its eminence in military circles. British officers, French officers, Belgian and American carried trench canes almost habitually overseas, and the enlisted men, carrying canes with sharp points on them, felt their way with these at night along pitch-dark roads and black trenches like blind men, groping each foot of the way and tap-tapping until the faithful sticks indicated safety. The Germans and Russians turned the stick back again to its original purpose—the weapon. Equipped with great spiked clubs, they endeavored to spread terror among their opponents. During the Russian revolution these clubs, and others like them, followed the bloody tradition of the heavy stick and battered out the brains of many of those who affected the token of aristocracy—the simple cane.

Naturally enough, so long and meaningful a usage and tradition has had its effect upon the modern and effete members of the Clan Na Cane in these United States. Canes are as old as human nature. And perhaps some submerged consciousness of the habit of ancestors in like manner is responsible for the individuality which marks possessors of canes today.

There are two classes of men in this democratic country—those who carry canes and those who don't. Sometimes the manual laborer, or heavy worker, off duty may invest in a stick, but, taken by and large, the cane remains the mark of the man who does not work with his hands. And among these it shows character as well as an open chart.

Take, for example, the stingy old gentleman who holds the crook of his cane on the hollow of his arm and hugs its golden or enamled ornament close to his chest. Even the callowest beggar would pass him by. Or again, consider the man who swings his cane as he walks, lustily and heartily. Such a man, as all the world may see, is prone to indulge impulse. Some men, cautious, usually conservative, permit their canes to dangle from their elbows, thus giving their tendency away. And others—

Among these is that unfortunate individual, not born or bred to the cane, who in a youthful spirit of personal decorativeness decides to buy one anyway. Clerks in cane stores could relate, if they would, momentous tragedies which sometimes mark such transactions—the flush, the embarrassed stutter, the agony of suspense, hesitation and final successful culmination of the enterprise and the triumphant but cautious emergence to the street with the treasure.

Something of the spirit of the cane doubtless prevails among the owners thereof. A man with a cane is as different from a man without a cane as day from night. To the owner of the cane is granted a dignity, a swagger, a sparkle of success, and nearly every leader of men in the country is prone occasionally to trot out with one of his favorite sticks.

Not only among leaders is the cane a symbol of power. More humble persons who lead small groups are apt to take to the cane as a rightful mark of their dignity. What present do grateful constituents bestow upon an Alderman or a Congressman? Answer: a gold-headed cane. The same holds true of the kind employer, presented with a "mark of esteem from his fellow workers."

Indeed, so greatly has the cane the power to set men apart that among the youth of this land there is a tendency to fudge things a bit, particularly among the cake-eaters, who blossom forth with light, reluctant sticks. Again some junior clerk, feeling his oats, makes his purchase and comes to the office with it to face the scorn of an envious world and, let us hope, to persist therein until he grows up to the stick and the world grows used to the companionship of it and him or him and it, as the case may be.

But whatever man's station in life, two things he will remember to his dying day—his first sweetheart and his first cane.

True, the cane is likely to stick the longer, but considering its long, proud history of loyalty to man and man's loyalty to it, why should this not be the case?

THE BLUEST DANUBE BLUES

Proud Hungary Deprived of Her Dependencies and Surrounded by Distrustful Self-Determinators

By ANNE O'HARE McCORMICK

BUDAPEST.

THE Danube, divided now among seven unsettled States and lately joined by canal to the Rhine to bear traffic from the North to the Black Sea, is of all rivers in the world the most political. It waters every feud in Central Europe. It marks the most disputed frontiers. The winds of a dozen racial contentions blow down its broad, indifferent stream. It grinds German mills at its source and is harassed and harnessed by Austrian and Czech, Magyar and Serb, Bulgar and Rumanian, until its three great mouths empty the mud of Europe into the waters of Asia.

It used to be that to sail down the Danube was to navigate the past; by ruined forts, craggy castles, ancient towns, bridges a thousand times broken and rebuilt, to follow the tide of conquest and commerce that rolled back and forth between the East and the West. Now it is a kind of Columbian voyage into the newest world there is, a tedious, uncomfortable, but politically adventurous exploration of the morasses of the New Europe. By ferks, with long stops and many changes, in all kinds of craft, in as many languages as there are border hold-ups and delays, it is possible to start from a Dutch port and arrive sometime at a Rumanian port by a route that discovers the whole recharted central valley of Europe in the process of being worked into fresh patterns.

The geography of Versailles unrolls along the way as a terribly human document, like a neat blueprint that suddenly becomes an inhabited house, with rooms too large or too small, doors too wide or too narrow, the coal bin missing, the pantry forgotten, or the delivery entrance on the wrong side. One goes through great capitals and busy provincial towns. Sometimes the river banks are low between wide and dismal plains depressed by dirty little villages. Sometimes they are mountain walls or deep pine forests of incomparable beauty. But whatever the scenery, and whether the shores are fertile or neglected, everywhere they grow grievances. It is easy to understand, on such a journey, why all the Continental statesmen speak constantly of "Danubian appeasement" as the first and most difficult condition of European peace.

The Danube may once have been as blue as it seemed to Viennese dilettants. Now it is a turbid and tawny brown. The blue has receded to the shores, where a deep indigo best describes the color of the mood of the Danubian States. The "blues" are relative, of course—pale blue in countries like Rumania and Czechoslovakia, enlarged and retinted on the new maps; a shade deeper in Yugoslavia, amply staked but not yet settled; a mauve, going-out-of-mourning sort of blue in Austria; an apoplectic purple in Bulgaria. Hungary is the darkest blue of all, a real lowering midnight sky effect, as black and solid as blue can be painted by artists in emotion.

Budapest is the proudest and most irreconcilable of all the Danubian capitals. Straddling the Danube at its kneejoint, at the bend where the great waterway turns away from the west toward the east, no city in Europe is so nobly placed, so panoramically splendid. The details are not up to the general effect; but the first glimpse of the flamboyant grace of the twin towns from the river gives a fresh thrill to the insatiable lover of cities.

If he comes upon it suddenly by night, Budapest creates for him even now a brief illusion of joy. He glides in on silken waters spangled with lights; past bright embankments filled with late diners. He hears singing, laughing, the throbbing crescendos of Hungarian orchestras. When he joins the diners and feasts as carelessly as they on Tokay and truffles; when he commands a room and a balcony as good as a stage box for this lordly spectacle, and when he exchanges for all these luxuries, including the music and the joy, something less than a paper dollar, he feels that he must have made at last the paradisal port no political pilgrim long believes in.

It is, of course, illusory, that happy overture. The beauty remains, only a little tarnished and coarsened by daylight. So do the abundant fare, the haunting melodies, the incredible cheapness. But so far from being joyous, Budapest is the most aggrieved and melancholy of cities, and Hungary the most unpacified of the storm centres on which the pacifiers have concentrated their good intentions. The Hungarians bitterly describe their shrunken country as "Budapest and suburbs." "Our occupied territory" is their politest way of referring to the big slices of Hungary apportioned to Rumania, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia. Having lost two-thirds of their land and ten million of their people at the table of the Trianon, the eight million or so Hungarians left in the saucerlike plain rimmed by the Carpathians sit brooding over these losses and their subsequent misfortunes. They brood furiously, not with the wan resignation of Austria, or the loud wailing of Germany, but with the ingrowing anger of outraged pride.

To those whose acquaintance with Hungary is limited to Hungarian rhapsodies, Hungarian goulashes, Little Hungaries and "Hunkies," the Hungarian view of Hungary's humiliation will be almost unintelligible. It implies so much that nobody knows about Hungary. It involves an entire shifting of emphasis in considering the dismemberment of Austria to take in not only that Hungary was also dismembered, but that she writhes under the operation a great deal more dangerously than what was loosely and erroneously thought of as the dominant power in the empire.

The fact is that the right arm of the old Dual Monarchy was Hungary. For years Hungary governed Austria through the Hapsburgs, who were Kings of Hungary when Austria was only an archduchy, and who, though constantly resisted there, are today, curiously enough, mourned only by the Magyars. If there exists in the former empire any sentiment for the House of Hapsburg, it is in Hungary, where many regard the country as still a monarchy under a regent, and look forward to the time when the nine-year-old son of the ill-fated Karl and Zita will resume the kingdom, if not the empire, of his father.

I do not say that there is a strong Monarchist Party in Hungary, but there is certainly a strong monarchical tradition. And present-day Hungary cannot be explained apart from its tradition. It is a very proud tradition, as even the passer-by can see who looks at the biggest royal palace in Europe crowning the heights of Buda; at the Coronation Stair that sweeps up so haughtily from the river to the ancient coronation Church of St. Stephen; at the Parliament House on the Pesth embankment that was built to surpass all other Parliament houses; at the magnificence of the Magyar nobles, unshaken by the Communist hurricane of 1919 and by the even more hated and destructive Rumanian occupation that followed.

The Hungarian is the most self-conscious and stubborn race strain in Central Europe. In 1896 Hungary celebrated the thousandth anniversary of the occupation by Prince Arpad and his followers, the Magyars, of the Carpathian basin. The celebration was called—a little prematurely, it has since turned out—the millennium; but the name is significant as indicating the actual Magyar attitude toward the "thousand years of culture" they never forget. Even the most casual Danubian voyager cannot be long in Hungary without hearing of the greatness of the House of Arpad. He will be forced to recall that it was the third ruler of that house, King Stephen, the saint, who definitely made Hungary the outpost of Western civilization at the threshold of the East by the wholesale conversion of his people to Roman Christianity in spite of the nearer influences of the Turk and the Greek. He will be as familiar with the "Bulla Aurea," the Magyar Constitution, adopted only seven years after Magna Charta, as he becomes with the potent names of Louis the Great and Matthias Corvinus, undoubtedly the most enlightened rulers of their time, and with all the still vivid figures and episodes in the story of a people or at least a nobility that was constantly glorified in the accidental person of the King.

He becomes rather glib in reference to the brilliant past of the Magyars for the reason that in Hungary it is not the past. That thousand years is continually present. Stephen and Corvinus are as well known and often quoted as Tisza and Apponyi. That is not to say that Hungary lives in the past. No people is more aware of the present. They are absorbed and embittered by actual and not by historic grievances. But these grievances are aggravated by the past. The Magyars' conception of themselves as a superior people sharpens their humiliation. They are a kind of dynamic survival of an entirely medieval constitutionalism, representing that feudal love of independence which, though aristocratic rather than democratic, is the more robust because so highly concentrated. Their history and their deep racial passion explain their last-century campaigns of Magyarization and their present rage against partition on the imported modern principle of self-determination.

Such a people, it is evident, will not submit easily to the system of international control that has been applied to Austria. An international loan Hungary must have. It is essential to her existence that she obtain real money somewhere to stabilize her currency, to save the Government from bankruptcy and to put life into her industry and science into her agriculture. Count Bethlen, the Prime Minister, has spent most of the Autumn in Geneva discussing the terms of this loan. The obstacles in the way are mainly political. Hungary is able to furnish the most satisfactory security to the international bankers. The country is much more nearly a going concern than Austria; it is far richer in energy, territory and natural resources.

But Hungary's neighbors are more afraid of her for these very reasons. Austria's weakness is known to be such that she suffers the final national humiliation of having no enemies. The succession States are so wary of Hungary, on the other hand, that it was not until the August conference of the Little Entente at Sinaia that Dr. Benes, the newest pacificator of Central Europe, acting, it is said, on a broad hint from England, was able to induce them to waive their reparation liens, on very rigid conditions, in order to enable Hungary to take the first steps to secure a loan. Knowing the militant spirit of the Magyars, whom they accuse of fostering the irredentist troubles on their borders, Hungary's neighbors fear that she will use the borrowed money to arm herself to recover what she has lost.

Hungary, on her side, asserts that she is willing to give all reasonable guarantees, political as well as economic, to any disinterested power, like England or the United States, but that if her finances are under the control of the League of Nations it will mean that her enemies will have a chance to interfere with her internal affairs in their own interests and make her still more impotent than she is. The financiers are willing to give Hungary all the money she needs, but so far the Government has not been able to agree with the rest of Europe in regard to the amount of "supersovereignty" that goes with it.

The Hungarians regard themselves, not without reason, as entirely surrounded by enemies. Their only satisfaction in their present situation is that, reduced as they are, the neighbors are still afraid of them! They confide to you naïvely that while the terms of the Treaty of the Trianon allow them an army of only 30,000 men, they have "organizations" that give them a fighting strength of a million. And at the same time they assure you, with even more naïveté, that they are entirely innocent of warlike intentions, because they know quite well that England and America would not consent to loan them money to be used for purposes even remotely military.

"If we could fight, if we wanted to fight," declared an official, "the present crisis of our fortunes is certainly not the time we should choose for preparing to fight." He added that in time he believed there would be found other ways of "arranging" these "frontier iniquities" that no Magyar would ever admit to be permanent. Even the ardent pacifist I talked to in the most detached and international circle in Budapest appended a characteristic Magyar qualification to her prayer for peace. "Above all others this despoiled and distracted country needs peace," she said. "But of course there can be no peace here until our people can come back to us and our occupied territory is returned."

The Hungarian character and temper explain what Dr. Zimmermann, League of Nations administrator in Austria, had in mind when he said that if a loan were granted to Hungary on the same terms as the Austrian loan, there would be a much tougher job for the administrator in Budapest than in Vienna. He said also that with a businesslike fiscal policy and a non-political administration Hungary would make a much quicker recovery than Austria.

Everybody in Europe concedes the great recuperative powers of Hungary. The Magyars, originally a non-Aryan race, have not only greater natural force and tenacity than the Austrians, but they have not been so weakened and depressed by actual national hunger. There has been and still is much poverty in the country. The misery of the professional classes is almost as pitiable as in Austria and Germany. The rural districts are still medieval; the peasants huddle in desolate villages under conditions much harder and more primitive than exist in the pleasant Austrian countryside. But the barefoot, ragged men and wo-

(Continued on Page 14)

HALF A CENTURY OF FLOWERS

Recollections of Fifty Years in a Big Business That Touches Closely Both Life and Death.

Terrace at Southampton. Home of H. H. Rogers.

Photo by John Wallace Gillies.

WHITE and green and red-roofed, a vivid patch of color upon the prevailing stone gray of the Avenue, it seizes upon the eye of the pedestrian, the traveler upon buses, even the hurried motorist. Flowers fill the windows and trail from the window-boxes. It is a house of flowers—it is a flower shop. But it is different from all the other flower shops. So it may stand as typical of the strangeness of flowers in New York at all—where so few flowers may grow, yet where so many flowers are so unexpectedly in odd places.

For New York makes a business of flowers as it does of everything else; and uses more and more flowers the further it gets from where the flowers grow. There are flowers on office desks, in shops, in banks, in counting rooms, on hotel tables, in tenements, as a part of the business as of the play of life not only on holidays but every day. And every day more and more flowers.

So that the business of supplying the flowers is a big business. And because it is a business which touches both life and death it is one that furnishes a story worth telling to man who has followed it for half a century.

Charles Thorley, head of Thorley's—that "House of Flowers"—at 604 Fifth Avenue, that splashes white and green and red upon the urban scene, is actually now in his fiftieth year of dealing in flowers, and he knows a little at least of the part they play in the lives of New York's millions.

A few days ago a well-dressed New Yorker, apparently in a considerable hurry, came into the shop, where fashionable New York has long done its flower marketing. The visitor stated his errand. A hotel room in Vienna was even at that moment awaiting a certain American girl's arrival. He wanted that room decorated with her favorite roses by the following morning. Within the hour the cables were carrying the order to a florist in the Austrian city. The visitor left with the assurance that 5,000 miles had been bridged. The roses would be delivered overnight.

Hard on his heels came a younger man. He had seen in the window a wicker cage, trimmed with roses and greenery and made brilliant by a big pink silk bow, in which a white dove rested on its perch. Could he have the dove, age-old symbol of peace and forgiveness, delivered immediately to a particular address? He had a taxi waiting outside and wanted a special messenger to go with the gift bearing a letter. The messenger was to deliver the dove to the young lady he would find and bring her answer back to him at his office. Dove, messenger and letter were off at once.

Incidents such as these of almost daily occurrence illustrate the romance that still clings to flowers even in New York. Or so Mr. Thorley says the romance is there, but behind it is business brought up to the minute, aided and carried on its way by every modern method of communication and transportation, and reinforced with new ideas. Greater New York, Mr. Thorley estimates, spends $12,000,000 a year on its flowers—more than is spent in London, Paris and Vienna combined.

"Flowers may be the symbol of romance," said Mr. Thorley, "but none the less they have become a necessity in ordinary daily life. They are today the proper thing to send on all occasions. When a business man after a visit to New York wishes to express his thanks to his associates he sends flowers to their offices. When a new bank branch opens its doors, or a new company is launched, friends and associates fill the place with flowers. No function is complete without them. As a gift they are far more popular than jewelry or books."

Since he first started in business, in his own shop on Fourteenth Street, in 1874, at the age of 16, Mr. Thorley has watched with interest the long succession of developments in the purchase and use of flowers. Huge corsage bouquets were in demand in the "age of innocence when Fourteenth Street was the centre of all that was fashionable. Young men bought flowers lavishly to send to the objects of their affection. The churches at all important ceremonies were banked with flowers. In those days and even ten years later, when Mr. Thorley had bought and removed to the old Coleman House in Broadway, near Madison Square—then coming into its period of glory—flowers were looked on as an inexpensive luxury. It is different in 1923.

"Flowers today are far more in demand for interior decoration than for wear," declared Mr. Thorley. "The modern style of costume is not so well adapted to the wearing of flowers as was the old. The rise in the price of flowers also has had its effect in many quarters. Very few young men starting out in business are able to send large gifts of flowers, in accordance with the old custom. The dressing rooms of popular theatrical stars no longer are filled with masses of flowers on opening nights. They cost too much.

"Years ago the interior architecture of the churches was so poor that flowers were used extensively in them. Now the churches have been made so beautiful that there is no necessity for an elaborate floral display. Fewer flowers are used that way.

"There has also come a marked change in the purchasers, the most constant of whom are the older persons of assured incomes. Men were once the heaviest buyers of flowers, but now women, spurred on by their love of refinement and beauty, are as frequent buyers as the men. About every five years comes a change in the fashion of flowers. Take the case of bridesmaids' bouquets, for instance. Today the bridesmaids carry only sprays of flowers, whereas they used to carry great masses. The bride's bouquet, of course, has remained unchanged through the years."

Human nature reveals itself amazingly to a man who deals in flowers, according to Mr. Thorley. There is something, he says, about the atmosphere of a place filled with flowers that seems to break through the shield of reserve with which the average New Yorker protects himself.

"After a man has been coming in here steadily I often find that the flowers appear to have worked a complete change in him," he said. "Many a man who appeared the embodiment of reserve at first has been brought to tell me his troubles while he has been looking over the flowers. A business so colored with romance brings you up against people in a way no other business could do. Senders of flowers, they are in that act expressing affection or remembrance—the sentiment possesses them and for the moment they are lifted outside of their own interests."

Spring, Summer and Autumn flowers have each their vogue, but the rose and the orchid remain supreme in popularity the year round. There is no season for such roses as the Scott Key, the Ophelia, the Hadley or the American Beauty, famous in art and literature. The American Beauty, however, Mr. Thorley asserts, is deteriorating in quality through being too finely bred. Renowned for its beauty and vitality, it is now losing strength and it is likely to be removed from the list of popular flowers within five years, because it threatens to be a financial failure. At present among the flowers most in demand for interior decoration, besides the rose, are chrysanthemums and large dahlias. The orchid, on which New York spends $750,000 annually, reigns as the flower for personal wear. Orchids are priced at about $3 apiece.

A single customer was responsible for establishing the vogue of the violet, said Mr. Thorley. The introduction of the violet occurred forty years ago when a hard-working German vegetable gardener came into his shop with a magnificent bouquet of 500 which he had grown on his own soil. Interested in the beauty of the flowers, Mr. Thorley arranged with the vegetable farmer to devote his attention to producing violets and eventually was paying him $8,000 a year for his stock.

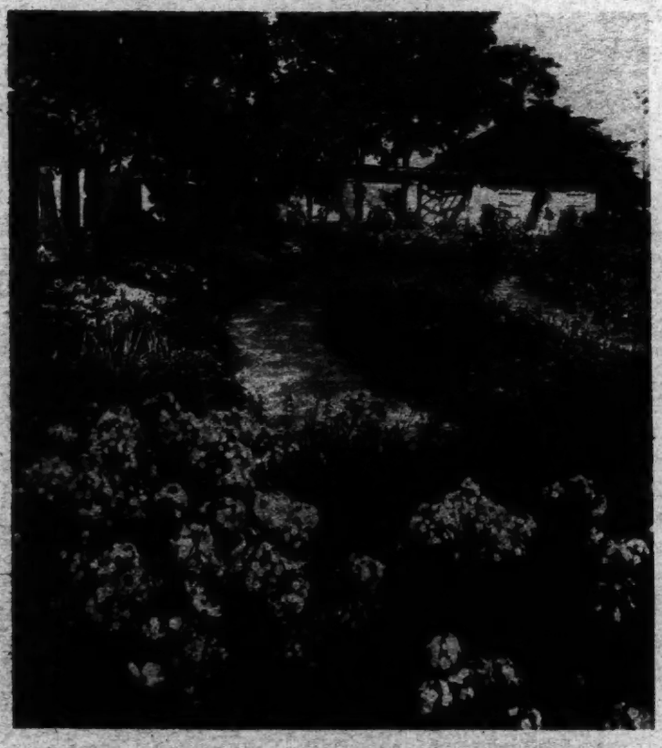
Soon after the arrival of the first violets a young New Yorker entered Thorley's. A young lady to whom he was paying court desired violets, which were then almost unknown. He bought them by the hundred for her. For two years he bought up practically all Thorley's stock, sending violets by special messenger as far as Pittsburgh and Chicago when the young woman was out of town. In the end the pair were married and by that time the popularity of the violets in New York—started by this one romance—was on a firm footing. Thorley's since then has found the violet more profitable than any other flower. About $500,000 is spent on them each year at $4 a bouquet.

The largest single order ever filled by Thorley's was one for $15,000 for a funeral. The largest price of a single flower was $320. This, too, was for a funeral. A New Yorker whose wife had died asked to be provided with roses of a certain rare white species which had formed his wife's wedding bouquet. It was Winter and this particular rose was not being grown until the Spring. Thorley's telegraphed its agents in every city within reach, men were sent into the country as far north as Ballston Spa to comb the hothouses. The result after days of effort and hundreds of dollars of expense was a single white rose of the variety desired, discovered in New Jersey—just one, but enough to serve as a symbol on the coffin.

On another occasion, when Thorley's was in Broadway, a passer-by noticed a single exhibition azalea in the window and casually inquired how much it would cost to send it to New Orleans. He bought and sent it for $150.

"The price of flowers," said Mr. Thorley, "is governed by the demand for them. The more exquisite and delicate a flower the more it is sought after. The buyer of flowers today is often as much a connoisseur as the man who collects rare jewelry. For women now are thoroughly conversant with flowers and recognize the beauty and worth of those they receive. While the vol-

(Continued on Page 15)



Flower Garden at Great Neck. Home of G. A. Schieren.

Photo by John Wallace Gillies.

THE WORLD OF ART: *Paintings and Prints*

"Les Trois Companions." By Steinlen.

In Exhibition of Modern French Art at Kennedy Galleries.

AN old Dutch woman with a long aristocratic nose and the mouth and chin commonly described as nutcracker, very decently dressed in some stout, thick woolen material, with a white kerchief on her head and about her spare, strong shoulders, quite absorbed in the homely but civilized occupation of paring her nails. Some one painted her that way and with so much power and authority that her homely occupation has the dignity of ritual. A wonderful old woman whom every visitor at the Metropolitan Museum promptly seeks and whom none, having seen, forgets.

Who painted her? Critics and connoisseurs are almost at one in saying Rembrandt. There have been whisperings of Maes. And now Professor Van Dyke says quite audibly and with a positive accent "Maes." Probably it will always be in question. It proves nothing, of course, and Professor Van Dyke omits even mention of the fact that Rembrandt seldom if ever painted genre of this homely domestic type. Most of his genre pictures illustrate Scriptural incidents. He liked best to give rich fabrics and jewels to his sitters.

They do very little beyond sitting to him. But there is no reason for supposing that he did not upon one occasion enter the field of popular domestic genre and paint a nail-paring scene. Neither is there any reason to suppose that he did not for once accept the type of model found most attractive by his pupil Nicolas Maes, a type with longer features and greater refinement of contour than we find in most of the women supposed to have been painted by Rembrandt. Nor does the blackness of the shadows and the abruptness of the transitions from light to shade constitute real proof that Maes was the guilty one. If Maes painted "The Old Woman Paring Her Nails," he painted the most interesting picture of all those attributed to him. If Rembrandt painted it he did something far better than his worst, not so good as his best. To the public it is not of the greatest importance to know the authorship of a fine picture; to historians, experts, collectors and dealers, of course, it is very important, so much so that a controversial and scornful spirit should not be allowed to prevail. Professor Van Dyke has been called "almost a layman," whatever that is. But he has spent most of his life looking at pictures and thinking about them. Perhaps he is in the position of the physician who is a "general practitioner" and who today promptly turns a throat or an ear over to the man who has nothing to do with anything except throats or ears.

The general practitioner, however, is useful to the specialist, and the more scientific the latter the better he knows it. The specialist turns to the general practitioner for a "picture of the case" (even the terms of art creep in), and if both men are of a high degree of intelligence this picture is of the utmost importance. The broad-minded specialist realizes the dangers of his single track, and recalling the fact that in one instance expertise led to giving to the great Lionardo a wax bust made in modern England, it is folly not to receive courteously various points of view. The great Lionardo himself said as much in one of his famous notes. Where Professor Van Dyke seems least useful is in employing as proof impressions that should be considered merely as contributory to a general impression, held tentatively and subject to revision.

At the Keppel Galleries are two exhibitions, a small one of Eric Gill's wood engravings and a large one of Joseph Pennell's drawings and etchings.

Eric Gill is a sculptor whose extreme simplifications have brought upon him the scorn of the conservatives and the admiration of the advanced group in England. His religious affiliations as well as his natural tendencies in art lead him to an almost Byzantine severity of form, missing of necessity the Byzantine intensity, since even in art a stream is unable to rise higher than its source, and the present century knows nothing of the ecstasy imprisoned in the eleventh century mosaic. In his wood engravings he adopts the style of the early English brasses with an effect that often is thready and metallic, without, however, degenerating to insignificance. His sparse white line travels slowly across broad areas of black with a curious air of determination.

Like all English artists, he captures innocence in his types. Whether he is showing the manger scene or the profile of a child with braided hair, he invests the expression of the whole with a serenity and meekness beyond the power of any Gallic point to evoke. Again he is Byzantine when he binds to poverty and restraint such a moment as that of the whipping of the money changers in the temple; a moment that provided for dramatic periods all that was needed of vehemence and violence of gesture and is limited by this austere modernist to stiff symbol of emotion.

The cutting of his blocks is beautiful and soft; clean edges of the wood make a line as pure as any metal could offer. In the money changers block the interest depends largely upon the play of direction in the linear plan. The whole exhibition has a distinction due to good workmanship and restrained style.

In the Pennell exhibition the drawings, with their pleasant spontaneity, make the most agreeable impression, especially upon minds avid for travel. The earlier ones were made as illustrations to books that must have been the happiest companions to an artist with a strong feeling for the spirit of place. "A Little Tour in France," by Henry James, provided the occasion for a number of the finer pen-and-ink drawings, and among them the spirited portrait of Les Baux holds first place. "The ruins of Les Baux remain quite indistinguishable," James wrote — a thousand years ago it seems and sounds—"even when you are directly beneath them, at the foot of the charming little Alpilles, which mass themselves with a kind of delicate ruggedness. Rock and ruin have been so welded together by the confusions of time that as you approach it from behind—that is, from the direction of Arles—the place presents simply a general air of cragginess. Nothing can be prettier than the crags of Provence; they are beautifully modeled, as painters say, and they have a delightful silvery color. The road winds around the foot of the hills on the top of which Les Baux is planted and passes into another valley, from which the approach to the town is many degrees less precipitous."

In the drawing it is all there, the delicate ruggedness, the general air of cragginess, the confused welding of detail, but the drawing betters the description by leaving out the minifying note of prettiness which certainly would offend the susceptibilities of any steep and desolate and craggy hill town. Les Baux, as Mr. Pennell has drawn it, has all the dignity of its feudal importance and all the wildness of a medieval ruin. It distinctly is not pretty, and for that reason one cleaves to it as it to its rocky hill.

Another of this series is the drawing of Carcassone, and here again Mr. Pennell's direct vision is a trifle more satisfying than the darting imagination of the young delighted James. At the time of writing these letters of travel the latter showed more badly than in later years his not quite fortunate trick of comparing nature to the works of men and frequently to the most trifling and sophisticated of man's works. To the young James old Carcassone was vaguely like a Noah's Ark, the elder of the two towns of Carcassone was almost too perfect—"as if it was an enormous model placed on a big green table at a museum"—the younger town was a doormat, and both were rival shops. Naturally the drawing fails to show these picturesque resemblances, in themselves of mediaeval taste; it shows instead only the climbing road, the river banks and bridges, the gates and towers of the cité, and you enter it in warm sunshine — a charming drawing.

The illustrations for "English Hours" are cleverly enveloped in the atmosphere of England, medium, method and manner all changed to meet the fresh occasion; even the color of the black and white seems to change from gray to brown, from silver to gold. Everything looks mellow, thick and unchanging, be it park or gardens, cathedral or marketplace, and, frankly, by the side of the French drawings, a little stupid, more lovable perhaps, but certainly less entertaining.

The pastels on brown paper for the "Italian Journeys," by Howells, least self-conscious of all travelers' tales, appear to date from the decade between 1895 and 1905. It is interesting to observe how carefully the artist held his horses in the matter of color, with every temptation, no doubt, to let them go unbridled. Even the splendid tomato red on the flag of St. Mark's has been subdued to a close relation with the tone of the ground. The gayest of the drawings are a couple made in Mexico, the lively movement of carts and horses and baskets and hats echoed by the movement of color which whirrs through the composition like bright brisk dragon flies.

The sense of movement in the later things is stronger than in any of the earlier. Some of the water colors done from a Brooklyn window are full of it—one especially called "Sun, Shadow, Steam and the Wind," which, as the title indicates, would be lost without the sense of shifting light and vapor. And the buildings, ghosts that often they are, stand scrupulously steady. They are the two great merits of Mr. Pennell's latest work. Steady things are steady, and moving objects with the first stroke of his brush are off.

The Brooklyn etchings have to do mostly with the labor of building—"Orgy of Building" he calls one of them. As memoranda of a social and civic state of things that will never, one hopefully thinks, be repeated, they will have their historic place, but they have the defects of their subject matter, which under the present law provides a minimum of stimulation. The craftsmanship, however, has lost nothing of its authority, and the pleasure given by recognition of it reflects to some degree the joy of the maker who can do a fine thing finely.

At the Kennedy Galleries is an exhibition of modern French prints that include several extraordinary examples. To see Matisse and Picasso in this stronghold of conservatism is in itself something of a sensation, but the public owes gratitude for the selection that has been made. The print by Matisse, a nude figure lying on a sofa, a whirligig of pattern with which the figure is not for a moment permitted to interfere, will have a queer little flavor to those accustomed to bread sauce only. All sorts of herbs and spices in that pattern scrambling in forty directions yet never losing itself. The figure, triumphantly constructed, is the product of a thoroughly instructed mind. The whole thing spells chef, not cook.

Picasso is in his grim late humor with the etching of a man and woman and two children in the fields. The fields are dark, the sky is full of menace, the figures are meagre, high shouldered, pinched, famished. The man's face desperate, the woman's without intelligence, the children feebly are quarreling. So much for the emotional content. The workmanship has the precision that appears in a more obvious aspect in the little equestrian study nearby.

Steinlen also is represented with figures in a field, two laborers showing the way to a weary pedestrian. Beautiful drawing. There is a Steinlen cat as well, an old cat, black and white, curled up on a cushion, one paw curling open, the mouth set with the obstinacy of the old, the whole expression instinct with the insolence found everywhere by Steinlen and translated by him into something more patrician, into arrogance.

There are other things that detain attention, a Puvis, cool and clear, one of Manet's actors doing Hamlet—doing him apparently with a vast ineptitude, a Béjot, some sweet old-fashioned lithographs, sprightly and silvery, by a man who insists upon letting his name be forgotten; a Berthe Morisot, "The Artist and Her Daughter," interesting to compare with Mary Cassatt's versions of the

"Vieux Chat Noir et Blanc." By Steinlen.

In Exhibition of Modern French Art at Kennedy Galleries.

mother and child motive; by no means as strong and technically sound as the work of Miss Cassatt, but able to convey a trifle more convincingly the sense of deep intimacy.

It is a capital exhibition in oddly isolated spots. One would have liked to see the things that psychologically and artistically belong together grouped with a certain recognition of relationship. Chahine at least is together, a revolting old chap who seems much more interested in ugliness than even a Toulouse-Lautrec or any of the others whose reputation is built upon their denial of objective charm.

This month Mr. Ivins fills his print rooms at the Metropolitan Museum with prints and zeal. Not for him the cautious tiptoe step of the "safe" collector. If he chooses to "acquire" a reproduction of an ink drawing by Rockwell Kent, made as a poster for a hospital drive, and show it in juxtaposition with a priceless unique preuve d'essai by Mary Cassatt, he does it and defies criticism. Defies criticism almost too defiantly, since criticism flattens completely out in the presence of conviction, and all gesture is superfluous.

Those extraordinary trial proofs and other proofs of plates by Miss Cassatt! One cannot but wonder what will be the place given to them in the long hereafter. Of course, they always will have their inexhaustible scarcity value, but that cannot count. Will they be among the things that capture the imagination after the fashion of the unique Degas figurine of a meagre child dressed up in ballet skirts of a real and dingy fabric? That little figure—he stopped working on it, they say, because he no longer could secure his model and was afraid of losing something of angelic truth by working without her. And probably he would have lost something. Such close-knit observation as his could not go on in the dark. Observe the rhythm of the marvelous leg, marvelous only because so completely true to the normal construction.

It is difficult to get away from it to the prints. But Miss Cassatt also is marvelous. Her absence of sentimentality in treating a motive that with the rank and file of artists has gone down into the mushy depths many more times than it has risen above the merely banal, alone would place her in something like isolation among her kind. Her beauties are all well over the brink of ugliness, and it very seldom is what most of you would call interesting ugliness. The faces of her plain women often are dull, not even very expressive of dull thoughts. Often they seem not to be thinking or feeling any more than the rest of us think and feel when we are off duty as human beings. Certainly there is no ill bred alertness. They have the aristocratic calm of the bovine type.

Muirhead Bone is here with several plates, altogether the best of them, the "Somerset House," the composition of which Frederick Wedmore so strangely deprecates. Whatever may be wrong with the plate the composition is of that order which lifts the mind of the observer quite above incident and detail to the cold and splendid region of abstract relations. The beautiful proportions of the austerely described areas are the whole thing. The straight little boat, the line of buildings, the tone of sky and water, hardly count except as they emphasize the shape and size of a given space, the relation of which to the adjacent spaces communicates the sense of inevitable and unchangeable plan upon which we rest in our thought of the universe itself, rest even while struggling in futility for a personal compromise.

Curious that a man should fly so high and drop so hopelessly as elsewhere in this same group of representative examples of his work. Take, for example, the little self-portrait. Not pompous, certainly, or egotistical. The feeblest, mussiest little scrawl ever dedicated by a gifted artist to his own physiognomy. To realize its importance compare it with Francis Dodd's portrait of him hanging just below, an architectonic decorative portrait in which the stern lines of the printing press are made to do duty as a strong skeleton over which to drape the engaging personality of Bone, who is Dodd's brother-in-law. Bone leans forward across his press, a distinguished and interesting person whose distinction subtly is increased by the vigorous horizontals and verticals and diagonals of the charming press and further enhanced by the flat piles of proofs and papers in the foreground. Every legitimate use has been made of the accessories without the introduction of a single fussy note, and the firm, rich portrait makes a profound impression.

Francis Dodd always is firm and usually is rich. His architectural street subjects are remarkable for the certainty of the draftsmanship and the delicate modulation of light and shadow. The beautiful perspective in the little plate called "Village Street" is ever so much more beautiful in its kind than Cameron has managed. The clear defining shadows of "New Inn" define more truly than is common in modern etchings where a shadow more often is used to conceal than to reveal. The "Garden Window" has its reminiscence of Whistler for those who always see Whistler in a subject which he conquered completely, but there is plenty of Dodd in it, and the handsome lady of full skirt and drooping veil, drawing on gloves of a convincing limpness, lives by her own individuality. The break in the silhouette by excessive emphasis upon the light touching the edges of the form is unfortunate.

William Strang's "The Aeroplane," a number of people, all with big, mobile mouths and long, oval faces, all looking skyward, makes a striking composition of which one soon could tire.

Muirhead Bone is again delightful and satisfying in his drawing of Falmouth, make ten years back, a throedy little town sleeping peacefully above the wakeful street. D. Y. Cameron's portrait of Helen Dodd has enough character to supply a dozen ladies of average mental calibre. Mr. Ivins has been clever in getting examples of these exhaustively known Scotchmen which give glimpses of their less familiar achievement, just as he has been ingenious about Mary Cassatt, eliminating the mother and child motive and showing us ladies trying on unfinished gowns, washing faces, sitting in a theatre box, or just sitting "femme assise." Bone's drawing of Frederic Palmer, war correspondent for the American press, made during the battle of the Somme, is another unhackneyed bit of work with more than associative interest.

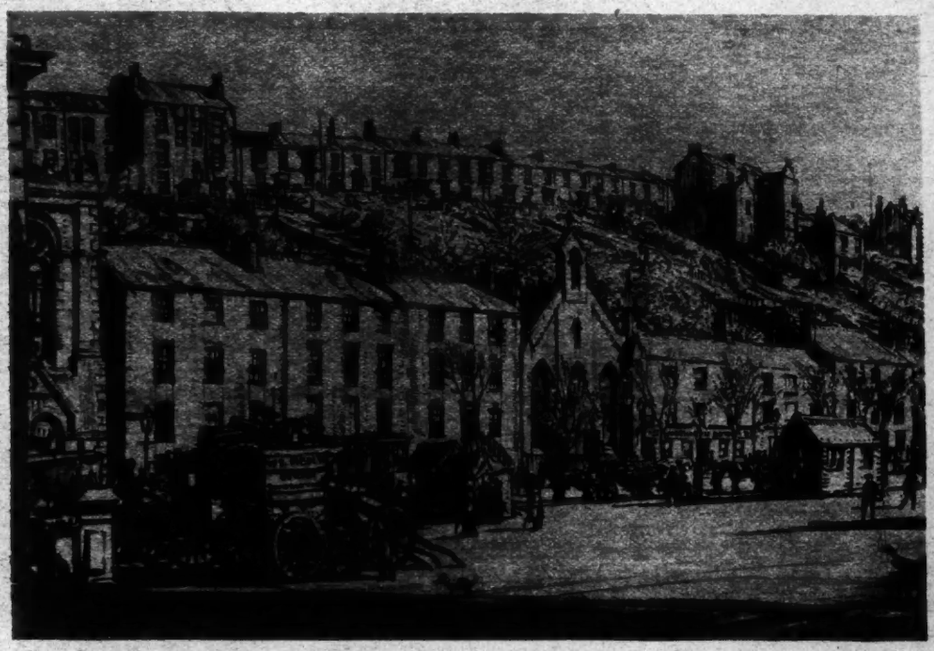
The American walls gallop from one extreme to another, from the "Family Group" of Wordsworthian suggestion by George Bellows to the quiet suppleness of Stewart McDermott's "Interior." The latter has, in a wholly different temper, the virtue of the Matisse print at Kennedy's; the little nude figure takes nothing from the interest of its surroundings. Mr. McDermott's pleasant natural rooms, so agreeably arranged, so gently lighted, would be enough of a picture without the figure, but the figure fits into it and adds to it without aggression. Rockwell Kent's hospital poster is a wonderful example of emotion packed into a stylized composition. Mr. Kent has taken account of the requirements of effective printing—and how grateful the tortured presses must have been to him! Any press could manage those clean shapes of black and white. He has chosen a little theme all compact of emotional force—a young girl, her emaciated body flat and pitiful beneath the bed clothing; her face, still stout with youth, upturned to the scene beyond the open window; her arms wide flung to embrace the entering day, and, hastening to her, a bird from a bough. Both bird and bough are of the artificial variety seen in old-fashioned valentines, and the handling of their silhouette within the frame of the window suggests nothing else. This makes the picture and emphasizes its appeal.

Compare with this salient performance the little etching by Reindel, an interior without a human figure, but oddly alive in its agitation of line. McDermott got his sense of life and movement from the diffusion of his light and the pulsing contours of the little creature in the chair; Kent made his great gesture and his vivid silhouette serve the same purpose; Reindel's line has a backwash that gives restlessness within the law to his composition, almost too great restlessness for the character of the subject.

Nothing is easier than to give an impression of liveliness by means of a wavering line, but to associate with this a sense of structure and substance is another matter and one of the greatest difficulty. Monet managed it in his "Rouen Cathedral," although not quite to the liking of Cézanne, who wanted something still more structural and with a more pronounced interior aliveness. Marin's "Rouen," with its dripping line, has in it more of Monet than Cézanne; you feel that its quiver is due to the motion of outside air and tremulous light and shadow; that it has nothing to do with the pull and thrust of neighboring objects and the immutable law of gravitation making for equilibrium. Monet was a great scientist, Cézanne a great artist. One discovered, the other created. One was thrifty, the other spendthrift.

The American prints include familiar friends—"The Old Woman Reading," by Allan Lewis, rather noble in its simplicity, to which the tag of simplification could not be applied; "Cos Cob Dock," by Childe Hassam, as happy a thing as a boy on his way to a fishing pool; Webster's substantial street scenes, Winkler's sharp clarity with its hint of precociousness in the denial of romance. Pavlowa's "Swan," by Florence Wyman Ivans, unique among innumerable versions of the dancer in its subtle emphasis upon her muscular adequacy, her amazing physical strength.

Mr. Ivins says that the American and English group has been brought together "as an earnest of the fact that the museum not only is interested in but collects the work of contemporary artists, and even that it sometimes becomes possessed of it before it is either well known or expensive." The moral is obvious.



"Falmouth." By Muirhead Bone.

In Print Exhibition of Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"Les Baux," From Original Drawing by Joseph Pennell.

DEMOCRATIC QUEST FOR ANCESTORS

"A continuous family history of 1,720 years."

By R. LE CLERC PHILLIPS

ONE day, a few years ago, there descended on the genealogy room of the New York Public Library such a regiment of women that the officials, rushed and bewildered by the suddenness of the descent, confessed themselves to have been hardly able to handle such vast numbers. These ladies were the feminine population of Babylon, L. I., who, influenced the previous afternoon by the exhortations of a lady lecturer from one of the women's patriotic societies to seek and discover an ancestry sufficiently ancient to warrant their inclusion as members of the society which she represented, were presenting themselves in force at the Public Library, there to search out their forefathers.

Some of them succeeded in finding their "line" with comparative ease; and, kindly disposed in their hour of triumph and exultation, they then turned to render assistance to those of their sisters whose ancestry presented greater obscurities. "The blind leading the blind," was the cynical remark of a librarian who had had much experience in the science of genealogy as understood and practiced by women.

The fever for genealogy has been prevalent in the United States for a considerable number of years, and is one from which, strange as it may seem, even the male half of the population is not immune. An enormous number of family histories are compiled by men, and though these usually—though by no means always—avoid the positively outrageous pretensions that characterize so many genealogies written by women, their authors exhibit a decided tendency to claim a descent that in its origin is at least aristocratic, if not actually royal.

It is true that these claims are frequently "traditional," and are incapable of substantiation by actual records, documents, entries or dates, upon which all really serious and authentic genealogy must be based; but the inability to produce real evidence seems seldom to have proved a hindrance to a man or a woman anxious to feel that there is blue blood coursing through the veins. By Sections 2165-74 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, any alien about to become a naturalized American citizen is forced to make "an express renunciation of an hereditary title or order of nobility" that he may have had the right to bear in his own country. Yet the law of the land does not appear to have succeeded in inculcating democracy with a contempt for aristocratic blood, except in those cases where the aristocratic blood is that of other people.

Indeed, the present writer has come across many genealogies in which the compiler, forced to admit his (or more often her) ignorance of the place, date of birth and the very names of the parents of the progenitor of the family in this country, nevertheless has little hesitation in claiming kinship with some historic European house the head of which, as often as not, bears ducal or at least lordly rank. Norman descent, according to these genealogies, is extraordinarily common; so much so that it would seem as if the descendants of the warlike and dashing Norman nobles must nearly all of them suddenly have turned Puritan in the seventeenth century, and, though the sons of lords of the manor, nobles and great landed proprietors in England, have abandoned the pleasant life of their own country to find salvation in a far-off colony. Perhaps this is why Norman descent seems to be so much rarer in England than it is in America.

But it is in those family histories compiled by women that the human imagination soars to its highest flights, treating as ignoble and unworthy of notice such details as proofs and evidence. There is, for instance, in the New York Public Library a book bearing the truly impressive title "Cole 200—1920 A. D." This title, if it means anything at all, means that a family of the name of Cole possesses a pedigree which has been traced from two hundred years after Christ up to three years ago—that is to say, it boasts a continuous family history of 1,720 years.

On reading the book one finds that the first fourteen pages deal with "Old King Cole," the founder of this remarkable family. Mention also is made of his daughter and his grandson. But at the foot of page 14 there occurs the fatal paragraph beginning: "Skipping four centuries, we come to the great Justice Cole in the time of Alfred the Great; and a little later General Cole, famous on account of his defeat of Sweyne, savage chieftain of the Danes, in 1001."

On page 15 there is another "skip" to Sir Richard Cole, who flourished in the reign of Edward III., while the second chapter opens with yet another "skip" to Henry Cole, 1510-1597, and William Cole, who died in 1600. Chapter III., with another small "skip," begins: "So we arrive at the time of King James, when the throne of Scotland and England became one and the family of Cole, so powerful for centuries, was loaded with additional honors and estates."

And at last, following on a family history consisting almost in whole of gaping hiatuses, there appears on the scene James Cole of Plymouth, Mass., the progenitor of the American family, a son of Sir William Cole, Earl of Enniskillen, with some 1,400 years of "pedigree" behind him. Singularly enough, a very much fuller and more sober-toned family history of the Cole family, compiled by one of its male members, writing of this same progenitor, merely states: "Thomas Cole of London * * * I am of opinion that James of Plymouth was a descendant of this Thomas Cole." Not only, therefore, does the second genealogist decline to recognise his ancestor as the son of the Earl of Enniskillen, but he is frank enough to own that he is not in the least certain whom he was the son of.

Probably few are aware that according to the genealogists battalions of European kings have been the ancestors of a large number of American families. Recently the present writer came across the name of a young lady who was fortunate enough to have been the direct descendant of not merely one king, but two kings—Charlemagne and Alfred the Great. William the Conqueror, Edward I., Edward III., Ceallachan Cashel, the forty-second Christian King of Munster; Cathal Craobh Dearg O'Connor, fifty-first King of Connaught; Meredydd, King of Powis; Tuthal Maolgharbh, the one hundred and thirty-second Monarch of Ireland; Robert Bruce, King of Scotland; Philip III. of France and Etheired the Unready of England are only a mere handful of the sovereigns from whom countless families in this country trace their descent.

These pedigrees may all be found in a volume entitled "Americans of Royal Descent," the compiler of which announces that they are reproduced from recognized authorities (not named), from privately printed family histories and from information supplied in manuscript by the families themselves. The last two sources would be of far more value if one could be quite certain that amateur genealogists, engaged in compiling their pedigrees, were not so prone to indulge that tendency common to us all—a readiness to accept as truth that which we would wish to be true.

But such are the devouring claims of many ancestry-fiends that even kings are not found to possess sufficient augustness to rank as their ancestors and descent is therefore claimed from gods. A friend of the writer once knew a man who, while engaged on working out his pedigree in the Detroit Public Library, informed her that he had at last completed it, having traced his descent back to Wotan, the god. The legendary King Arthur has not been held sacred from the ambitious pretensions of amateur genealogists, any more than has "Old King Cole," while it is short work for those rejoicing in the name of Wolf to declare that via the forms of Welf and Guelph they are relatives of Queen Victoria.

The ancestry fever is fed not only by the various patriotic societies, but also by publishing firms which bring out handsome illustrated volumes containing short histories of perhaps a dozen, fifteen or twenty families and which are sold for as much as $100 a volume, these being issued in series and bearing such titles as "Eminent American Families," "Distinguished Families of the United States," &c. The family sketches are compiled by the publishing firm from data existing in the libraries, and typed copies are submitted to the wealthiest or vainest members of each family which it is proposed to include in forthcoming volumes.

It is natural that living representatives of these families feel pleased at being ranked among the eminent, the famous and the historical of their land, and when confronted with the opportunity of figuring in one or the other of these categories many fall. Others do not. But those who fall pay. A sum of thousands of dollars is no uncommon amount to tender in return for the honor of inclusion. It is perhaps hardly necessary to add that these volumes, although exceedingly handsome in form, cannot always be regarded as serious contributions to genealogy, since the bulk of their matter is based on other genealogies compiled by private individuals, which, while accurate and trustworthy in so far as the purely American end of the family is concerned, are, as has been seen, prone to rely on purely "traditional" matter in respect to its European origin.

Accompanying the propounced taste for distinguished and aristocratic lineage is the coat-of-arms craze. The writer has been assured by a librarian that it is the most common thing in the world for a reader to present himself at the librarian's desk with the remark: "My name is Blank; I should like to see the Blank coat-of-arms." The librarian thereupon informs Mr. Blank that, strictly speaking, no one is entitled to use the Blank arms unless he can prove that he is a descendant of the Blank who was the grantee of the arms, the usual rejoinder to which is: "Rubbish! Every one's getting a coat-of-arms these days." Accordingly, Mr. Blank gets his Burke or other source of information, and, sitting down, with loving care he copies the Blank arms in all its details, and, with never a qualm for the filching of something to which he has no title whatever. Two attempts have been made in this country to establish a College of Heraldry in imitation of the College of Arms, or Heralds' College, as it is also called, in England. The first flourished in the '80s, and was known as the "American College for Genealogical Research and Heraldry." The President was one Albert Welles, who traced his own ancestry back to seven years previous to the date that the Emperor Charlemagne ascended the throne of France. He had also written a two-volume work in which he traced George Washington's ancestry—back to Odin, 70 B. C.; but unquestionably his greatest genealogical feat was that in which he successfully traced the descent of Charles O'Conor of New York to Adam (of the Garden of Eden).

The premises of this American college consisted of one room situated at 67 University Place, where Welles appeared to carry on the whole work of the college single-handed. A slate hung outside the office door, with an inscription beseeching those callers who found the President out to "write your name and address." Life membership of this singular concern entailed the payment of a fee of $50, and the genealogical records were registered in a volume entitled the Doomsday Book. His persuasiveness in inducing men of position to become members of the Council of Regents or in urging the desirability of regulating heraldry and genealogy in this country was marked by considerable eloquence of which the following extracts are specimens:

"Gentlemen: I thank you for the compliment of your presence. I believe that each will acknowledge with pleasure that he knows his right-hand neighbor, and the reason is that you all move in the higher walks of life and are therefore much thrown together. It would be difficult to meet so many eminent men in any other place. There is augustness enough here to embarrass a much bolder man than myself, and did I not so well know your kindness and leniency I should not have dared either to invite or address you."

And again:

"The Government of this country has repeatedly evidenced its regard for emblematic adornment as honorary rewards for valuable service in the medals awarded by Congress for military, naval and civil achievement, and this is pure heraldry, as these medals are preserved with the greatest care and shown with pride. It is only necessary that the insignia in these medals be depicted on a shield, and that the holders adopt

(Continued on Page 15)

STRONG MAN OF TIBET

(Continued from Page 3)

me when the matter should come before it officially.

Whatever the decision of the other members might be, he promised definitely, on his own responsibility, that I should receive personal protection. He suggested, moveover, that I should, in my report to the authorities, expressly omit the names of the resthouses in which I had stayed and the people with whom I had traveled. Otherwise the Government, or the clamor of the populace, might force him to take some active steps against them for having failed to recognize and stop me. From this I could see how powerless, in the face of fanaticism, even Tibet's greatest man could be. We parted with every sign of cordiality on both sides. It being dusk by that time, I wandered about the city without fear of detection before returning home. Later in the evening I had very good evidence of Tsarong's sincerity. I had told him of my illness and of the bad effect of Tibetan food, but I was surprised to find a messenger arriving from his home with a large parcel containing medicine and food. The medicine consisted of several boxes of Beecham's pills and three pounds of epsom salts—a somewhat radical cure for dysentery. The food turned out to be a sack of sugar and several tins of English biscuits, a most welcome present. Generally speaking the food question in Lhasa presented fewer difficulties than on the journey. I was able to secure reasonably fresh meat in place of the putrid stuff which the Tibetans prefer, and by paying outrageous prices bought some red Bhutanese rice, which was more palatable than barley balls, the usual food of the Tibetans. Finally, through Tsarong's aid, I got a regular supply of milk. It is strange that, while there are large herds of yak in Tibet, the milk of these animals is never used as a beverage, but is made always into butter, the Tibetans having less aversion to the use of cow's urine than to that of milk.

The next morning (Feb. 17) I found from Sonam that the City Magistrates, who are joint Mayors and Judges of Lhasa, had their headquarters in the City Hall, or Palace of Justice, a building almost immediately opposite my window. Just in front of this building I noticed two stone rings fastened in the ground several feet apart. I wondered what these could be used for. I was soon to find out. I saw a side door open. A woman was dragged out by several petty officials. She was stripped of every stitch of clothing and thrown on the ground. Her arms were tied to one stone ring and her feet to the other. Two men then appeared with whips and began to flog her, giving her 150 lashes in all.

The lash cut into her flesh, causing huge, weltering wounds. At first she screamed in her agony, but later fainted away. Water was thrown over her to revive consciousness, and then the grisly work began again. I was anxious to find out what crime the woman had committed to merit this punishment, and was informed that she was the vendor of the fireworks and squibs which had caused so much damage the preceding day. When the sentence had been administered she was too weak to stand and had to be carried inside the building, where I was told she was flung down and left to recover by herself. I looked at the grim building, and thought, with a shudder, of the ordeal I might have to undergo before the Magistrates.

Nevertheless, later in the day I sent Satan and Lhaten to them to announce my arrival in the city, and to request that they forward the information to the Ministers of State. No reply was received from these Magistrates until the next day (Feb. 18), when they sent around an official to announce that a formal inquiry would be held in a few days' time, and begged me to remain within doors and keep the fact of my arrival secret until then. They were afraid that the Lhasa rabble, always excited to fever pitch about New Year's time, might storm the place and tear me to pieces if they knew that I had come into the Sacred City in spite of all precautions intended to keep me out. They apologetically added that at all ordinary times the Magistrates had control over the city and could guarantee my safety, but that at the present moment the place was so full of turbulent monks that they frequently found it impossible to keep order. The position was further complicated by the fact that for twenty-one days, beginning with the next afternoon, the City Government would be handed over to two monks appointed by the Drapun Monastery. This is an annual custom, and during this period even the Dalai Lama and his Cabinet would have no control over the metropolis, and any disorder would have to be curbed by the two temporary ecclesiastical Mayors. These were known to be bitterly anti-foreign and would have little interest in protecting me from popular attack. I thanked the officials for telling me all this, and promised them not to go about openly, but reserved to myself the right to wander about the streets after dusk or in disguise.

The next day (Feb. 19) the new Mayors made their official entry into the city with a great deal of pomp and show. Attended by a number of fighting monks, who acted as a bodyguard, they made a tour around the inner city and then returned to the square below my window. Here the ceremony of receiving the reins of government from the secular officials was performed. The two Magistrates who ordinarily ruled and all their staff came out of the Palace of Justice and knelt down on the ground in front of the two monks, who proceeded to give them a long harangue. This was delivered in a curious chanting tone, while the monks were moving in a slow, curious dancing gait. The monks informed the officials that though they, the civilians, might continue ostensibly in office, yet for the next three weeks all ultimate power was to lie in the hands of the monks. The new Mayors then departed to their official residence and the procession broke up, but I noticed that from this time on every priest in Lhasa assumed a much more arrogant tone and jostled any civilian whom he might meet out of the way.

As a result of this new bravado a fight broke out in another flat in the same house in which I was living. Thirteen monks were having a banquet together and subsequently drifted into a theological argument. Evidently they must have differed on some detail, for they came to blows, and out of the original thirteen only eight survived. The other five were found murdered in the morning. This case was the first to occupy the attention of the new Mayors.

During the remainder of my stay I heard of several other such instances. Though scrupulous about killing an animal, the Tibetans seem very careless of human life. The monks of the lower grade are particularly given to highway robbery. This is largely due to economic causes. Monks in European monasteries have not to worry about their daily bread. The case is different in Tibet. There, while the monasteries are frequently very wealthy, the wealth is expended on religious ceremonies, repair of the buildings and honoraria to the higher officers only. The lower orders must depend entirely upon remittances from their homes or upon fees for their religious services. As these are frequently insufficient for their livelihood, the monks are reduced to other expedients to keep body and soul together. And as they are not allowed to work, they more often than not resort to robbery.

Lhasa Apartment House, Facing the Market, Dr. McGovern's Residence While in the Tibetan Capital.

Dr. McGovern Without His Tibetan Disguise.

The next day (Feb. 20) there was another festival. The new officials headed a great procession through the streets. It was really a historical pageant. All the participators were dressed in very ornate silk costumes illustrating important epochs in the country's past. The afternoon and evening I spent on another secret visit to Tsarong, who as yet, of course, was officially unaware of my arrival. He gave me an excellent dinner, containing many semi-European dishes. For drink we had a concoction of whisky and creme de menthe, a mixture which must have originated in his own fertile brain. Tsarong is the only man in Lhasa who even occasionally takes European food, the "raw materials" for which he imports at enormous expense from India.

Even more to my surprise he hauled out after dinner a huge English pipe which he filled with strong shag and smoked. Tibetans generally are fanatical in their disapproval of tobacco. The use of it is considered far more grave than serious moral offenses and smokers are considered doomed to the deepest hell. Even the Dalai Lama is very rigorous on this point and has issued an order strictly prohibiting its sale. I had long been a slave to a pipe and one of the greatest sacrifices that I had had to endure in order to get to Lhasa was to abandon smoking after leaving Darjeeling. Even Tsarong dare not smoke in public. Snuff, however, is not taboo to the same extent, and many of the Lamas make use of it.

By the next day (Feb. 21) the city had somewhat quieted down and I was called over to the Palace of Justice by the civil magistrates and asked to aid them in composing a letter to the Kashak, or Cabinet, explaining how and why I came to Lhasa.

I found the two officials upstairs in a tiny room. They were clad in red silk robes with purple facings that looked so exactly like my Oxford doctor's gown that I burst out laughing when I first saw them. They were seated on a dais at the end of the room. Over them was a golden canopy and on a small lacquer table in front of them were placed jade cups with silver stands and covers filled with the usual buttered tea which was constantly being replenished by small pages. Along either side of the room ran lower cushions on which clerks were seated cross-legged. Generally any person who is called before the magistrates is forced to kneel down on the bare floor before them, but a special exception was made in my case and a senior clerk vacated his seat in my favor.

Our business was conducted in a very friendly fashion. After it was over I stayed on for some time chatting. They asked me several questions about life in England, but, unlike Tsarong, they were appallingly ignorant of everything that occurred outside their own country. I, for my part, took this opportunity to secure from them a good deal of information concerning the native administration of justice. Law is at the present time a very vague thing in Tibet. The ancient custom-code has broken down and the magistrates now attempt to judge every case on its individual merits, irrespective of statutes and only slightly influenced by precedent. My new friends complained to me of their present difficulty in assigning proper punishments. Tibet has never had a prison system. Criminals are kept locked up only while they are pending trial. But in former times it was customary to cut off a hand or a leg and to gouge out the eyes as a punishment for any serious offense. The present Dalai Lama, however, considers these punishments to be inconsistent with Buddhism, consequently abolished them a short time ago, so that legally the Judges can now only inflict flogging or banishment for any crime, including murder. The Lhasa magistrates stated that these sentences were not sufficiently severe to deter other offenders and expressed regret that the old system had been done away with.

Later I heard that the Judges' regret at the abolition of the older punishments was possibly due to mixed motives. Practically all officials in Tibet are in the habit of taking bribes. In the old days a man was willing to pay a large sum to the magistrate in order to save his limbs or his eyes, but today the criminal is not so eager to expend an equally large sum merely in order to avoid a beating. Yet bribing persists, and a prisoner assigned so many lashes can have the sentence mitigated by paying to the Magistrates the equivalent of 6 pence for each stroke remitted.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

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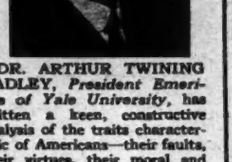

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THE BLUEST DANUBE BLUES

(Continued from Page 8)

men seen so often in the fine streets of Budapest, the women masons and hodcarriers engaged in the repair of buildings, are no worse off than they were in the good old days of the empire. There is no unemployment and there is enough food.

Business men and small tradespeople are in a state of black discouragement over the feverish state of the currency. That universal evil is complicated in Hungary by an official and unofficial rate of exchange, so that a dollar may be worth 20,000 crowns in one bank and 40,000 in another, and everybody juggles in low finance.

On all sides rises the voice of lamentation. Budapest has the prevalent "Danube blues" in the most acute form. I sat through a dreary session in the Gothic gloom of the National Parliament while a very mathematical gentleman, a former Minister of Finance, threw bales of heavy figures at the Prime Minister by way of proving that there was nothing ahead but ruin. There seemed to be no adequate national income, and I asked my Hungarian neighbor why the Government does not go ahead with its program of raising property and income taxes. "Ah," he sighed, "in Hungary the cost of collecting taxes is always so much more than the taxes collected!"

I felt sorry for Count Bethlen, staggering under a Government weighted down with popular pessimism and hopeless statistics. He is a clever and resourceful statesman, with a patent of nobility old enough to recommend him to the Magyars, landlords and peasants, who unite in the support of his Government, but he is faced with more difficulties in reconciling national pride with national necessity than any Premier in Europe. The language itself, the first I have ever met that rendered me perfectly deaf and dumb, is hard enough for any politician to bear. It is supposed to be a mixture of Tartar and Finnish, and after being lost in it for several long days I am ready to agree with the American resident who declares it is composed of all the words the Finns and Tartars threw out as impossible either to pronounce or spell.

Hungarian is not, I have heard in neighboring chancelleries, the language of diplomacy, though the present Prime Minister has been able to soften it somewhat in his conduct of foreign affairs. No one could call it the language of cant. One refreshing thing about Hungary in a world that swallowed the evangel of democracy almost too sanctimoniously is that she does not profess to be repentant, or devoutly republican, or charitable toward her neighbors, or any other virtuous or popular thing that she is not. She does not pretend to have experienced the universal conversion. She is frankly unconcerned about the safety of democracy. She has no faith in self-determination. She regrets nothing but defeat. She leaves no one in doubt as to her rebellion against her losses, her bitterness against neighbors so much shrewder than she in picking the winner, and her determination to recover her old dominions if and when she can.

The nationalism of Hungary hardly seems to need an organization like the "Awakening Magyars," the Hungarian version of the Fascisti, who have waged a Ku Klux kind of war against the Communists and the Jews. Communism had the misfortune to be tried out in Hungary, and is not likely to get another chance. The national spirit never sleeps. As to the Jews, while it is true that there is a Jewish problem in Hungary, as there is in Austria and Poland, it is not a problem for harum-scarum fanatics who are now, fortunately, definitely divorced from the Government. The powerful Jewish caste in Hungary is entirely Magyar-made.

The Hungarian noble of the old tradition, even if he was no more than a small farmer, refused "to soil his hands with trade." He imported the Jews to do his business for him, and now that their peculiar commercial talents have given them control of all the financial and business interests of the country the Magyar finds himself at the mercy of his hired men. No peasant in Hungary, I am told, can sell a measure of corn or a peck of potatoes except through a Jewish middleman. Jews own all the banks, the newspapers, the big businesses. They have gained enormously in wealth and power since the war by reason of their ability to take advantage of the panic induced by collapsing currencies. For it must never be forgotten, in surveying the financial deliriums of Central Europe, that some one still owns the real wealth of the bankrupt nations. It has not evaporated into thin air or thin paper. There have been more sensational overnight fortunes made in the lands of the defeated since the war than were ever imagined in the history of the world.

The power of the financiers in Hungary is the direct result of Magyar disdain for business. Now that the thousand-year-old gentry are beginning to realize that something besides nobility obliges them, and that they cannot remain feudal and haughty in a world of more complex and less romantic dynasties, they are awakening to a sense of modern reality. The Magyar is a strong race, in possession of a diminished but still opulent and undeveloped country. It is no longer involved in the costly bureaucracy and imperial enterprises of Vienna. In the eyes of the ignorant outsider, if not of its own, Hungary has recovered national identity and racial homogeneity. National frontiers too logically carved out in Paris may in time have to be more humanly adjusted; but Hungary for the first time in many centuries has her destiny in her own hands.

HALF A CENTURY OF FLOWERS

(Continued from Page 9)

ume of sales as compared with those of former years is not so great, the volume of money spent is double, because the cost of production has increased."

"The greatest year for flowers in my experience of almost half a century was 1917," said Mr. Thorley. "That was the year when America entered the war. Flowers were seen everywhere as the country prepared to send its men overseas. The feminine instinct, craving beauty in the face of war, turned to flowers for solace and courage."

The flowers which bloom in fragrance in Thorley's come from the conservatories and grounds of the big country places in Westchester, Long Island and New Jersey. Their freshness in most cases lasts only for a day, at the end of which time they are taken away and given to hospitals, welfare organizations, &c. Certain flowers, such as carnations, however, have considerable lasting power. Carnations can be shipped even as far as London with the assurance that they will arrive with their freshness unimpaired.

"We fill scores of orders a month on the Continent," declared Mr. Thorley, touching again on the romance of modern long distance delivery. People drop in here every day to place an order for flowers to be delivered in England or France on the arrival of a liner. It is then a matter of getting in touch with one of our foreign connections by cable and the flowers are at the address given inside of twelve hours.

"The florist of today has to look and plan ahead to keep abreast of his business like any other man. He has to watch out for the chance to start a new vogue any day. The case of the doye in the flowered cage is the most recent example in my experience. I happened to see a flight of white doves and pigeons land on a roof in Westchester the other day while motoring, and on arriving in the city ordered half a dozen doves. In their big flowered cages they proved an instant success. The first buyer was a woman who sent one to Sir Thomas Lipton as he was about to sail for home. The second one was taken by the young man with the special messenger and the taxicab."

The flower business, Mr. Thorley declares, is one in which personality is dominant. It was personality that he relied on when as a boy he started the tiny shop in Fourteenth Street and first began to found his acquaintanceship with leading men in New York society and finance. Today the Fifth Avenue "House of Flowers," where he has been for fifteen years, is the result.

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Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself enormously. A striking command of English enables you to present your ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly. If your language is incorrect it hurts you more than you will ever know, for people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes.

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DEMOCRATIC QUEST FOR ANCESTORS

(Continued from Page 12)

a crest and motto, which they are fully entitled to do—and we have here in this country heraldry full fledged."

This institution, however, came to an untimely end, following an exposure of its methods in the press.

In 1901 another heraldic society sprang up. It bore the proud title of "The College of Heraldry in America," and its offices were situated at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, the President being one Richard Wilberforce, "Edinburgh University, Attorney at Law, London, England," who described himself as a "Member of the Historical and Genealogical Societies of Pennsylvania." The present writer has not been able to ascertain the length of its existence or the manner of its ending, but the scope of its activities appears to have been similar to that other "college."

There is no doubt that there are many American families who beyond all question are the descendants of European nobles, and in those cases where official verification of English pedigrees is desired, the English College of Arms in Victoria Street, London, will supply it. It is hardly necessary to say that this institution is not a private concern. It is under the direction of Garter King of Arms Sir Henry Farnham Burke of Burke's Peerage, being the present holder of the office. He is assisted by two other Kings of Arms, six Heralds and four Pursuivants, all of whom on state occasions are resplendent in an Old World costume of scarlet velvet or satin embroidered in gold in the royal arms of England. The fees received from Americans by this institution for tracing pedigrees are said to be three times the amount of those received from all other nationalities combined.

The procedure to follow in those cases where an American desires verification is simple enough. He has only to write to the college, or, better still, to any one of the thirteen officials who comprise its staff, giving the name of the progenitor of his family in this country and stating the coat-of-arms which he believes himself to be entitled to use. In reply he will receive a questionnaire to be filled out and an estimate of the expense likely to be incurred in the search for verification. If the College of Arms verifies his pedigree and establishes his right to the coat-of-arms claimed, a copy of the former will be made with the greatest care, the family crest and coat-of-arms being blazoned at the head in their proper colors. This is registered among the college records, the charge for this scroll being 1 guinea (21 shillings), and is signed by Garter King of Arms. A copy can at any time be obtained from the college for the private use of the applicant.

It is not generally known that Canada also possesses a College of Arms, founded in 1684 by Louis XIV. of France at a time when that country was still a French possession. This institution was confirmed by a royal commission in 1887, and has the right to grant arms, to certify descendants and register pedigrees.

Any American possessing indubitable evidence of descent from any ancient noble house in England will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that in his veins flows the blood of what is, on the whole, the most ancient aristocracy in Europe. Sir Bernard Burke always insisted that the English aristocracy as a body can boast the best non-royal blood in Europe (indeed, there is many an old English house far more ancient than several of the European royal houses), and asserts that the Duke of Norfolk, the premier English peer, stands unrivaled at the head of the whole of the European aristocracy. Only one other aristocracy does Burke consider to be entitled to challenge the English aristocracy on the basis of antiquity—the old Venetian nobility, which he allows to be more ancient than all others in Europe save the English.

It is true that into ancestry worship as frequently practiced today there has crept a very considerable amount of fraud in the desire to pander to the vanity of wealthy patrons, who have not always been able to perceive the absurdity of "pedigrees" established for them by dishonest genealogists; it is true that many amateur genealogists, while thoroughly honest in their intentions, are sadly lacking in historical perspective, consequently are totally unaware of the grotesque enormity of their pretensions; but it is also true that the study of genealogy has its good and useful sides. It may and does frequently prove invaluable in compiling scientific data of a sociological nature, and above all, it helps to inculcate the doctrine of noblesse oblige.

LIKENESS OF TWINS

CAN twins look exactly alike? Are there children so absolutely identical that their own mothers cannot tell them apart? The answers are both Yes and No, for there are twins and twins. Professor Harris Hawthorne Wilder of the Department of Zoology of Smith College has been studying twins for many years and has gathered and arranged much information on the subject. Some of it is technical and subtle. Much of it is fascinating, especially to the layman who happens to be interested in the writing of stories.

Think what important rôles twins have played in literature; some of them, like Viola and Sebastian, quite incorrectly; others, the Two Orphans, for instance, with perfect scientific accuracy. Dr. Wilder, in comparing the fingerprints and footprints of twins, has opened a new and alluring path to the earnest seeker after plots.

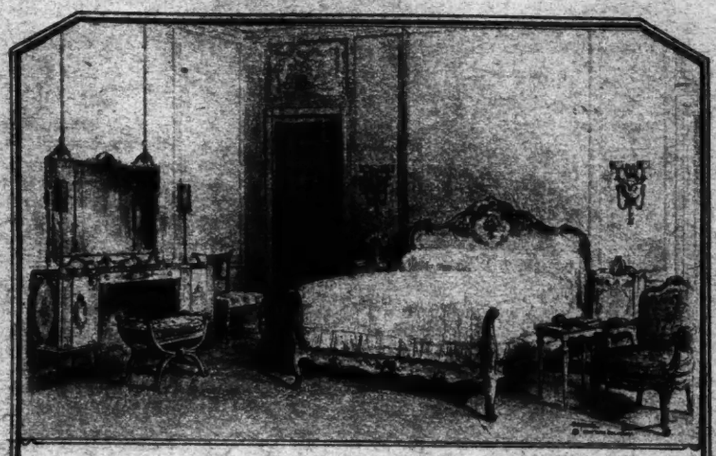
The first thing to realize about twins is that there are two kinds. Scientists have generally agreed to call them duplicate twins and fraternal twins. Fraternal twins may resemble each other closely or not at all; one may be a boy and the other a girl, and they are usually no more alike than any brother and sister born years apart. Duplicate twins are, at least as babies, almost identical in size and appearance, and are always of the same sex. That, you see, makes the Viola and Sebastian situation in "Twelfth Night" quite as inaccurate as the famous seacoast in Bohemia, but leaves the Dromios, in "The Comedy of Errors," perfectly correct and credible.

Our explanation of the difference between duplicate and fraternal twins we owe to that convenient mammal, the armadillo, who, by bearing litters of young always exactly alike, has shown us—with the assistance of various eminent scientists, Newman and Patterson in particular—that fraternal twins are the product of two distinct human ova, or eggs, developed at the same time, while duplicate twins come from a single egg which became divided very early in its existence.

The doubling process—satisfactory theories as to its cause have not yet been formulated—has many curious results. The division may be complete so that two perfect children are produced, or it may be partial and result in what are called "double monsters," some of them truly horrible, others capable of carrying on normal, useful lives. With the Siamese Twins all of us are familiar. Many similar cases have been recorded, and it seems probable that the two-headed giants and six-tailed dragons which delighted and terrified our childhood have their folklore origin in just such biological phenomena.

The most usual results of this strange process are the perfect duplicate twins, and sometimes even triplets, known to most of us. These twins repeat each other with almost incredible exactness. Matters of hair and eyes and coloring we can all observe for ourselves. Dr. Wilder and his students have taken bodily measurements of pairs of twins who, even when they had grown to college age, differed from each other only by thousandths of inches.

Duplicate twins usually, Dr. Wilder says, speak a distinct dialect, "We, us, ourselves." One girl admitted to him that she disliked to kiss her sister because she found it impossible to think of her as a separate person.



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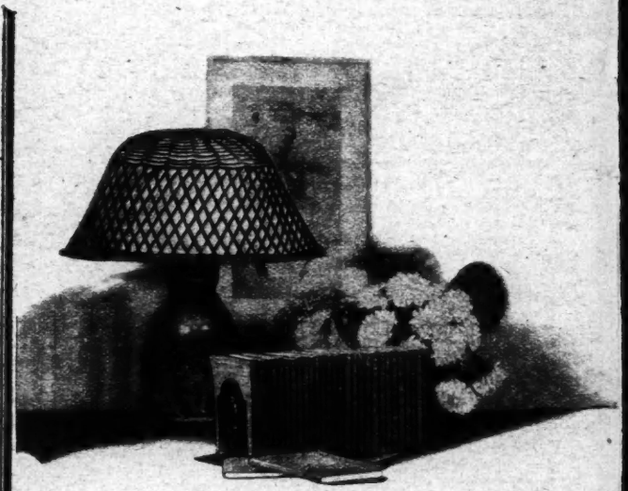
- ☐ Were Lancelot and Elaine husband and wife, father and daughter, lovers—or what?
- ☐ What was Lamb's amusing conceit about the discovery of "roast pig"?
- ☐ Who wrote *Ghosts*? Is it a poem, a play, an essay, or fiction?
- ☐ Who wrote *O Captain! My Captain!* and to whom did it refer?
- ☐ Who wrote: *Blessings on thee, little man! Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan!*
- ☐ Who wrote *The Last Rose of Summer* and *Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms*?
- ☐ *A Tillyloss Scandal* is one of the most famous stories of the man who wrote it. Who did write it?
- ☐ Who wrote *Wee Willie Winkie*?
- ☐ Edgar Allan Poe wrote the first of the modern type of detective stories, upon which characters like Sherlock Holmes and Arsene Lupin are based. What was this famous story?
- ☐ *Uses of Great Men* is an essay that has been recommended for reading to young people for decades. Who wrote it?
- ☐ Can you think of one story that Alexandre Dumas wrote other than *The Count of Monte Cristo* and *The Three Musketeers*?
- ☐ How did those wonderful love poems, *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, receive their name? Are they translations or adaptations?
- ☐ *As a Man Thinketh* is a book that has been distributed by the millions of copies. By whom was it written, and what is it about?
- ☐ You have often heard people speak of "carrying a message to Garcia." How did this phrase originate?
- ☐ Who wrote *On Going to Church*?
- ☐ *The Importance of Being Earnest* has been called by many critics the best play of its kind in the English language. Is it a tragedy or a comedy and who wrote it?
- ☐ Who was Ivan Turgenev?



Place an X in each square opposite the questions you could not answer satisfactorily to yourself; then read below the purpose of this test

THIS interesting test was recently mailed to several hundred thousand booklovers throughout the country; the result was a revelation to those who tested themselves. For instance, even a former president (now retired) of a great university found that he could not answer correctly more than seventy-five percent of these apparently elementary questions; yet the test proved exactly what it was intended to prove.

It showed that the average American is familiar with the works of most of the great writers. Their names are commonplaces to him. When he was younger, they were probably responsible for some of the most enjoyable moments of his life. But, in later years, he seems to forget them. He promises himself often to re-read them. But he never does so. Now the purpose of this test is simply to reveal sharply to such men and women—*how much they have forgotten;* how far away from these great Masters they have strayed.

What did this test reveal to you?

Is not this what the test revealed to you? All you remembered about *Lancelot and Elaine* was the haunting beauty of its poetry. All you remembered about Lamb, perhaps, was that you chuckled delightedly when you read him. You probably have forgotten the story of *Ghosts*, but the overpowering pity, which this great tragedy stirred in you, still remains vivid. You may not have recalled who wrote *Wee Willie Winkie*, but can you ever forget the picture of this innocent little scion of a soldier braving the blood-thirsty Hill-Men?

So it is with all these masterpieces. The *facts* about them you may have forgotten, but they left indelible memories within you—memories of hours of the deepest and most delightful reading, when you were carried out of a humdrum world into other lands and other times. The primary purpose of this test is simply to recall these fine memories to you; *and to persuade you to keep that promise you have so often given yourself*—to read them again and yet again.

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The Murders in the Rue Morgue, *Poe.*
Old Christmas, *Irving.*
Ghosts, *Ibsen.*
The Comedy of Errors, *Shakespeare.*
Dream Children, *Lamb.*
Irish Melodies, *Moore.*
Lancelot and Elaine, *Tennyson.*
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The Trial of Socrates, *Plato.*
The Importance of Being Ernest, *Wilde.*
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